

# The Rambler,

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PART IX.

## THE FIRST REMEDY FOR IRELAND'S SORROWS.

THE history of almost all good legislation is a record of backwardness, timidity, prejudice, or incompetency. There is not one lawgiver in a thousand who is not most powerfully influenced by one or other of these baneful infirmities. Reform is ever wrung from those who are in power, by the unconquerable energies of a struggling people. Statesmen are either afraid to act, or unable to act, or unwilling to act, till a crisis comes when they are driven, through sheer terror or compulsion, to initiate those measures which, by every principle of Christian and human obligation, it was their duty to have brought forward from the first moment they came into power.

What a strange and mournful illustration of the truth of this assertion are the annals of the legislation of this country for Ireland! How fearfully has it shewn itself in all that has been done for that weeping, groaning, and agitated country, during the past session of the Imperial Parliament! Whatever may have been the faint and secret wishes of the legislators of this kingdom, Whig and Tory and Radical, they have remained sunk in an almost death-like torpor of inaction, because either they could not, or dared not, face the difficulties of the time like men. Scared by the bugbears of their own imagination, and stricken helpless by the positive obstacles in the path of reformation, they have fled like cowards from the performance of their duties; and have shewn no energy, no talents, no determined wills, except to terrify and to coerce. In a state of things which, in the judgment of every man who possesses a ray of sense and honest candour, cries aloud for the most searching and fundamental changes, both in its ecclesiastical and secular relationships; while a whole nation trembles to the foundations of its social existence; neither the common sense, nor the religious feeling, nor the practical statesmanship of our own vaunted Parliament has been able to grapple with the frightful facts of Ireland's miseries; and one or two comparatively trivial amendments of the present laws are all that has been done to save her.

It is not our purpose just now to ask whether or not the English Ministry has the *will* to do its duty to Ireland. We have so little faith, indeed, in the will of any ministry that ever administered the government of a nation, that we care not to inquire farther than as to whether they *dare* neglect the fulfilment of their obligations as rulers of their fellow-creatures. Nor do we wish to say any thing on the very fruitful subject of their marked and melancholy incompetency to dive to the bottom of the sea of Ireland's sorrows, and to ascertain by what practical measures she may be saved from her mournful state of poverty, excitement, and misery. We desire only to direct the attention of our readers, especially of those who are not members of the Catholic Church, to that one great, momentous point, in which nothing on earth is needed but the *courage of a man* to root out the most odious of all the sources of her discontent, and the most unjustifiable of all the burdens under which she so long has pined and suffered. Little that is new, indeed, can be said upon it; the overwhelming importance of the question has at length made so mighty an impression upon the minds of Englishmen, that there are few who have not considered it in many of its bearings, and who have not turned it over and over in their thoughts and consciences, with many an anxious desire to probe it to the bottom, and to do their duty, like men and Christians, in wresting a speedy solution of its difficulties from the Government and Parliament of the empire. The Established Church of Ireland is that one vast, gigantic abomination, which thrusts its monstrous and unwelcome form upon the eyes of every creature who reflects on Ireland's wrongs, and compels him to admit that, blink the question as we may, it *must* be settled before Ireland can be at peace.

And what we desire to impress upon our non-Catholic readers is, the undeniable fact that the difficulties in the way of the cure of this terrible disease are not practical difficulties at all. They are mere phantoms, bugbears of the trembling imagination, which is frightened by the creations of its own morbid

excitability, and disappear before the grasp of the man of unshrinking, healthy bravery. The hindrances to the enactment of poor-laws, tenant-rights, electoral registrations, and the host of other details in which the grievances of Ireland present almost overpowering complications of interests, and baffle the skill of the wariest and profoundest statesmen,—all these disappear from the astonished sight the moment we turn our eyes towards the reform of the vast Ecclesiastical Establishment, and ask ourselves *what* are the obstacles to a searching and satisfactory reform. There is literally *no* difficulty, but the want of the energetic will. A few clauses of a brief Act of Parliament would accomplish the whole result; the machinery for carrying out the reform already exists; there are no abstruse questions in economics to solve, no peril involving any one class in the community; all that is called for is the upright, manly resolution to laugh to scorn the threats of the demon of religious hatred, and to aim at the accomplishment of the first principles of common justice and social rights.

What, then, is it that we ask in respect of the Irish Establishment? We demand that the whole of its revenues, with the existing fabrics of the churches, shall be appropriated, by a proportionate division, to Catholics as well as to Protestants. We want no state endowments; we want no parliamentary grants; we demand that the law which seized the property of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and conferred it upon a small minority in the nation, should now resume that property, remodel its distribution, and confer upon the overwhelming majority of the people the equitable portion to which they are numerically entitled. We demand of the Imperial Legislature that they recognise the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland as the actual, real, and lawful heads of the Catholic body, and place them upon an equality with the Protestant prelates; we call upon them to abolish that ridiculous figment of the union of Church and State, which is a bitter, spiritual injury to every class of Christians in the kingdom; we bid them take the Irish people as they find them, permit them to worship God, and to be represented by their ecclesiastical authorities, on the very same terms on which the members of the Anglican Church are represented by their own Bishops; and to cast to the winds that unholy device which, 300 years ago, was invented for the especial purpose of bribing Ireland into Protestantism, but which has proved the bitterest curse which ever afflicted that much-enduring land. This only is *justice*; for justice we plead, and justice we demand. Vain will be every attempt to pacify Ireland, without this honest, upright devotion to the cause of eternal right. Vain will be the dreams of the Minister of the day, be he Peel,

or Russell, or some new aspirant for the reins of government, who would fain patch up the ecclesiastical corruptions of Ireland, and seek to bribe her clergy to silence and conservatism, as they have long sought to bribe her peasantry to the favoured creed of the state. The English Parliament may rely upon it, that whatever may satisfy a few, the Irish people will never be content till justice, and not compromise and bribery, be the system on which the Church-property of their country is distributed. The laws of England once seized their revenues, and bestowed them on others; they insist that the same laws shall make reparation for the daring insult and injury of other days, by reclaiming the ill-gotten wealth, and placing it in the hands of the children of those who were persecuted and plundered. They do not ask any thing which is not given on equal terms to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. They stand not upon any ancient spiritual claims to the *whole* of the ecclesiastical revenues of the kingdom; they desire that all shall share, as Irishmen, in those temporal advantages which once were those of the Catholic Church alone; but less than this they feel to be an insult to their claims as citizens of the commonwealth, and as a disgraceful and unworthy compromise which can never give permanent peace and union to their distracted soil. Nor do they insist upon any measures which shall inflict personal loss upon the present holders of the Church revenues; they call for nothing harsh, nothing irritating, nothing hasty or revolutionary. *They have seen how these things are done in England*; how a commission is established, and Church revenues amalgamated and divided, and new dioceses and parishes erected, and the rich livings mulcted for the benefit of the poor, and the episcopal income taxed for the support of the vicar; in a word, how *every thing* is done within the Established Church of England which they ask for the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church together in Ireland.

We entreat our upright Protestant friends to look the facts of the matter fully in the face, and to ask their consciences on what conceivable principles of English constitutional justice they can defend the present appropriation of Church revenues in Ireland. Here is an annual income of about 700,000*l.*, set apart by Parliamentary authority for the support of the ministers of religion. We say by *Parliamentary* authority (which has taken the place of the old regal power), because it is an insult to common sense to speak of the revenues of the Irish Church as belonging to it by any other right. This income was taken possession of some 300 years ago by the highest secular power, and given in trust to the clergy of the Establishment, for the purpose of upholding and propagating the Protestant religion, which was then imagined to be necessary



to the existence of the royal authority in Ireland. The utter hopelessness and absurdity of this scheme for the conversion of the nation has long ago been so signally demonstrated, that no man who has the free use of his reason can any longer expect to see Ireland embrace the Anglican creed through any such pecuniary compulsion. Rightly or wrongly, sanely or madly, through the fear of God or through the fear of man, it is as clear as a proposition in Euclid that Ireland *will not* become a Protestant nation. Be the virtue or the fault where it may be, be the blame to be attached to the Established clergy or to the perverseness of the people themselves, it now needs no proof, that if ever seven hundred thousand pounds a year was thrown recklessly away, without profit to those who bestow it, it has been done in this unhappy instance of blundering, blind misgovernment and attempt at bribery and coercion. The Establishment *cannot* convert Ireland; they may as well try to join her shores on to the coast of Wales and Lancashire, as unite her by a similarity of creed to the faith which reigns in England. In the name of all that is just and retributive, then, let the Establishment give back again the enormous wealth which it has received for the fulfilment of a purpose which is now as far from accomplishment as in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Why does it still cumber the soil of Ireland, when it bears no fruit? What folly is worse than that of an enormous, well-paid Establishment, *without a flock*? What a senseless, absurd, prodigal waste of money, means, and energy have we here! We appeal to every person of common legislative capacities in the Imperial Parliament, to apply himself to the correction of this preposterous abuse, and to the reappropriation of a revenue, to which the sums wasted in the much-reviled Civil Pension List are as the income of a tradesman to that of a duke. Why should we *waste* 700,000*l.* a year, or any portion of it? Can the nation afford it? Are its means such as to enable it to give this immense salary to a host of sinecurists, while starving millions cry out for some portion of the benefits it might secure to them?

Ireland, as we all know, contains somewhere about 8,500,000 inhabitants. Of these about 7,000,000 are Catholics, and about 700,000 only are members of the Established Church. Yet of the whole Church revenues, of which the secular power has (justly or unjustly) assumed the appropriation, the 700,000 take the whole, while the 7,000,000 have nothing! What more iniquitous a piece of favouritism was ever perpetrated by private individuals or public authority? On whatever principle we test the present system, its abominable injustice is glaring and indefensible. Originally *the whole* of this property belonged to the Ca-

tholics, and therefore, if we are to abide by the intentions of its original donors, not one farthing would go to the support of the Establishment. But if we waive this claim, and come simply as citizens of the state, and ask our due proportion of the wealth which, *as the state*, it chooses to administer, the robbery we sustain is very nearly as cruel and disgraceful. The Parliament of the United Kingdom is supposed to represent us all. It is not a Protestant Parliament. It is not a collection of the representatives of a dominant sect. It is a Parliament which represents (or professes to represent) the whole *people* of these realms. How, then, can this Parliament *dare* to take the whole ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland and appropriate them solely to the support of the religion of one-twelfth of her entire population? What an astounding instance of abuse of trust! What an unparalleled case of class-taxation! It surpasses, over and over again, every fiscal abuse in secular affairs which was ever denounced by patriotic voice. The iniquity is, indeed, so flagrant, that from its very flagrancy it has escaped the animadversion of our proverbial national sense of justice. Its audacity is so great as to become almost heroic. It has taken the good sense and penetration of the nation by storm; and by and by our honest legislators will wake up, and rub their eyes, and be confounded at the sight of the immeasurable dishonesty which they have been thoughtlessly upholding and enforcing.

We assert, then, that the Catholic Church in Ireland, as being the Church of the people, has an indefeasible political *right* to her share in the ecclesiastical revenues of the kingdom. She has as just a claim to them, as to her fair proportion of secular magistrates, police, judges, or any other of the benefits of law and government. The representatives of the nation have no more right to take the 700,000*l.* a year, and make it a present to a small body of 700,000 people in Ireland, than they have a right to select the inhabitants of Bedfordshire, or Gloucestershire, or Durham, and make them a gift of a million of money from the national exchequer. A Parliament which is composed of men of all religious creeds has no authority to set itself up as an inquisitor-general into the merits or demerits of the creeds of the people whom it represents. The law which recognises my right to vote in the election of a member of Parliament, enjoins that Parliament to treat me as a good citizen and loyal subject, until I shew myself a rebel or a traitor. Whatever my religious faith, so long as I obey the laws of the land, I have an equal claim to the benefits of law and government, and an equal right to a share in all the revenues of which Parliament assumes the control, with any other member of the state whatsoever. The Irish Catholic comes before the supreme Legislature of the nation, and stands

on the same ground with his Protestant brother; and that man who taunts him with the creed he holds, and denounces him as necessarily a foe to God and man, offers an insult to that constitution which has placed the Protestant and the Catholic on equal terms in the National Legislature.

We do entreat our sensible Protestant fellow-countrymen to "clear their minds of cant" on this momentous subject. Let them ask their own consciences, by what possible right they draw a distinction between the Catholic and the Protestant body in Ireland? Who gave them that right? Where is it written in the statute-book? With what legal stigma is the Catholic Member of Parliament or the Catholic elector marked by law, when he takes his seat in the Imperial Legislature? Is not the very theory of any national distinction between the two creeds gone, swept away, cast to the winds, for ever? What authority has the zealous member of the Anglican Church to introduce his peculiar anti-Catholic opinions into the laws of England, when the constitution of England professes to treat Catholic and Protestant on equal grounds? That a Minister, or a private Member, who conscientiously condemns the Catholic creed in his own individual judgment, should, *as an individual*, endeavour to discountenance the propagation of that creed, is but right and allowable; but when he steps out of his province, and dares to carry into the counsels of the nation certain tests of the religious opinions of his fellow-citizens, when the law of the land has solemnly repudiated all such tests, and has pledged herself to obliterate them from the statute-book, what insolence and presumption it is for this or that man to rise and denounce his Catholic fellow-countrymen as excluded by their very religion from a participation in *all* the revenues and incomes of which Parliament disposes! As well might a member of the House get up and denounce Lord A., or Mr. B., the patron of a certain living about to be augmented by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners under Parliamentary authority, as a man of vile private character, and a disgrace to the name of Englishman and Christian. As well might an evangelical legislator pretend that there ought to be no Bishop appointed for Manchester, because the people of Manchester were inclined to be Puseyites, and despised his personal views of religious doctrine.

But supposing that the conscientious English statesman is so hampered with old associations and prejudices, that he cannot shake off his old habits of thought, or forget that he is of one religion, and the Catholics of Ireland of another, still we put it to him whether, for the sake of such theological differences as really exist, it is worth while to prolong the frightful agitation of a whole nation,

and to perpetuate a source of burning irritation in the minds of seven millions of his fellow-countrymen. Of course, in saying this, we put aside the notions of that class of persons who look on the Church of Rome as Antichrist, and believe the Irish prelates to be ministers of Satan, and their religion the curse of the human race. These persons cannot be argued with on the common grounds of reason and good sense. They are beyond the pale of argument at all. Facts are not for them. The laws of logic they entirely disapprove of, and have a peculiar species of syllogism of their own, together with certain singular notions on the character of human nature in general, which will not allow us to reason with them upon existing realities, or to draw conclusions in the common way from admitted premises. We speak to those more reasonable statesmen, who, disapproving of many of the rites and doctrines of the Roman Church, yet believe that it *is* a Christian Church nevertheless, that a pious Irish Catholic can go to heaven, and that the Irish bishops and priesthood are, as a class, worthy and religious men.

To such we would put this question:—*What* are those differences between the Protestant Establishment in Ireland and the Catholic Church there dwelling, for the sake of which you would perpetuate one of the bitterest of all Ireland's wrongs? Take the established clergy as a body, their sermons, their visits to the poor, their schools, their self-sacrificing devotion to the bodies and souls of their flock, and say whether, *on your own grounds*, these latter are so much nearer to the pattern of apostolic perfection, that for their sakes you will for ever feed the flames which rage throughout that desolated kingdom. Do you, in your hearts, consider that the lives and ministerial conduct of the wealthy prelates and the Calvinistic or lazy clergy of the Irish Establishment are more acceptable in the sight of Almighty God than those of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood? As you value the sacred laws of truth, can you assert that the Catholic clergy of that country, if relieved from their present excessive pecuniary disadvantages by a portion of the revenues of the Establishment, would be less successful in training souls for heaven than the Protestant clergy now are, even though the former teach their people to believe in transubstantiation, and to say, "Holy Mary, pray for us?" Granting that the doctrine of transubstantiation be not true, against what doctrine of the Bible does a man sin, who simply believes that Jesus Christ personally visits his Church every time that the holy Eucharist is celebrated? How is a man made a whit the worse citizen, because he thinks that the saints in heaven hear him, when he asks them to pray for him? Against what statement in the Apostles', in the Nicene, in the Athanasian creed, or against



what principle of morality, do I offend, if I imagine (truly or not) that when I die, the state of purification which the grace of God has here commenced in my soul, by the means of suffering and sorrow, will be continued for a time after death, till every spot of sin is removed? We appeal to the honest English mind, if, for the sake of an opposition to such doctrines as these, it is worth while to goad a nation on to madness. They *will* not renounce them. They believe these doctrines to be revealed by God, and they conceive that they see proof of them in Holy Scripture; and neither fire, sword, nor gold, has as yet been able to root this belief out of their minds. Why, then, torment them for their honest belief, and trample them under foot, as unworthy to share in the rights of their fellow-men? Is the Protestant Establishment, after all, immaculate? Are its prelates all apostles? Is the contrast between Protestantism and Catholicism so great, that it is clear that one is the religion of God, and the other the invention of the devil? Are they all saints on one side, and all sinners on the other? Is every Protestant a zealous lover of order, and a loyal servant of Queen Victoria? Was Smith O'Brien a Catholic? Was Mitchell a Catholic? Are the English chartists Catholics? Are all the rogues, scamps, thieves, vagabonds, and sedition-mongers in England, Catholics? Viewing the question with the calm consideration of men of sense and soberness, will the Christianity and morality of the nation *suffer* if the Catholic clergy of Ireland are endowed with a portion of the revenues of the Establishment?

On some such view as this, the conscientious Protestant who cannot avoid contemplating the controversial bearings of the question, is bound to form his deliberate opinion. He must look upon it in its broad features; he must be prepared to make up his mind on what he sees to be the positive practical effects of Catholicism as compared with Protestantism in the sister country. He must take those classes of Irish who are most under the influence of the religion they profess, and see what it makes of them, as men and Christians. The nonsensical stories he reads in novels and fictitious travels about the horrors of the confessional, must be put into the balance with the fact, that the peasant-women of Ireland are the most chaste in the whole world. The horrors he entertains of image-worship must be contrasted with the fact, that the priesthood of this supposed idolatrous religion are found ready *to die for their flocks* whenever famine and pestilence desolate their devoted country. The ignorance of Scripture truth in which the poor Catholic is supposed to be kept by a designing priestcraft, must be tested by a comparison of the religious knowledge of any score or hundred of poor boys and girls,

picked up any where in the cabins of Ireland, and placed side by side with an equal number of children from any country parish in England. By such tests as these, the straightforward courageous legislator may determine for himself, whether the cause of the religion of Jesus Christ, and the salvation of men's souls, will suffer one iota if a portion of the income of the Irish Establishment be re-appropriated to the support of the Catholic priesthood.

To such men we once more put the question, For what are you sacrificing the peace and social welfare of seven millions of your fellow-creatures? What do you gain by it? What does England gain by it? What does Christianity gain by it? What does Ireland herself gain by it? Are the Protestants of Ireland watched over by a more devoted, apostolic, and orthodox race of ministers, because their revenues, in proportion to their flocks, are three or four times as large as those of the English Establishment? Does this giant income tend to the increase of spiritual religion in the Irish Establishment? Has it put her churches into a decent condition? Has it covered the land with a zealous, pious, hard-working Protestant clergy, armed at all points with Scripture proofs of the corruptions of Rome? Has it fostered in Ireland a class of learned divines, who can compete with the best English Protestant writers in all the branches of theological science? Is Trinity College a more edifying establishment than Maynooth? Is it half as pious, half as learned, half as influential as even Oxford or Cambridge? In a word, has the Irish Establishment done its duty with such signal fidelity, as to deserve the exclusive privileges, the lofty honours, and the treasures of wealth, which the Legislature of past days has heaped upon it, and which the Legislature of to-day has not yet reclaimed?

No man, we are persuaded, who will bring to the consideration of the state of Ireland the calmness and good sense of a dispassionate Englishman, can avoid the conclusion that the Government of the country has been sacrificing a momentous blessing for a baseless fancy. The present state of things will not bear the searching light of day. It involves so many monstrous self-contradictions, that people will soon hardly believe they could have been so deluded by their prejudices as to tolerate them for a single session of Parliament. And we pray God, that as the good sense of the nation must speedily awake to a knowledge of the iniquities of which it has thus been guilty, the Legislature will also be animated with that true Christian courage, which will sweep away with indignant hand the opposition of cold-hearted tyranny and fierce fanaticism, and will apply to Ireland's sorrows that first remedy, without which every other must be a mere hiding of the wounds which will lie still unhealed within.

## ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

WHEN we talk of laws and constitutions, it ought never to be forgotten that the majority of mankind are—to use a somewhat broad expression—fools. Nor ought it to be forgotten, farther, that an equally large, though perhaps not a precisely co-extensive majority of our species, are—to use another ungracious term—knaves. Nine-tenths of the legislative follies which statesmen have perpetrated have arisen from their forgetfulness of these two important facts. They who have had to make laws for the world have been, for the most part, ignorant of the motives and capacities of that very important element in the working of decrees and institutions—man himself. The being for whom theorists have theorised, and upon whom practical men have practised, has been a sort of ideal creation, endued with faculties such as suited the fancies and the purposes of the thinker and operator, but in most cases existing only in Acts of Parliament, debates of the Lords and Commons, novels, and the sermons of the old-fashioned High Church clergy of the Church of England.

We repeat—with all deference and honour to the readers of the *Rambler*—that a vast proportion of mankind are knaves or fools, or both. We have not space to prove the assertion, though it would need no great waste of pen and paper to establish it on the evidence of every body with whom we meet. With the exception of a few easy souls, who, being themselves guilty of coming only under the category of folly, are disposed to see in every body they meet the virtues and wisdom of the enlightened Christian, nobody dreams of trusting his neighbour's sense or uprightness a whit more than he is compelled to do, of expecting from the generality of his fellow-creatures any thing better than a deliberate, habitual preference of their own interests to those of any one else in the world, or of placing any confidence in their penetration beyond the narrow sphere of their daily occupations. Knavery and foolishness reign upon earth, and the best laws and institutions are those which are adapted to be worked by a race whose first principle is, Every man for himself; and the sum of whose actual knowledge and wisdom might be comprised in a few brief sentences.

If ever there was a time when constitution-makers were forgetful of this momentous but unpalatable truth, it is the present. There is a perfect deluge of new laws and systems of government overspreading the face of Europe, which presupposes the advent of a millennial purity, and upsets all previous experience of the principles of human nature. The entire species, to use the phrase for French patent inventions, has been (in imagination) *perfected*, and a machinery is to be set going which cannot exist for a single twelvemonth, unless all the doctrines of theology, and all the history

of six centuries, are proved to be fictions and dreams. The intense selfishness which has been hitherto supposed to be pretty generally diffused among all who bear the name of man, and the universal incapacity for wide, profound, and spiritual views of truth and perfection, which has been generally admitted to attach to the great body of mankind, must appear no better than the invention of an interested class of falsifiers, who have combined to blacken the human race for their own peculiar delight or benefit.

It has always appeared to us, that the advocates of a theoretically unmixed aristocracy, or an equally unmixed democracy, are swayed by these singular misconceptions of human nature, and its faults and follies. Their theories are mere paper speculations, founded upon one or two facts in the history of man, to the entire exclusion of every other peculiarity in his nature and in his annals. In England and on the continent these two opposing systems of government are now at work, apparently in different directions. We will take each of the two separately, and attempt to expose the fundamental errors which lie at their roots.

At the present time a large portion of Europe is running wild in the direction of unmingled democratic power. The mere presence of the monarchical element, in its visions of a halcyon future, is nought to the contrary. Kings, now-a-days, are mere executive chiefs, hereditary presidents of republics, exercising no definite and certain weight in the state, and filling the office rather of the helmsman than of the captain or other officers of the vessel. In France, in Germany, in Italy, the tide sets steadily in one direction, and promises utterly to abolish all nominal distinctions of class, and to place the entire power of every state in the hands of one legislative assembly, acting under the immediate influence of the entire adult male population. In the Roman States and in Sicily alone does there seem any prospect of an admixture of the aristocratic element in these new constitutions. Dukes, counts, marquises, barons, and the whole list of nobility, hitherto the lords of the earth, are to be swept away as so much superannuated rubbish, and the title of "citizen" is to be the one glorious appellation of every creature who breathes the air of heaven.

That any real practical carrying out of this new system will ever be seen, we utterly disbelieve. Human nature will not endure it. The fancy of an hour may applaud it with rapture; but when the time of trial comes, it will be found that there throb in the breast of man certain indomitable passions, which will rebel against such an enforced and universal equality. Until all mankind are literally equal in intelligence, in wisdom, in strength, and in genius, an equality of rank is a Utopian dream.



It is impossible that it should ever be literally carried out; and so far as it is carried out to any limited extent, so far it will be found the parent of the most detestable of oligarchies.

The view we would urge is, that as *personal* distinctions must exist to an almost boundless extent, it is for the benefit of the many, even more than of the few, that certain definite differences of *rank* should be established and recognised by law. Thus, and thus only, can the claims of right be substantiated against might; thus, and thus only, can those who would inevitably be the masters of their species, be compelled to assume the duties as well as the influence of their power. When once we have created a series of definite distinctions between one class and another, *not founded upon the old oriental theories of caste*, but based upon the authority of actual law, that moment a most potent check is laid upon the tyranny of the rich and the mighty, and an overwhelming preponderance is given to the eternal principles of justice and equity. That the wealthy and the powerful should ever really look upon the poor and the weak as their equals, we hold to be the most absurd of visionary's speculations. The most ultra-democrat that ever shouted for liberty, equality, and fraternity, abhors in practice the exercise of his theories. The well-dressed republican would no more think of associating with the dirty scum of the lowest poor, than he would think of changing his comfortable garments for the filthy rags of the abject beggar. The raving theorists in France and Germany, who denounce an aristocracy as the curse of mankind, would no more marry one of their own daughters to any of those "*natural equals*" whose rights they pretend to advocate, than they would distribute all their worldly possessions to the first crowd of mendicants they met with in their walk through the streets. The notion of a *practical* equality is monstrous and childish in the last degree. There never was such a thing; there never will be such a thing; there never can be such a thing. While pride, vanity, selfishness, refinement, early associations, luxuriousness, and the love of property, continue to exist in the human breast, so long will one class of mankind spurn all contact with those who are less favoured by nature and fortune than themselves.

We would ask the lovers of a pure democracy to exhibit to us one single solitary instance of such a state of things in the whole history of mankind. Was there ever a state in which there was no distinction between master and servant, in which all associated together as equals, all intermarried with one another, without any notions of degradation and disgust? We see at once that the idea is an absurdity. Pushed to its consequences, it is the mere folly of a child. Abolish as we will every legal title of rank; forbid one man to call himself by any thing different from the names of his fellow-creatures; make it unlaw-

ful, under pain of death, to say "my lord," or "your grace," or to wear a coronet, or to clothe a servant in livery; still the passions and feelings of the human heart revolt with indignation against the force that is put upon them, and we no more live together as equals than we exist upon air. And the miserable result of any attempts thus to forbid the creation of *legal* distinctions is the setting up of a grinding tyranny, more terrible, more ruthless, more bitterly galling than the haughtiest of aristocracies. The despotism of wealth and of personal pride and fastidiousness is infinitely worse to endure, infinitely more paralysing in its effects, than all the distinctions in the peerage, and all the coronets and ermine which ever bedecked the persons of an hereditary class of nobles. It is more petty, more jealous of encroachment, more unforgiving against those who break through its regulations, more cold-hearted and insulting, more reckless of the duties and responsibilities of power, more contemptuous to those who are below, than all the assumption and loftiness (contemptible and odious though it be) of those who, by the laws of the land, are decorated with the ornaments and privileges of nobility.

Take an instance or two by way of proof. See, for example, what goes on in the slaveholding states of America. There, men are said to be all free and equal; but we challenge the whole world to cite another nation upon earth in which the hereditary distinctions of race are carried out to such a frightful extent, as between the free population and those who are tainted with one drop of the blood of the slave. While we see that the children of the free will not intermarry with the descendants, at any distance, of the slave, even though every trace of the original stain is washed away by the hand of nature, it is idle to talk of the practicability of abolishing all distinctions of rank, and establishing a pure and real democracy among men. There is not so haughty an aristocracy upon earth as the free population of the United States of America.

Even here at home in England, let us ask *where* the broad and bitter marks of distinction of class are found in their most unrelenting severity. Do they lie between the aristocracy, the gentry, and the middle classes; or between the middle classes, the shopkeepers, and the poor? Fret and bluster as we may against the ridiculous assumptions of high and noble birth, and of title and fashion, when they come into contact with the professional and commercial classes, their claim of superiority is a mere idle breath compared to that portentous distinction which, in this country, separates the master from the servant, the man of capital from the man who lives upon the weekly or daily wages of his toil. The retired tradesman, who glorifies himself in his little parlour and drawing-room in a London suburb, is a more haughty aristocrat towards the maid-

servant who cooks his dinner, and the boy who cleans his shoes, than any duke or marquis in the land towards those who rank with the untitled commonalty. The middle class would revolt from the companionship or alliance of the unwashed crowd of artisans with a more unmitigated feeling of disgust than the proudest peer would feel from the society or connexion of one who, the other day, was little better than a common tradesman. So true it is, that the oligarchy of wealth is the most grinding, the most exacting, the most insolent of aristocracies; and that dream, theorise, and level as we may, human nature rises up again and again in all the unsubdued strength of pride and passion, and utterly abolishes all actual equality between the children of Adam.

We maintain, therefore, that a legalised aristocracy is a blessing to the poor and lowly. It is their safeguard against the intolerable tyranny of purse-proud wealth. It is an outlet for the workings of human frailty. It restrains the insolence of those who would otherwise claim to rule their fellows with a rod of iron, because of the depth of their purses. It compels those who are decorated with the baubles of honour, to bow down their lofty heads and assume the responsibilities of station, as the price of their elevation, and as the only condition of their continuance in their exalted rank. The experience of every age is in favour of this view. In every clime and under every form of government, it has ever been found that the nearest approach to practical equality, and to the recognition of the inalienable rights of man, is accomplished where a recognised aristocracy is created by the authority of law, and exposed by its elevated position to the criticism and the attacks of the world. And therefore it is that we mistrust every one of these novelties and vagaries of recent continental manufacture. They are based upon an absurd and preposterous theory of the real nature of man. They will never work, except to the miserable detriment of that practical liberty which they are designed to secure.

From abroad, however, let us turn our eyes homewards, and inquire how stands the operation of the aristocratic and democratic principles among ourselves. Has an ignorance of the true passions of man no baneful power in our politicians' theories? Have we the smallest right to assert that we are not as monstrously unreasonable, in our own way, as the wildest of the continental speculators? We fear that if the European democracy is pledging itself to a fanatical delusion, the gigantic British oligarchy is equally blinded to the rottenness of many of its own recognised principles of legislation. If the folly and selfishness of mankind are forgotten by the Utopians of France, Italy, and Germany, it is clear that an equally strange perversion of facts is current throughout the dominant classes of this

country. The pretences which are incessantly urged by Whig and Tory against the ultimate extension of the suffrage, and in defence of the present system of limited representation, are as preposterously contradictory to the facts of human nature, as any Communist or democratic dream that of late has fascinated the eyes of foreign visionaries.

The advocates of universal suffrage are met, not with fair, honest, and open admissions of the real merits and difficulties of the question, but with a series of ridiculous quirks and quibblings, and an assumption of the immaculate purity of the present legislature, which, to those who know of what stuff our lawgivers are made, is the most audacious of groundless assertions. The deep, ineradicable, self-seeking and self-love which is by nature the governing principle of every human being, is overlooked and forgotten; and the starving, groaning multitude is taught to believe that the Lords and the Commons of Great Britain are not only the most profound and practical of philosophers, but the most self-sacrificing and religious of saints!

But who that knows how intense is every man's love for his own private interests, and how *utterly impossible* it is to compel the vast majority of mankind to move hand or foot for the help of others, except when compelled by motives of fear or personal benefit, will ever look for any cordial and persevering care for the masses, from any class of men over whom they can exert no legal controlling power? That members of parliament should ever habitually and earnestly consult the wishes and interests of non-electors, we hold to be the most visionary of fancies. It is an idle folly to expect genuine patriotism from the great bulk of mankind. Till the House of Lords and the House of Commons is made up of the most devout of Christians, in whose breasts the law of love has taken the place of the law of self, they will consult their own pleasures and profits alone, with those of the electing body, before whose fiat both peer and commoner must tremble and yield. And until every male adult, whose position can be recognised by the state, is literally and permanently represented in the councils of the nation, we may as soon expect to see the sun rise in the west as to behold a legislature devoting itself in good earnest to the deliverance of the poor man from his miseries and sorrows. It may, or may not, be impossible to grant such a boon to the millions of the population at the present time; the hour when they would be fitted to exercise the elective franchise may be more or less distant; but until they *are* fitted for the privilege, and have it actually in possession, we should as soon look for a sincere and vigorous management of their affairs from the present legislature, as for figs from thorns, or grapes from thistles. All the other attendant demands of the Charter, the duration of parliaments, the



payment of members, the ballot, and the rest of its "points," are so many mere adjuncts, which have nothing to do with the essential force of the question. The one, incontrovertible, and ultimately overwhelming point consists in the assertion we have made, that men are universally and irremediably selfish, and that no class of men who have not votes can hope to be duly cared for by any legislature upon earth.

That the hour for universal, or household, suffrage is yet come, we do not believe. Rapidly as it is advancing in intelligence, the multitude is not yet fit for the power and privilege. The towns and cities are perhaps not far from being at least as intelligent voters as the ten-pound householders are; but the dull, ignorant peasantry who till the fields of England are still plunged in such an abyss of ignorance and stupidity, that any reform which should place the power of the state in such clumsy hands would be fraught with awful peril to us all. But still we look forward to, and hope for, the coming of that day when the theory of the British Constitution shall be no longer an audacious insult to common sense; when those who pay the taxes shall really, by their representatives, impose them; when the third estate in the legislature shall literally be the voice of the people, and not of a gigantic oligarchy; and the affections of the toiling millions shall be concentrated on the maintenance of the laws of England, and the upholding the three ranks of the nation, because in them they find their own best interests consulted, and perfect practical liberty and justice the privilege of all alike.

From this conclusion it is true that thousands of the privileged classes now start with horror. Universal suffrage they look upon as universal anarchy, and while applauding the present legislature as composed of saints, deride and denounce the unrepresented classes as little better than brutes and madmen. Such is ever the spirit of those who possess power over their

fellow-creatures. So it was when the Reform Act was passed. The crown of England was supposed to be not worth ten years' purchase, and the House of Lords was to be consigned to the lumber-room before a single Parliament had run its course. Yet we still exist as before; and never was there a period in our history when the essential elements of the British Constitution were so dear to the universal people of Great Britain. Within the last eight months, Europe has trembled to its foundations; while notwithstanding the pressure of a crushing commercial distress, this country and her laws stands more firm and honoured than ever.

And such will be our destiny, even when every man twenty-one years old has a voice in the election of the Commons' House of Parliament. If the present legislature can only be brought, as we doubt not will be the case, to enfranchise the masses by degrees, and as they are fitted for the privilege, all yet will go well. But if an obstinate, selfish, blinded devotion to the privileges of their caste continues to rule the electors of the empire for many years longer, while the agonies and irritations of the multitude day by day grow more fearful and unendurable, then, indeed, may we expect the horrors of real revolution, and be swept away before the maddened onset of infuriated millions. The true patriot, the true conservative, the true aristocrat, is he who sets before his eyes the complete representation of the people as the great end of all his endeavours; who, closing his ears to the childish clap-traps with which a foolish ministry and opposition bedaub one another, and extol the spotless virtues of Lords and Commons, frames all his projects upon the fact that the majority of mankind are accessible only to motives of self-interest; and that the notion of a truly Christian self-devoted legislature, while human nature continues what it is, is as absurd as the speculations of the alchemists of old, or the Communists and Socialists of to-day.

#### ST. PHILIP NERI AND HIS TIMES.

NEVER did greater perils threaten the Church than those which surrounded her at the end of the fifteenth and during the whole of the sixteenth century. She was beleaguered by these deadly foes; the Turk was pressing upon her from without; within, were heresy and a dreadful corruption of the manners of the clergy, fostered as it was by the nepotism of the court of Rome. A thorough comprehension of the evils of those times is necessary to understand the position occupied, and the good done, by the saints whom God then raised up. Before proceeding, then, to consider what was the work accomplished by the holy man whose name we have placed at the head of this

article, it will be useful to shew the state of the world at the time when he was born, and even to go back a little into the period which immediately preceded him. Especially we would draw attention to the dark side of the picture, that, by the juxtaposition of evil and good, we may be enabled to place in a more vivid light the figure which we endeavour to portray.

We will begin with that which appears least intimately connected with the subject—the external danger which pressed on the Church, the invasion of the Turks. Three times has Islamism all but destroyed Christianity in Europe; once Charles Martel thrust back the

invaders over the Pyrenees; the second time, the West was saved by glorious lives and by sainted deaths, by Godfrey of Boulogne and by St. Louis. The third epoch was, when, after the fall of Constantinople, the Turks hovered so perseveringly around Hungary, Austria, and Italy, up to the end of the sixteenth century. Then Christendom was saved, Heaven only knows how; so utterly inadequate were the instruments employed, so much did Christians seem to court their fate by their crimes and baseness.

The danger which at that time threatened the world has been almost forgotten; perhaps because, from the negligence of the then ruling powers, so little was done to avert it. Yet the peril was a very real one; Otranto was taken by assault, and the Archbishop slain as he descended from the altar; Lesbos fell next, and Belgrade and Buda followed; Vienna was laid siege to; and the Crescent floated over the ramparts of Rhodes, to the shame of Christendom. Soliman gave a king to Hungary. But the most miserable proof of the power of the Turks is the fact, that the palaces, and even the harems, of the infidels were filled with Christian youths and maidens. The shores of Italy, and the ravaged plains of Hungary, were the sources from which this white slave-trade was fed. On one occasion, hundreds of Christian maidens were rescued from the galleys of the pirate king Barbarossa, on their way to the coast of Africa. Who can tell how many actually reached their fearful destination! Even the blue waters which roll between Giglio and the mainland were once divided by the prows of these fearful visitors; they came in quest of a Turkish youth who had embraced the true faith, and carried him off in triumph from the island. Nay, Leo X. himself was once all but carried off by the Turks; an hour or two after he had set out on his return to Rome, the scimitars of the pirates were seen flashing under the windows of a lovely villa by the seashore, to which the Pope had retired. They had landed on purpose to kidnap his Holiness.

Now, while the Crescent and the Cross were in deadly fight on the plains of Hungary, while the Christian cause was actually losing ground day by day, after the young King Louis had fallen gloriously with his hand on the standard of Soliman, while the shriek of Allah-il-Allah was heard under the walls of Vienna, what were the powers of Europe about? Alas! Venice was lying coiled up in her winding lagoons, issuing forth when material interests invited her, and at other times shewing how selfish were her ends, by making an alliance with the Turk when it suited her. It is true, she had not much reason to thank Christendom; for France and the empire were plotting against her existence, when she might have been the bulwark of the West. And where was his most Christian Majesty? He had no time to think of the progress of the Turk, for

he was prostrate at the feet of Diane de Poitiers; and when the chivalry of France did cross the Alps, it was to waste the noble blood of Montmorency and of Bayard, which might have been offered up for Christendom, in a vain struggle for Milan or Naples. The selfishness of an Italian usurper brought the French into Lombardy; and for more than half a century they continued from time to time pouring over the Alps. On they came, a motley host, no longer the ancient chivalry of France, but a mingled horde of mercenaries, Switzers, Landhvelitz, and Stradiotes. Even what was French was no longer what it had been in the days of the Crusades. The old feudal soldiery was, to a great extent, broken up; when men went to war under the banner of their lord, they were kept in order by thoughts of home and by local ties, which could not exist in the case of the legionaries, as they were called, of the new regiments. Woe to Brescia and Ravenna, or any other town into which these wretches entered by assault. One band of the French was called "the Thousand Devils," and the whole army might have merited the name, so unheard-of were the crimes of lust, avarice, and cruelty committed in the sack of those fated cities. It was no longer the mock warfare to which the Italians had been accustomed. There were bloody fields fought, and tens of thousands lay stretched upon them. At first, indeed, when Charles VIII. overran Italy, the Pope said that his progress was more like a party of pleasure than a warlike expedition; but soon the contest grew hotter on both sides; it was a war of life and death. Often the French gave no quarter, and a Duke of Milan set a price on the head even of the French pilgrims on their way to the jubilee.

Notwithstanding these frightful excesses, the infatuated Italians over and over again invited the invaders into their country. It was the game of the deep politicians of the first half of the sixteenth century to draw the French over the Alps, and to use them against their enemies. Alternately the petty princes of Italy called these fearful visitors to their aid, reckless of the curse which they brought on their country, and regardless of the certainty that they themselves would fall victims to their dubious friends. "You have brought the French to dine with us," said the Milanese ambassador to the Venetian, "but you will have them to sup with you." In vain did the fleet of the Knights of St. John, bearing away from Rhodes its heroic defenders, call on Italy to consider how the boundaries of Christendom were shrinking before the power of Mahomet; the miserable contest still continued. Nay, so far had principle, religious and moral, been banished from the politics of the world, several of the belligerent parties actually made alliances with the Turks against their Christian brethren. Europe had to witness the scandalous spectacle of an active alliance between



Soliman and Francis. The fleur-de-lis and the crescent were actually unfurled together under the walls of Nice; and the French and Turkish fleets floated amicably together on the waters of the Mediterranean.

In a word, the age had arrived in which public bodies and individuals in high station could dare to act irrespectively of faith and religion. And this mode of action was common to all parties. On the one hand, a French Cardinal, in a letter to the minister of his sovereign, bidding him boldly "make use of the bodies of the Turks, and leave their souls to theologians. When men tell you," he continues, "that the Pope is preparing his thunder and lightning against you, turn a deaf ear; go your ways, and continue your business coolly." As a parallel to this, Charles V., after the sack of Rome, while he pretended to deplore the event, kept the Pope in captivity till he had obtained from him as much as suited his purpose. Add to all this the fact, that the Reformation was detaching whole realms from the faith, and it will be easy to gain an idea of the extreme peril in which Christendom was placed.

Yet one item more, and that the most terrible one, is still to be added to the dangers which threatened the Church. It was from time to time, during the period of which we write, ruled by men who were not equal to the emergency of the times. As during the tenth century, in the utmost need of the Catholic world, God permitted the See of St. Peter to be stained by unworthy occupants; so now, in times much nearer to our own, amidst the dreadful convulsions which shook Europe, he allowed the tiara to rest on the brows of men who seemed singularly unable to cope with the times in which they were placed. A Dominican monk at length proved to the world that the secret of saving Christendom was holiness. A brief sketch of a few of the leading Pontiffs will shew the truth of what is advanced.

Two objects were kept in view by the Popes of this epoch: the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the French from Italy. As to the first of these, it appears in the very front of all the papal policy; the pacification of Christendom, in order to a crusade against the infidels, was the perpetual cry of the Sovereign Pontiff, the key-note of all his addresses to his dutiful sons, the princes of the world. At the same time, the second object which the Popes endeavoured to gain was a very legitimate one, though it somewhat interfered with the first, since the strangers could only be expelled from Italy by setting the other powers of Europe against them. It was the bounden duty of the Holy See to drive away the invader; as a temporal Italian prince, the Pope had a right to intervene when the cause of Italian nationality was at stake. And it was fortunate that he did so, otherwise Italy might have become a French province, with Rome for its capital, as in the

time of Napoleon. Nay, as the spiritual head of the Church, it was the interest of the Sovereign Pontiff to keep the French at a distance from him. The policy which dictated the removal of the Popes to Avignon was not extinct in the French court. Rome would, in a measure, have become Avignon, if Italy had become French. In fact, during the very contest of which we are speaking, the King of France created a schism, and separated from Julius II.; he even persuaded certain infatuated Cardinals and Bishops to establish a rival assembly at Pisa against the ecumenical council of the Lateran.

From the concurrence of the two objects which we have specified, and from the opposition between them, the Popes had a most difficult part to play. It required an untrembling hand and a rare single-heartedness, to strike the balance between the interests of Christendom and of Italy. Unhappily an object of purely mundane interest just then came into the field of vision, and sadly tempted eyes not wholly fixed on heaven to wander down to earth. The nepotism of the court of Rome was at its height, and the Popes were too often induced to join unduly in the unscrupulous politics of the world, in order to advance their families.

Alas, who sits on the chair of St. Peter with eyes of fondness fixed on a daughter born out of wedlock? beside him stands, robed in the purple, a Cardinal who is his son. A few years after, the purple is cast aside, and the same son, his diaconate obliterated, weds a bride of the royal house of Navarre, and gains the fair duchy of the Valentinois. This is not enough for the ambition of the Pontiff; there are numerous and goodly towns on the wide plains of the Romagna, which belonged of right to the Holy See, but which had been usurped by feudal nobles. It was right to win them back for the patrimony of St. Peter; but the love of Alexander for his son tempted him to commission him to expel these lords, though it was evident that Cæsar Borgia was not the man to disgorge these cities for the benefit of the Holy See, when once he held them in his power. Cæsar was no mean villain; he was beautiful to look upon, and his dark eyes fascinated those on whom they were fixed; he was eloquent and crafty to persuade; but his chief strength lay in his utter unscrupulousness and entire ruthlessness. His breast had no compunctious visitings, so that he was entirely natural in his wickedness, and faltered not in the execution of it. One by one the cities fell into his power; and when he had despatched his enemies, he seized in his own camp on those nobles who had aided him, and murdered them in cold blood. All Rome trembled when the ghastly corpse of the beautiful boy, the lord of Faenza, was seen floating down the Tiber; indeed, the whole city was palsied with fear at the very name of Cæsar Borgia, so surely did

poison, and the dagger, and the nightly splash of murdered bodies thrown into the river, attest the power and the cruelty of the Pontiff's son.

The reign of Alexander VI. was the climax of the rule of wickedness in Rome. His name has become a proverb among all nations; and crimes which he never committed have been affixed to his memory,\* because it was thought that nothing could be too bad for one who had stained the purple with sin, who had suffered himself to be raised to the papacy with the remembrance of such guilt on his soul, and finally, who had made the policy of his pontificate subservient to the aggrandisement of his illegitimate children. It seems as if the vaults of St. Peter's refused to hold the body of the man who has thus defiled the tiara. In the subterranean church the traveller comes suddenly on a tomb surmounted by a recumbent figure of a Pope. It is that which once contained the bones of Alexander VI.; but the half-uncovered lid shews that it is empty, and where that which it once contained is laid no one knows.

Alexander was closely followed by a Pontiff of a very different character. Julius II. pursued the same objects as his predecessor, but from more disinterested motives. A large part of the territory belonging to the Holy See was in the hands of the Venetians, and the Pope bent himself with untiring energy to regain it from them. "His heart was on fire with the love of the majesty of Rome, so that he thought all day and all night on nothing but the restoration of the pontifical power to its former dignity."† Of all the princes of the day, this old man was the only one who had a fixed, unbending, and unselfish purpose. He first formed a league against Venice; but when the republic returned to its dutiful relations towards the Holy See, he did his best to save it. He next threw the whole of his powers upon another object, the importance of which we have already pointed out, the expulsion of the French from Italy. If the poor Cardinals complained when, earlier in his pontificate, he clambered at their head, in a more peaceful expedition, on foot, up the steep and rocky sides of the Apennines, they had now more reason to reproach him when he buckled on armour, and led the way, sword in hand, through the breaches of Mirandola. Any one who has seen the famous statue of Michael Angelo, destined for the tomb of Julius, must see how much better the gigantic proportions of the figure, the obstinate look of fiery energy, the long beard, and sunken eyes, express the character of the Pontiff than that of the lawgiver who was the meekest of men. Pope Julius was a thorough Italian, even in his "irritable in-

genium," as his contemporaries styled it; and "hatred of the French, the liberty of Italy, and the honour of the Latin name,"\* were the most prominent ideas in his policy. As might have been expected, amidst the din of arms and the thunder of pontifical cannon, little was done to further ecclesiastical reform.

After Julius a very different figure appears. During the pontificate of Alexander, three Cardinals happened to meet at Savona;† all three were exiles, yet all were destined to wear the tiara; one was afterwards Julius II.; the other two were of the house of the Medici, and, in after times, became, one Leo X., the other Clement VII. Many and long were the conversations which they held on the politics of Rome. Well may we imagine how the indignant tone of the old Cardinal de la Rovere would contrast with the buoyant self-confidence of Giovanni de' Medici. The very aspect of the future Leo contrasted strikingly with the long bony form and the attenuated features of the warrior Pope. The large round eye, prominent and almost staring, the full lips with winning smile, the ample brow, and the large head, set on a body all but voluptuous in its contours, with the white and delicate hands, at once announce the character of Leo. He spent his exile in visiting foreign countries; long did he linger in the joyous cities of Germany; thence he penetrated even to Boulogne, and, gazing on the white cliffs, longed to cross over to England, notwithstanding the storm then raging on the sea. Never did his spirit flag in his misfortunes; he was wont to say, "That nothing could fail great men, if they did not fail themselves." And this maxim continued by him through the whole of his pontificate. Gifted by nature with great powers of mind, he used them with a calm consciousness of greatness, which gave him an immense superiority over all with whom he came in contact. He plunged boldly into the tangled web of European politics, and, sitting in his arm-chair in the Vatican, formed large plans, which had a vast influence over the destinies of the world. Instead of the impetuous and rough-handed policy of Julius, he made use, with wonderful sagacity, of the characters of the various sovereigns with whom he had to deal. He formed leagues, and planned alliances, and dexterously managed, by a system of universal conciliation, to play against each, and neutralise the various powers around him. His grand object was to prevent either the heavy strength of the Empire, or the restless ambition of France, from obtaining a solid footing in Italy; and when we consider that two pieces in this gigantic game of chess were Francis I. and Charles V., not to speak of Henry VIII., we may form an idea of the skill of Leo. Never was the dignity of the Holy See better sustained than by him; and certain it is that the States of

\* No one now believes that the affection of Alexander for Lucretia was other than that of a father for his child.  
† Raynaldus, vol. ii. p. 432.

\* Raynaldus, vol. ii. p. 597.  
† Oldorius ap. Ciaconum.



the Church gained accessions of territory in his reign, in the face of so many difficulties.

Yet all this was not enough to reform the Church; throughout the whole of Leo's policy there was an earthly object in view, which warped his vision and made his hand tremble when it should have been most firm. The fair duchy of Milan was a tempting prize, and might, by proper management, fall to the lot of one of the Medici. So the love of his own flesh and blood prevented Leo from attaining to the eminence for which his powers seem to have fitted him. Besides this, he was a man of pleasure. Now, let no one mistake the meaning of this term. History has now vindicated his name from the calumnies which had been heaped upon it. In the midst of an age of unparalleled corruption, the purity of his life was never tainted by the smallest stain. Leo was too high-minded, and had tastes too pure, to grovel in those vices which the miserably low standard of public opinion would have pardoned even in a Cardinal. His faith also was strong and lively; as a trifling instance of it, we may mention his horror when, on one occasion, a more gorgeous canopy was placed over his head than that under which the blessed Sacrament was borne in the same procession. At the same time, nature had gifted him with a truly Italian perception of the beautiful. In our northern atmosphere we have no notion how all the senses become refined under a southern sky, till they become so many channels through which the idea of pure and simple beauty is conveyed to the soul. The eye becomes tutored to an instinctive sense of gracefulness of form and harmony of colour, even by the swelling of the hills bathed in the evening light; and the very voices of the thousand nightingales, hid in the deep groves of ilex, tune the ear to an exquisite appreciation of delicate sounds. All this Leo possessed to an eminent degree; and at the same moment there arose a movement in Italy which tended to foster what nature had given him. The discovery of the remains of ancient art had struck the Italians like the finding of a new creation. It is quite certain that, exquisitely beautiful as were the figures of saints which covered the churches of medieval monasteries, the holy men who drew them were entirely ignorant of one element of beauty—the representation of the human form in action. Thus, while heavenly sweetness of devotion, and all the lovely still-life of Christian contemplation, glowed in monastic cloisters, all play of feature and all dramatic movement was banished from figures cased in armour or enveloped in long drapery. When, therefore, the treasures of Grecian sculpture were brought to view, it is impossible to imagine the exultation of the intellectual men of the period. It was the realisation of their fondest dreams, the entrance upon a new world, stored with untold and unexplored treasures. Who can blame Leo for

encouraging this movement, when he could see growing under his very eyes the glorious figures with which Raphael has covered the walls of the Vatican? Again, it should never be forgotten, that it has been the uniform policy of the Church not to oppose but to absorb an intellectual movement. In the thirteenth century, Aristotle was surely as Pagan as Praxiteles, and far more dangerous; yet the Church destroyed the evil which was in him, not by rudely putting aside his system, but by transfusing it into herself through the intervention of St. Thomas. In the same way, there is no doubt that the love for Heathen art in the sixteenth century was connected with a Platonising scepticism, as the return to Pagan philosophy, in the time of St. Thomas, was mixed up with an influx of Pantheism; and it was fortunate that, in the heart of Christendom, men were found wise enough to direct this new movement away from infidelity to the adornment of Christian churches, and thus to neutralise its evils by a process of assimilation. Nor should it be forgotten, that though this change in ecclesiastical art did not originate with saints, yet holy men took it up, and used it as more proper than the long-drawn aisles and mysterious sanctuaries of our ancient cathedrals to serve the purposes of that more loving and tender devotion with which the inmates of the *Gesù* and the *Chiesa Nuova* had such a share in imbuing the Christian mind. It was fortunate, again, that the genius of Raphael was thus guided to the creation of that ideal of the Mother of God, which, no doubt, has tended to encourage the sweet devotion of her children, and to warm the heart even of the Protestant towards the Madonna. The seeds of heresy were rife in Italy, and it might at this moment have been what Germany is now, if it had been unnaturally forced to throw itself out in forms which had ceased to be the genuine expression of its mind, since its interior life had lost its medieval cast.

At the same time, it is true that, since architecture and painting are but, at best, inseparable accidents, and not essentials of Christianity, it did not please God to entrust this new artistic movement to saints; whilst, on the contrary, the faith is so directly connected with the scholastic philosophy, that He raised up minds like that of St. Thomas, to Christianise the schools. So it is true of Leo, that we meet with nothing like heroic virtue in his life. The idea gathered of him from all writers who deserve the name of historians, is one which cannot be mistaken; he appears before us as a man of great elegance and refinement of mind, endowed with such acuteness and clearness of intellect, that he did every thing well and without trouble; with faith strong enough to keep him from sin, yet fully disposed to enjoy life as far as he could without violating the laws of God. He loved to discourse familiarly with the polished and cultivated intellects of the age; and the Latin of his letters

is so classical, that the simple Oratorian Raynaldus thinks it necessary to alter them, so as to reduce them to an ecclesiastical form. Again, he revelled in an out-of-door life; his delight was to be on horseback, hunting the deer on the plains around his villa Malliana, or else pursuing the wild boar in the wide amphitheatre girt in by the wood-crowned hills of Cometo. Such was the zest with which he pursued this sport, that ill success ruffled his placid temper; and his friends were too wise to approach him with a petition on a morning when some one had unluckily crossed the scent, or otherwise baffled the hounds. Then he would go to Viterbo, and with a glass applied to his short-sighted eyes, watch with eagerness the wheeling flight of the hawk, as it prepared to stoop on the pheasant or the quail; or else he would hide himself in an island on the bosom of the blue lake of Bolsena, and amuse himself with fishing in its waters. The peasants on his way hailed his approach, for every where he left marks of his beneficence, spoke affably to all, relieved those who

were in want, and gave dowries to maidens. This was all very well; still it did not suit the Head of the Church to be thus employing his time, when the Crescent was pressing hard on the Cross, when heresy was making rapid strides in Germany, when worldliness had eaten into the very heart of the Roman curia, and an unparalleled corruption of morals overspread the world.

Christianity was saved, under God, by three men; a Dominican monk, seated in the chair of St. Peter, won the battle of Lepanto by his prayers, and gave a deathblow to the power of the Turks, while he saved Italy from heresy, and the Roman curia from nepotism; Ignatius de Loyola stopped the progress of Protestantism by Christianising education and directing the powers of the mind to the contemplation of God; Philip de Neri purified Rome from vice, and became its second apostle. St. Pius represents the principle of unworldliness and severity; St. Ignatius that of faith; St. Philip that of love.

[To be continued.]

#### CARDINAL CONSALVI.

IT is remarkable that, in his *Sketches of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.*, Lord Brougham should have omitted Cardinal Consalvi. Amongst the statesmen who, in those days of anxiety and peril, guided the policy of Europe, he held a high place; and perhaps he was right, who thought that amongst the various ministers assembled at the Congress of Vienna, Consalvi was the first. At a time when the Papal States occupy public attention to such an extent, some account of him may not be found uninteresting.

Hercules Consalvi was born in Rome on the 8th of June, 1757; and at an early age he was sent to the seminary of Frascati, then flourishing under the generous protection of the Bishop, Henry, Cardinal Duke of York. A small volume of poems, composed by the students, and printed in 1772, contains some verses addressed by young Consalvi to Minerva, "on returning to his studies." They are in the usual strain of such compositions; but towards the close, the writer graphically describes his future career: let it bring toil, anxiety, long and severe watchings, he shall not fear them, and over them all his constancy shall triumph; all his day-dreams shall be realised, honour, riches, glory shall attend him, and his days shall be joyful and happy, *e tutt' altro sarò da quel, che or sono*. Having completed his theological studies, he left Frascati in 1775, and entered the *Accademia Ecclesiastica*, the seminary of the Roman Prelates. He passed through various offices in the prelacy, and was appointed one of the twelve judges of the Rota, a court formerly of extensive jurisdiction, much

of which it still retains, and composed of eminent prelates, chosen from Italy, Spain, and France. To his other employments was added the post of Minister of War, the duties of which he discharged with so much vigilance as to provoke the vengeance of the enemies of the Holy See. To escape a design formed against his life, he travelled into foreign countries, in the hope of being able, at a later period, to benefit his fellow-citizens by the knowledge and experience which they do not fail to acquire who study minutely the manners and customs of various nations.

The death of Pius VI. at Valence, in 1779, directed the attention of Europe to the Sacred College. Before his death, he had abrogated most of the laws by which the proceedings of the Conclave are regulated, and had provided, by wise dispensations, for the speedy election of his successor. There was a lull in the storm; and the Cardinals, favoured by un catholic powers, met amidst the *lagune* of Venice, and scarcely availing themselves of the facilities granted by Pius VI., returned to the observance of the complicated regulations which the experience of many elections had confirmed and approved. To Venice Consalvi repaired, and, as pro-secretary to the Conclave, attracted the notice and won the esteem of Cardinal Chiamonti, in whose election, under the name of Pius VII., the deliberations terminated. Their friendship continued until the death of the Pope, the key of whose heart, says Cardinal Pacca, quoting Dante, Consalvi held, locking and unlocking it at will. He became Secretary of State, and, in the first promotion



of Cardinals, was raised to the purple, and confirmed in his office. His title was Deacon of St. Agatha, a Church once held by the Arians, and reconsecrated, in 591, by St. Gregory the Great, and by Gregory XVI. given in our own times to the pious care of the members of the Irish College. Consalvi's first thought was to reorganise the government, and to remedy the evils which had grown up and gathered strength during the preceding years of anarchy and misrule. Reductions were made in the public expenditure, a blow was given to the system of monopolies, the tribunals were reformed, and the currency was improved.

Meanwhile the power of the Republic had passed to the vigorous grasp of Napoleon; and one of his first acts was to proclaim the Catholic religion, and to obtain a new circumscription of the episcopal sees of France. A Concordat was arranged and was proclaimed by the Bull *Ecclesia Christi*, in August 1801. Consalvi had been sent to Paris during the negotiations. The execution of the second and third articles was attended with many difficulties. The Bishops of France had offered to resign their sees in 1791; and the Holy Father trusted to their filial obedience, and to their zeal for the peace of the French Church, when he invited them to renew their resignations, without compelling him to have recourse to the final remedy of deprivation. In the old and newly-acquired provinces of France, there had been 139 Bishops, 53 of whom had passed to another life; whilst of the survivors, 34 refused to make the sacrifice which the Pope required of them. Their deprivation was the origin of the *Petite Eglise*, against which, as many are aware, a declaration is still signed by the French clergy who enter the London district. After the lapse of half a century, we cannot look back upon that measure without admiring the wisdom of the acts of authority by which the Concordat was accompanied, and without acknowledging that the Pope's firmness saved religion in France. The execution of the Concordat was committed to Cardinal Caprara, who was appointed two years later to conclude another Concordat at Paris with the Italian Republic.

In November 1804, the Pope undertook a journey to Paris, to perform the coronation of Napoleon. It might have been supposed that such condescension would have excited feelings of gratitude in him; but the ambitious designs of the Emperor were only beginning to expand; and, in the course of a few months, Benevento was given to Talleyrand, and Ponte Corvo to Bernadotte; Ancona was seized, and the Pope was required to aid in the grand continental system, by the exclusion of the Russians and English from his ports. The Holy Father replied, that the welfare of his children demanded that he should abstain from any act tending to a violation of neutrality, and likely to be alleged as justifying any foreign sovereign in

treating his Catholic subjects with harshness. As head of the Church he was bound, he said, to maintain a neutral and independent position, for the advantage of all. This memorable reply enunciates the principle upon which Pius IX. has refused to declare war against Austria, and his noble resistance to every effort made to induce him to depart from it has been fully appreciated by every impartial mind. The refusal of the Pope to act against the Allied Powers was attributed to Consalvi's love for the English and Russians. Although the Pope wrote to the Emperor in his defence, the latter repeated his complaints; and the Cardinal succeeded at length in resigning an office in which he could no longer be useful to the State; and he retired to deplore the evils which he could neither avert nor lessen. To shew his affection for his minister, and his sense of the value of his services, the Pope named him Prefect of the Segnatura, one of the inferior judges of which he had been formerly, and commendatory abbot of Grottaferrata—a venerable monument of the middle ages, situated near the villas of Frascati, where he had passed his boyhood. But he was not spared in his retreat; and, upon the final occupation of the Papal States in 1809, he was, with his colleagues, carried into exile. He spent nearly three years at Beziers, and thirteen months at Rheims.

It pleased God to restore peace to his Church; and on the 24th of May, 1814—a day for ever sacred to the Blessed Virgin, through whose powerful intercession the Pope's deliverance had been obtained—the Pope entered Rome amidst the tears and rejoicings of his subjects. Men still describe the glories of that day; the return of the Holy Father to his own city, the sweetness of his countenance, upon which they looked, and looked again, for, to those who beheld it, it seemed angelic; the thanksgivings for his restoration, the palms waved by orphans, and the flowers scattered by children, the childlike happiness of his people, and the lights which made the evening as joyous as the day that had preceded; torches blazed in the palaces of the rich, and lamps glittered in the sheds of the poor, in the open squares where foreigners love to dwell, and in the lowly streets, where the Jews live, along the Tiber. Nor did the affection of that day pass; for when he had sat twenty-three years on the throne of the Quirinal, and was expecting the close of his labours, children would run from their masters, and men would leave their work, that they might behold the old man as he went along, and receive a blessing at his hands.

Whilst he was on his way to Rome, he had declared Consalvi Secretary of State and Ambassador to Louis XVIII. He saw the king in Paris, and proceeded to the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns in London, in order to secure, through their intervention, the restoration to the Holy See of the legations of Forli,

Bologna, and Ravenna, of the marches of Ancona, Macerata, and Fermo, and of the duchies of Camerino, Benevento, and Ponte Corvo. From London he went to the Congress of Vienna, and by his industry, prudence, and address, succeeded in recovering the provinces just named. Nor did he forget his dear city of Rome; and, amidst the profound questions of state which occupied the Congress, he urged effectually the justice of compelling the French Government to return the masterpieces of art which had been carried away from the Papal States. Seeing that his efforts to obtain a complete recognition of the temporal and spiritual rights of the Holy See were unavailing, he entered solemn protests against any acts by which those rights should be prejudiced. One day, during the Congress, a friend asked him to explain the real circumstances of the declaration of Pius VII. respecting the marriage of the Empress Josephine; Consalvi burst into tears, and said, "On no point will posterity wrong me more, and on none am I more innocent. A commission was appointed to examine into the matter, and report to the Pope. The question presented to them was, whether, on a particular day, a marriage had been contracted between the parties. One of the witnesses, Duroque, the imperial master of the ceremonies, deposed that before he entered the room in which the ceremony was to take place, Napoleon had desired him to observe, that when asked to take Josephine as his wife, *per verba de presenti*, he should give no answer; and other witnesses declared that, whilst they had heard Josephine answer when interrogated, they had not heard Napoleon answer at all. Upon this evidence we had no resource left, and were obliged to pronounce against the marriage."

From Vienna the Cardinal returned to Rome, to receive the approbation of the Pontiff and the thanks of the people; but his work was in his judgment only beginning. A provisional government was named for the fertile provinces which he had reunited to the States of the Church; and, in 1816, a *Motu proprio* was issued for the establishment of a uniform system of government. In the introduction to the *Motu proprio*, it is remarked that a great variety of customs had existed, which rendered the habits and laws of one province different from those of another; baronial rights, and peculiar usages, gave to villages and townships in one neighbourhood the appearance of being under different sovereigns; and the frequent changes of government during the last twenty-four years, had allowed many abuses to assume the form of regular laws. In such a state of things, it is difficult to reform without destroying; and Niebuhr has observed, that rulers of moderate capacity uproot what greater men would partly change and partly turn to good. It was the object of the *Motu proprio* to determine the limits and rank of the pro-

vinces, to regulate the civil and criminal courts, to diminish feudal exemptions and privileges, to model municipal corporations, and to define the system of taxation. The rights of succession were explained, and provisions were made for the faithful observance of contracts, and the publicity and safety of mortgages. Trade was encouraged, and the payment of the public debt was guaranteed. Four hundred thousand crowns were remitted of the burdens upon property. Some of the Church property was allowed to remain in the possession of those who had purchased it; other portions were taken back, and compensation was made to the holders of them.

But Consalvi saw that good measures lose their efficacy, unless they are executed in the spirit and upon the principles upon which they were enacted, and during the nine years of his administration he endeavoured to attend personally to every application connected with matters of government. This anxiety to redress every grievance, and to hear every complaint, rendered it impossible for him to satisfy all. At that period there was only one Secretary of State for the home and foreign departments; and whilst none could question his activity and intelligence, some blamed him for attempting too much, and others thought that too much power was concentrated in his hands, and that what he held so firmly few men of ability were allowed to share. But they were times of difficulty, when secrets of state could not be communicated to many; and they were times when inferior minds might have marred the work of order and reform in a state over which the tide of revolution had just passed, leaving some things standing and washing away many. Of those who might have been considered in other times scarcely fitted for high honours, many had deserved well by their constancy under persecution, and it was fair that such men should not be forgotten. But in all his plans there was a stern love of justice, and a sincere desire to promote the general good; and in his mind, progress—a word which has roused so much hope and suggested so many ideas—was always joined with anxiety to preserve ancient institutions. He laid open municipal honours to those who could not boast splendid ancestry, and he called laymen to a share in public affairs, and in the provincial councils. His administration awakened and sustained confidence; and when the North of Italy, and Naples, and Spain were once more a prey to revolutionary opinions, and when rebellion had disturbed Benevento and Ponte Corvo, the rest of the Papal States were tranquil, and no display of military power was needed to maintain the authority of a government whose strength was in the love of the people for their prince.

The calm which prevailed in the States had allowed Consalvi to arrange, as papal plenipotentiary, Concordats for the regulation of



the spiritual affairs of various kingdoms. The treaty of Luneville and the conquests of France had swept away the princely dioceses, had secularised the abbeys, and had destroyed the electorates of Germany. The negotiations which had been unsuccessful in 1806 were resumed in 1817, and in June of that year a Concordat with the court of Bavaria was signed at Rome. Six days later, another Concordat was completed with France; and in 1822, the Bull *Paternæ charitatis* was published for the circumscription of the dioceses of that kingdom. In the same month was issued a Bull respecting the dioceses of Sardinia, in pursuance of the Concordat arranged a short time before. In February 1818, another Concordat for Naples was signed at Terracina, and in June the Bull *De utiliori* determined the territorial limits of different sees in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. A Bull respecting the dioceses of Russian Poland was issued on the 30th of June, 1830, and remains in force, according to the convention just now published in the Consistory of July 3, 1848. That Consalvi should have been employed in all these negotiations, fully proves the confidence which Pius VII. reposed in his talents, penetration, and integrity; and at the same time, his assiduity, and his pleasing and courteous manners won for him the esteem of other sovereigns. When, at the close of his career, he had exchanged the office and dignity of Secretary of State for the Prefecture of Propaganda, a royal personage was announced during the ordinary session held by the Prefect and minor officers of the Congregation. Consalvi received his visitor in their presence, and one of them relates that the interview was like the meeting of two brothers.

Meanwhile his love for Rome had not diminished. Ancient manuscripts were restored to the Vatican library; the great works of the Grecian chisel were replaced in the museums; a collection of paintings was arranged in the Vatican; the collection of engravings begun by Pius VI. was completed; and the noble gallery, which first surprises the stranger as he leaves the corridor, upon whose walls Gaetano Marini has classified more than three thousand inscriptions of Pagan and Christian Rome, was raised by Raphael Stern, and filled with statues; and nearly seven hundred pieces of sculpture were collected to form the Museo Chiaramonti. Excavations were encouraged amongst the ruins of the ancient city. Care had been taken to save the Coliseum from further decay in preceding years, and one of his last acts was the restoration of the arch of Titus. The busts of eminent Italians were transferred to the Capitol; academies for the promotion of art and archæology were favoured and protected.

In him men of letters and artists found a patron. He summoned to the examination of the palimpsests of the Vatican, Angelo Mai, to whom, in after years, Gregory XVI. gave the purple; and he was the friend of Gaetano Ma-

rini, and of his nephew, through whose care the valuable records of the Holy See were recovered and guarded. He aided his master, Cimarosa, and honoured his remains in death. He was the friend of the painter Camuccini, and of Canova, whose graceful works were not thought unworthy of a place amongst the classical remains which adorn and enrich the first of museums. He employed Valadier to design the changes best suited to the Pincian hill; and they who in summer months look from it upon the fountains and trees of the Borghese villa, or in winter stand to gaze upon the Piazza del Popolo, St. Peter's, the fields along the river, and, skirting the horizon, Monte Mario with its tints so dear to Claude Lorraine, will not fail to appreciate the taste of the great Cardinal.

It may be that by some his memory will be cherished because they will recollect how, after the English College in Rome had been closed for nineteen years, it was reopened in 1817 through the influence of Consalvi, and upon the representations made by the learned historian Dr. Lingard, and by the Very Rev. Mr. McPherson, for many years Superior of the Scots College, who has lately descended to the tomb full of years and honour. In their endeavours they were aided by Dr. Gradwell, afterwards Coadjutor of the London district, a prelate of active mind, great ability, and strong judgment, to whom the English mission is in many ways indebted. In the delicate negotiations respecting English affairs, which occupied the Holy See during the reign of Pius VII., Consalvi took a deep interest. He was charged at the time with being too favourable to the English Government upon the subject of the Veto; and it is possible that his gratitude for the part taken by England in favour of the Pope, especially when the Legations were restored, may have induced him to overlook the pernicious consequences of such concessions. Perhaps, to the same feeling of gratitude and of willingness to think well of those who had once used their influence on behalf of the Holy See, may be ascribed the fatal error which he committed in allowing Prussia and Russia to retain or establish the usage of sending ministers to Rome without receiving nuncios in return. Consalvi's sagacity, which forsook him in this case, enabled him to predict to Leo XII. that Catholic Emancipation would be granted during his reign. The act was passed within a few weeks after the death of Leo.

As we record the acts of his administration, we cannot but wonder how one man could have accomplished so much; for in addition to his other occupations, he discharged the duties of Secretary of Briefs, and attended many of the congregations of Cardinals, from which the Secretary of State usually absents himself. They who knew him in the intimate relations of private life, speak of his upright adhesion to principle, and of the fear of God which reigned

in his feelings and conduct. We remember also to have met a convert to whom Consalvi had carefully traced the plan to be pursued upon entering the Church, and the mode of overcoming the difficulties that might arise. His love for the poor induced him to improve the hospitals, and to cause others to be erected in different parts of the state; and in some he placed the attendants under a form of monastic rule.

As he was great in the days of his power, so also was he great in the season of adversity. Pius VII. died in 1823, and at his death the office which Consalvi had held so long passed to other hands. He resolved to raise a monument to the Pontiff whom he had loved so tenderly, and whose virtues, he wrote to Artaud, he had observed so closely. Thorwaldsen was charged to execute the monument, and of a work intended to convey to us and to a future age an idea of the Cardinal's affection for his benefactor we may not speak harshly. The keen eye of Leo XII. soon perceived that Consalvi's retirement from office was a loss to the state. He appointed him Prefect of Propaganda, and would, it is thought, have named him Secretary of State once more; but his useful life was hastening to its close. When his illness became known, the Pope desired the Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Castiglioni, afterwards Pius VIII., to give him, in his name, the Apostolical Benediction. Laval Montmorency, the French ambassador, happened to be present when the sacrament of extreme unction was administered, and performed the office of answering to the prayers of the Church during that solemn rite. He died on the 24th of January, 1824, and many followed his remains to their last resting-place. His tomb is in the church of St. Marcellus, and there is a modest monument in his honour in the church St. Mary ad Martyres, of which he was titular. His name is dear to the Romans, and they re-

cord with pride the merits of the minister who saved the fairest portions of the Papal States, and who so governed that foreigners honoured him, whilst his fellow-subjects felt confidence in him, and who so parted with power that he did not forfeit their admiration and their love.

His will was worthy of his lofty mind. He provided for a surviving child of Cimarosa, and bequeathed legacies to his attendants. From his own patrimony was to be erected the monument to Pius VII.; and not content with all that he had done in his ministry to give splendour to Rome, he left sums that various churches might be adorned at his expense. And then his thoughts passed from the Pontiff whom he had served, and from his ambition to render Rome more splendid, to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and he would have his share in the apostolic work of sending missionaries to them. Under his bust in the hall of the Propaganda is written that his property was to assist in the accomplishment of the holy designs over which that Congregation watches so zealously, and in which the Sovereign Pontiffs so generously concur. When Pius IX. was giving to his subjects the constitution which was to remain to future times as their Magna Charta, he expressly ordered that a fund should always be provided without discussion or diminution in favour of the Propaganda and of the missions under its direction.

A curious book, composed by Consalvi, was published after his death. It contained the system which he had laid down for the care of his health, and it was remarkable for the precision with which he had endeavoured to regulate his method of life. It is said that in his youth he had been sent to Naples by the Cardinal Duke of York, on account of a decided tendency to consumption. He lived sixty-seven years, of which more than forty were spent in the service of the Holy See.

## THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

### A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

#### CHAPTER I.

Westerton Village. The Hall, the New Park, and the Manor House. High Life below Stairs. The Parsonage and the Scripture Reader. A Conversation and a Methodist Revival.

THERE is, in a part of England remote from its heart of life and commerce—London,—and also from those portions of our country generally distinguished as the most picturesque, a parish which, for grandeur and variety of scenery, might vie with much which is only more extolled because better known. We will call it Westerton. It had once belonged to a family of the same name, whose representatives still lived at the Hall, and the

greater part of the property still remained in their possession. We may call the Hall the third house that had stood upon that site, though parts of each building may still be traced. The Norman towers stood, as stonework on which use and time could do no more than stamp the characters of worth and strength: and notwithstanding the partial destruction of later times, when the castle had been added to, and adapted to the more peaceful habits and requirements of growing civilisation; and notwithstanding the more terrible innovations of modern taste and luxury, which had added drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, library, and conservatory, with all the agreeablenesses



of magnificent bay windows and large panes of plate glass; the old parts stood their ground, and commanded the attention, as if nothing could spoil them of their first and ancient character. And at this time there might have been seen, by an imaginative eye, a ray of gladness on their hoary grandeur, for their ancient faith had come back to their walls, their present possessors being Catholics.

The widowed Mrs. Westerton had lived there in great seclusion with her only child, a daughter, called Katherine, for many years before her death; and when that event occurred, about two years before the date of our story, notwithstanding the existence of the fair Katherine, the property had gone to her late husband's nephew, Major Carminowe, and his wife Lady Emily, who was her own niece. They had, on Mrs. Westerton's death, returned from India, where Lady Emily had been during the twelve years of her married life, and had now just set out for Rome, having left the Hall in the charge of an old servant of Mrs. Westerton, called Michael Tregenna.

The village of Westerton, or as the people called it, the "Church Town," lay down the valley about a mile from the Hall. The valley was skirted by wood on each side, and fine green lawn-land stretched away between the trees, which grew scattered towards the town, breaking the view of the houses from the Hall, but opening sufficiently to disclose the distant outline of one of the most magnificent structures ever raised for village worship by the piety of other days.

There was another Squire's house in the parish, called New Park. Though at least a century had elapsed since it had passed from the hands of the Westertons into the possession of a baronet called Harris, it still retained the distinctive appellation of "New," notwithstanding the frequent efforts that had been made to attach to it the name of "the Oaks;" but the present Sir James Harris had given up the attempt, and called it New Park, as others did. It was a handsome place, but there was about it that style of costliness and art which is more consonant to a taste going by, than to the truer ideas of beauty which are now gaining ground. Within the house, there was all that modern taste and luxury can desire. The furniture was magnificent: there were models and marbles from Italy; mirrors and lustres from Germany; bedsteads from Paris; and carpets woven expressly to size and shape for Sir James and Lady Harris at Brussels. Without, there were lawns, gardens, and terraces, adorned with urns and pillars. And figures of exquisite workmanship were placed about, to the annoyance of simple-minded visitors, who had been known to re-voice that our climate should be so detrimental to marble and alabaster, as to make it necessary

for Neptune and Venus to wear a garment of matting or sail-cloth, at least for a few months in the year. But Lady Harris's favourite expression, "to the pure all things are pure," afforded to her a sufficient reason for the lofty smile with which she heard any insinuations in their disfavour, and always silenced her husband, when his better nature on such occasions suggested their removal. Sir James and Lady Harris's domestic circle consisted of an only child, the heir to the title and estates; Lady Harris's niece, Jane Wentworth, who was an orphan; and Lady Harris's *protégé*, Rachel Meadows.\*

In the village of Westerton was also the Manor House, inhabited by Mr. Villars, a hale old bachelor, who was something of an anti-quary, and a good deal of a schemer for the good of the people. His nephew, Arthur Staurton, a young man of great liveliness of disposition, and of a very delicate constitution, lived with him, and enjoyed the rambling old house, full of architectural irregularities without, and domestic conveniences within, as much as his uncle did. But the Manor House, like the Hall, was vacant, and had been so for the last three years. Mr. Villars had spent two winters with his nephew at Malta, and had been journeying about the Continent during the summer, and not till the following spring were they expected home. An old woman kept the contents of the house aired and clean, and had a grumbling way of congratulating herself that the house itself would last as long as the world stood, and the old gateway too, if they were never used more than they were used now-a-days, when every body was going into other people's countries, as if there was nothing to keep them in their own. And this sentiment had of late been uttered with increased frequency and asperity, for news had got abroad that the family at New Park were going away; and to inquire into the truth of this report old Michael Tregenna was on his way to see Mr. Rakes, Sir James Harris's butler.

As our story is of the poor as well as the rich, we must accompany Michael on his way to New Park, and learn something of his thoughts. Two grandchildren were all that remained to him of his family ties, and his thoughts were with them. Katherine Westerton, who had accompanied her relatives abroad, had taken one of them, named Anna, as her maid, and Michael, as will hereafter be told, had cogent reasons for consenting to the separation. These things occupied his thoughts. He pursued his way, and was received by the butler and housekeeper with

\* We should inform our readers that *Rachel Meadows* was a real personage, well known to the writer of this tale, but not now living. The circumstances in which she is supposed to be placed are, of course, so disguised that no person's feelings can be awakened or hurt by the publication of her strange history.

great form and respect. These persons had retained their places for a long time, and, with one exception, they only were known to Michael. This exception was Richard Masters, Lady Harris's footman; and his welcome was received by Michael with some surprise, for there had lately been a disagreeable disturbance in the house, and it had been asserted in the neighbourhood that Masters was leaving immediately, with a month's wages and no character, in the greatest disgrace.

"I suppose I may say that I am glad to find that you are keeping your place," said Michael.

"Yes, certainly," replied Masters, "I did not expect it; but I had friends. A little advice, Mr. Tregenna, is as good as a fortune to a man sometimes."

"I am glad that you have found it so."

"Certainly," was again emphatically pronounced; "certainly; and so, in consequence, here I am."

"The affair is not one on which Mr. Masters can speak with delicacy and decorum," interrupted the short, stout, elderly Mr. Rakes, who, by an extremely pompous diction and manner, seemed desirous of correcting any ideas derogatory to his dignity, which might be suggested by his appearance. "We are going to have the Parsonage family at dinner to-day; but I have a few moments at your service, Mr. Tregenna, and must therefore detail the leading circumstances of the case." Rakes took breath, and assumed a look of more than usual importance. "Masters was wrong," he said, "very wrong; I am not one to pass over vice lightly, Mr. Tregenna, and the circumstances which transpired were not in his favour. Still we all have our faults, and it becomes us to be merciful;—but we need not stand, Mr. Tregenna." And Mr. Rakes seated himself in an easy chair, and pointed out another to his companion. He then produced from a neighbouring cupboard an "orange liqueur," of which he took a small quantity, and pressed some on Michael, saying it would keep the heat down—in winter it was supposed to keep the cold out; and having thus made himself comfortable, Mr. Rakes continued:

"In this house there is a great deal to put up with; but here, as every where else, those who know how to do themselves justice can support life tolerably. We form among ourselves a club, of which I have the honour to be president. When we are in town our lives pass well enough; but to support our spirits in the country without some such internal arrangement would be next to impossible." And here Mr. Rakes, sighing at the imagination of such an evil, took a pinch of snuff and a second glass of the orange liqueur.

"Lady Harris made the strictest investigation into the circumstances already alluded

to," continued the butler, "and the result was, that Masters was to go. But, sir, he *couldn't* go. The thing was, I may say, morally impossible. He was a principal member of our club. I know no man who makes a better hand at short whist, or counts as good a game at cribbage. It was a time of very great excitement. Some proposed our all leaving—resigning office in a body; but I never consented to that. It might have done with Sir James, but her ladyship is quite another person; I am afraid she would rather have enjoyed it. I cannot give you any adequate idea of our anxieties; for that which made it clear that Masters could not go was a circumstance which, of course, I only mention in confidence, namely, he had debts of honour to a considerable amount; and his going out of place under such a pressure of events was not to be thought of by any gentleman for a moment."

Mr. Rakes paused. A general replenishment of creature comforts was gone through; and Michael was obliged to ask what successful measure had been resorted to amid so many difficulties.

"The idea was my own," resumed Mr. Rakes; "and if any apology be necessary, I can state the greatness of the emergency. But, in taking to myself the credit of the idea, I must give the greatest praise to Masters, who has carried it out as only a man of talent could have done."

"But what was done?" asked Michael.

"Done, sir? The smallest thing in the world; but with that beauty, sir, that justness, neither too much nor too little, which insured success. I am carried away with admiration, when I think how that man acted out my idea. But, not to keep you waiting, Masters became a penitent;—yes, sir,"—and Mr. Rakes gave a keen look into Michael's face to see if he understood—"a penitent."

"Do you mean to say—" began Michael. But Mr. Rakes did not choose to be catechised; so, rising from his seat, and looking at his watch, he said, in a peremptory tone, "I mean to say, sir, that, in an interview with Lady Harris and Miss Meadows, Masters made an impression of such a nature on their minds, that he was reinstated in his situation. They have ever since taken an extraordinary interest in him, and pronounce him to be a true penitent. And now, sir, I am wanted. I presume you remain till after dinner. We shall meet in the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Tartlet looks forward to the pleasure of your company. But, by the by, sir, our bailiff drops in this evening; no objection, I hope, sir? *Not his son*; I wouldn't ask you to meet *him*, of course." Michael grew very red on this mention of the younger Reeves. Mr. Rakes took no notice, but said: "A very wonderful man that younger one, sir, never-



theless. There's no knowing what may rise from that quarter; for my part, I don't altogether like it, and, in a honourable way, would not mind getting rid of him. We have had enough of *some* things, Mr. Tregenna, I assure you."

The party in the evening was very select; Mrs. Tartlet; Mrs. Hook, her ladyship's maid; and the woman who waited on Miss Wentworth and Miss Meadows; Mr. Rakes, the penitent Masters, Tregenna, and the bailiff.

"Her ladyship desired me to say that Miss Meadows will expound to-night," said Mrs. Hook.

"What's that for?" asked Rakes with evident annoyance.

"I don't know," replied Hook; "but perhaps the company wish to hear her, for she has certainly a great gift. But *you* need not go, Mr. Rakes, as you don't seem to like it."

"But Masters *must*, Mrs. Hook," was the reply, very tartly spoken; "and that stops our quiet game to-night. But it cannot be helped," continued Rakes, in a more philosophical humour; "we'll just have that claret *now*, Mrs. Tartlet, that I sent you up from dinner." Turning to Michael, Rakes continued, "You don't know this wine, Mr. Tregenna; 'tis not the best; and we always had the best for your major. The best wine and double allowance for the military is my rule; and if they don't drink it, I know who does." A piece of knowledge Mr. Rakes immediately demonstrated, by taking a deep draught of the mulled claret, and passing the tankard to his guests with his unqualified approval.

"But regarding the military," observed Mr. Rakes, in continuation, "they deceive me now. Your major drinks nothing; and that young spark who brought home Mr. William from the hunting-field that time he sprained his ankle, he stayed here one week, and drank no more than one bottle, I believe."

Michael made some observation in approval, but Mr. Rakes said that such ideas interfered with trade, and that he hoped no one in that house would forget that England was a commercial nation.

Cards were then introduced, and the enjoyment of the evening commenced; and, quickened by the frequent applications of the party to the tankard, continued uninterrupted for some time.

After family prayer, Michael walked back by the village. It was a hot summer night, and the moon was at her full. He passed the Manor-house, and at the gate stood old Martha. She wore a face of more pleasure than usual; and immediately, on answering Michael's salutation, gave the reason for it.

"I have had a letter from master."

"Have you!" exclaimed Michael, and a quick expression of interest lighted up his

thoughtful face; "have you; and where is he?"

"I don't know where he is *now*, but he is going to Rome; and he tells me to write in three weeks' time, and direct there."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Michael, as though a load of sorrow and care had been, by that announcement, taken off his mind; "I am a happy man to what I was an hour ago."

"The same post," said Martha, "brought Mr. Jarvis a letter from Miss Westerton, I hear. Indeed, I stepped as far as the Parsonage to know if any of them from the Hall had seen my master on their travels; but they have not mentioned him. It will do them good when they *do* meet," continued Martha, "for the Hall was always very friendly with the Manor-house; and poor dear old Madam Westerton always admired Mr. Arthur, even from a child. But come inside, Michael; surely you can come in, if it is but for a minute."

"Not now," replied the old man. "What you have been saying has changed all my thoughts entirely. Do you know," he said, lowering his voice, "that the New-Park people are going abroad, and that directly. I have been there to-night on purpose to learn about it."

"And to Rome?"

"Yes, for the winter."

"But *he* is not going, is he?"

"Yes, and —"

"And a blessing that my master shall be there also," exclaimed Martha; "for what is a young lady like Miss Westerton, dear and gentle as she is, to protect a person against such as he!"

"You have said what was on my lips," replied Michael; "and as Mr. Jarvis has heard from Miss Westerton, I'm thinking it may be a letter on business about the school, and so be answered immediately. I will therefore go now to the Parsonage, and ask him to mention what we have been saying; and as to Mr. Villars, I may take the liberty of writing to him myself."

"Do," said Martha. "Good night."

And now, while Michael is on his way to the Parsonage, we will go back about a year in our story, and shew our readers how matters had been progressing in the parish of Westerton.

The Parsonage had been lately built. The old house had been pronounced fit neither for comfort nor shelter. There was a good deal about the new house which was ugly and staring, but Mrs. Jarvis had taste and industry, and she had planted evergreens, and trained creepers, and encouraged ivy so judiciously, that there was a general effect of clothing and care produced, which satisfied the casual observer, and reconciled those who had at first been critical. All this had added greatly

to the good lady's labours, and she had always more than she could do. Her days were full of fatigue and anxiety, and what with her parish duties and her home duties, her days had *always* been so; for the new house and garden had only taken the time which the nursery had till lately occupied. Poor Mrs. Jarvis! is it any wonder if her disposition had suffered a little, and that a naturally anxious temperament had increased in nervous irritability? But she was clever and warm-hearted; and if she felt sometimes that the world had gone more roughly with her than she had expected, when she refused the offer of the rough, illiterate sportsman, the late Sir Benjamin Harris, who was old enough to be her father, to bestow her Hebe-like self on the newly-appointed clergyman, who was the talk and admiration of the parish, she had never degenerated into a careless wife or a thoughtless mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis had five children. The eldest and youngest were girls, and were at home; the boys were at college, in India, and at sea. "What is the use of having children," Mrs. Jarvis would say, "if you are obliged, at their young age, to send them all over the world for a maintenance, like this?" Mrs. Jarvis shared all her husband's labours; she lived his troubles over again with him, and fought hard to gain him victory. No matter whether he was right or wrong, that she never paused to inquire; the cause, whatever it was, was his, and therefore it was hers. Indeed, Mr. Jarvis was a "peaceful prophet," and willing to be spared as much of this "troubled life" as possible. He was very amiable, and of literary taste and gentle habits, but when moved, could be resolute and determined; and parish affairs, to which we must now come, had lately called up all his firmness.

Mr. Jarvis had determined to establish a scripture reader in his parish, and had taken into his service in that capacity the son of the Bailiff at New Park, who had been strongly recommended to him by Lady Harris.

Joseph Reeves had not been a very respectable character, but he had become one of the New Park penitents, and since that time, assisted by Rachel Meadows and countenanced by Lady Harris, his character had risen considerably. Mr. Jarvis had not discouraged the religious proceedings at his wealthy neighbour's. He used to say that he was glad to see zeal in any form; and though he had thought it a very bold measure for Lady Harris to adopt the daughter of a shepherd on a distant estate of Sir James's, and take her into the house, and place her immediately on the same footing as her niece, yet he foresaw no evil consequences to himself; but, on the contrary, spoke of her great piety and extraordinary gifts, and hoped only for good in her weekly instructions, and

for true religion in her many converts. But of late something more than suspicions of the wholesome effects of such doings had forced themselves on Mr. Jarvis's consideration. Joseph Reeves had been exceeding his commission, to his employer's great distress and Mrs. Jarvis's displeasure. Remonstrances having been useless, Mr. Jarvis dismissed Reeves from the office of scripture reader, and deprived him of the situation of schoolmaster, which he had lately entered upon, also at Lady Harris's suggestion. This doubled Mr. Jarvis's work on Sundays, and also his wife's, for she never allowed him to work alone, but now laboured hard among boys and girls, and only returned to the Parsonage to hear Charlotte her hymns, collect, and scripture verses, and collect her household to go to church.

The party from New Park always collected in the Parsonage before church-time, and on one occasion overtook Mrs. Jarvis as she was returning from the school. "Go away, Charlotte, it is impossible to hear you now," she said on entering the house. The party advanced to the drawing-room. "What a noisy cook that is!" exclaimed the fatigued Mrs. Jarvis, as the sound of busy work in the kitchen caught her ear; "what can that knocking be about?—Well, I'm glad to see you," turning to her guests; "but I never heard such a noise in my life. Charlotte, go and tell the cook that papa doesn't like to have the beefsteaks beaten on Sundays."

Then she complained bitterly of their last trial in Joseph Reeves, and spoke of her husband's talents and his incessant toils, and declared that the more he preached the more meeting-houses were built. Their own clerk had left his office to be a preacher at the Bethel, and now Joseph Reeves was heading a ranting revival; and who had led the way to this but Lady Harris? Lady Harris was not there, so Jane Wentworth replied in great astonishment,

"Oh, Mrs. Jarvis, is that true? My aunt had such an opinion of him, and used to send him about for ever, especially when people were dying. And how he used to talk to her and Rachel Meadows! and when they have met him at a poor person's cottage, I really believe—yes, I am sure—that they have let him go on, though of course he offered his place to Miss Meadows, and have knelt down while he made prayer. I have heard aunt say that his eloquence has astonished her."

"All very wrong," replied Mrs. Jarvis. "My husband used to be peremptory in telling him only to read to the people. But now you see what it has come to; he has turned Ranter, and there was a Revival last week—such disgraceful proceedings; and I hear that Anna Tregenna has been revived; but at all events she is very ill, and I must go and see her."



Jane Wentworth stepped from the open French window into the garden, and Ellen Jarvis followed her.

"How tired I am of hearing people talk about religion!" said Jane.

"Tired!" repeated Ellen; "why I thought you were never tired of such things at New Park."

"We have too much of such things," sighed Jane; "so much of what this person believes and that person believes, that some how I don't think it of much consequence what one believes after all." Jane Wentworth was a pretty dark-eyed girl, and had a droll dashing way of speaking when alone with her friend; but this was said in a tone of weariness and with a manner of vexation which surprised Ellen greatly.

"Oh, that is too bad," she exclaimed. "Do speak to papa. Something is wrong, or you could not speak in that way. You know that quantities of people consult papa; do speak to him, dear Jane."

"I should not know what to say to him, unless I said that I was dreadfully tired of much which, nevertheless, I am bound to undergo every day."

"But that," replied Ellen, "is the very thing which seems to me to be so very wrong. I am not tired, neither are they tired at the Hall; and you know they are very religious, although they do not think as we do."

"But you are not situated as I am," said Jane perseveringly. "Your father is a very agreeable, delightful man, and an excellent companion to you; and you are happy because of a sympathy, of which I have none. I think your father, more than your religion, is the cause of your happiness. You would be tired, perhaps, if it were not for him."

"Perhaps," said Ellen, "I should not be so ready to do things which are now agreeable, because rewarded with his approbation; perhaps I should be more *worldly* if left without such an impulse. But Katherine Westerton has no father to encourage her."

"Well," replied Ellen, "of course Katherine's religion is in reality the same as ours, but one can scarcely believe it. But Katherine has sufficient encouragement. Instead of a father"—and here Jane raised her full dark eyes to Ellen's with an expression full of mischief—"instead of a father she has an imaginary mother, in an idea she calls the Church; and for the sake of this idea, to spread it and prosper it, she would do even more perhaps than you are doing for the love of your father. And Katherine has this great advantage—her Church, according to her views, can never die; so she will never be deprived of her incentive."

"Oh, do not think of becoming one of the High Church," urged Ellen. "Mamma says that only very few have real life in

them, and they certainly *do* lean towards Popery!"

"Popery!" repeated Jane in meditative tone; and the saucy look was gone, and a smile, faint and melancholy, played across her face for a moment, and then left it very grave. They turned towards the house. Presently Jane spoke again.

"What an elegant woman Lady Emily Carminowe is, and how very fond and proud her husband seems to be of her. How happy they are; I never before knew such charming people."

"Yes, they are both of them very attractive. What a dreadful thing it is that they are Papists!"

"My aunt thinks Lady Emily worldly," observed Jane; but added immediately, "I am sure I shall love all worldly people if they are like her."

"Oh, Jane, how horribly you talk. I do so wish you would speak to papa."

"And what would you say if there was no real live 'papa'?" asked Jane laughing. At which Ellen looked very grave and considerate for a moment, and then said quietly enough, "I do not know."

What Mrs. Jarvis had said of the "Revival" was perfectly true; it had taken place under the auspices of that aspiring genius and earliest disciple of Rachel Meadows, the late schoolmaster and Bible reader, Joseph Reeves. This man had a great gift of fluency and a very retentive memory. From a diligent attendance on Rachel's lectures at New Park, his memory had become stored with Scripture texts, and he had learnt an alluring style of applying them. Extempore exhortation was an exciting and gratifying exercise; and his indiscreet efforts having received direct countenance from Lady Harris, reading soon grew into preaching, and a small audience grew into considerable numbers, on whom his exaggerated language, tremendous denunciations, and powerful acting, had so great an effect, as to produce not uncommonly fainting fits and hysterics.

A certain timber-merchant, Mr. Feller, at this time had built a meeting-house on speculation, as a money investment; and he rightly judged that he should increase the gain of it, by proposing it as a place for the display of Mr. Reeves's oratorical powers. At this time also "the Methodist connexion" announced their intention of getting up a "revival," the chief director of which was to be this new and popular addition to their ranks. Printed papers, setting forth that for the space of one week there would be sermons and prayer-makings night and day, with scarcely any cessation, were widely circulated, and all persons were earnestly invited to attend the New *Sardis* Chapel,—for having long profaned the names of the Old Testament, these persons

had on this occasion carried their researches into the New,—where the power \*\*\*\*\*—we leave out certain expressions, the use of which, in this instance, was of a character too terrible for our pages—would be mighty in one who had cast off his bonds, and become free in \*\*\*\*\*.

Such was the invitation, and from various motives it was numerously responded to. The consequences were prodigious. Men supposed to possess the strongest nerves were borne from the meeting-house in an insensible state, and were in consequence unfitted for labour for many days. On women yet more alarming effects were produced, and the excitement was, in consequence, absolutely indescribable. Curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, and many of the most respectable inhabitants of Westerton went to the *Sardis* to gratify it; and among them, in an unhappy hour, were John and Anna Tregenna. Reeves was the preacher. He had been more successful in upsetting the minds of the people than any of the other miserable abettors in mischief. A kind of rivalry had risen up among them; each declaimer had become more and more violent than the last; and now Reeves had prepared himself to obtain a full triumph, and never perhaps did the fire of fanaticism burn more fiercely than in his breast that night.

He watched the parties of people crowding around him. With deep-seated desire he singled out some in particular as his victims. The fanatical frenzy was so strong upon him, that it was with difficulty suppressed while one of the brotherhood poured forth a prayer—so called—terrific in its force, and appalling in its blasphemy.

Reeves saw Anna and John enter the house. He knew that only curiosity could have brought her there; and he felt that the same feeling, probably mingled with scorn, had brought her brother. Immediately he marked her out as a fit object for his religious vengeance. In his sermon, he aimed at exciting Anna's feelings. He knew her character, guessed what she felt, and then described these sensations as inconsistent with "a state of grace," and as only belonging to those who had never experienced "the new birth," and were therefore fast going to eternal destruction.

Anna became nervous and terrified. The preacher described these fears and terrors as the visiting of the Spirit, bringing compunction to the soul, and painted in awful colours the lost state of those who, from any motive, should resist this awakening from the sleep of death. Anna felt every word keenly. She could not resist the influence of the excitement around her. Had she, till now, been asleep? Was this indeed her "day of opportunity?" Were these tremblings, felt for the

first time, the "throes of the new birth?" Should she be for ever lost if she resisted them? Was she "quenching the Spirit?" Was she, by suppressing what she felt, even now preparing for herself a place among the horrors at that moment describing, with a dreadful certainty, which might make the stoutest quail?

Many were falling on their knees around her. Many, while she hesitated, were pouring forth their convictions of sin, and perhaps receiving the gift of assured salvation. Now, surely, the great question might be for ever decided—now;—what could she do? Overcome by excitement, Anna burst into tears.

Immediately a number of persons of both sexes, who had themselves been revived, gathered round her, and led her into an open space, where, kneeling on the ground, they commenced a scene degrading to common propriety. At the same moment Reeves ceased his address, and after a minute's pause burst forth into a torrent of wild expressions of joy, often inciting the congregation to join him, and so increased the excited cries that prevailed throughout the assembly.

John tried to get near his sister, but positively could not, the crowd that surrounded her was so great.

To drive away the devil, as they dreadfully declared, they clapped their hands, groaned, and uttered the wildest shouts; and when Anna was really fainting, they carried her towards the pulpit, supporting her there, and the man who had done all this—who at that moment was surely less man than demon—began a rapid utterance of what they called a prayer. The scene was not over. Animation not returning to the unfortunate girl as quickly as was desired, cries arose of "Call him down!"—"Call him down!" "Pray harder—louder—let us hear—harder still—harder!" and when the first struggling sighs of consciousness were heard, some of the most possessed imagined they beheld something supernatural in the air, and cries worse than all that had preceded them arose: "He's coming—He's coming!"—

But let us have done with this. Would that we were not, under the veil of fiction, describing truth,—and not describing all, for all we dare not tell. Would that this scene was not a faint picture of many real ones. In sweet sequestered nooks of England, among its peaceful homes, and carrying pollution into many an honest simple mind, the destroyer is found; and, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" is his cry; and *how* heard, and *how* responded to, who is there of earth that can tell?

Old Michael received his grandchild with silent anguish. She was very ill; but after two nights and a day, in a darkened room, she in some degree recovered the shock her



nervous system had sustained. Still she appeared like one scarcely in possession of her senses; her tears flowing silently, presenting a miserable spectacle of distress of mind. Mr. Jarvis visited her, called her his Sunday-school teacher, and his constant communicant; but could produce no effect upon her. Some people advised Michael to send for Reeves, but this he refused to do; and when Reeves appeared of his own accord, Michael sent him from the house. But Rachel Meadows visited Anna, and appeared to do her a great deal of good. Rachel was enthusiastic and sincere, and felt the devotion she so fervently recommended. She called frequently on Anna; but Anna "left the Church," which Miss Meadows grieved over, but knew not how to combat. After some months Easter arrived, and Anna was sorrowful at the loss of the "Holy Communion," which she had attended with great respect in the Church of England. Rachel could not help her. There was a report that Reeves, like some other Dissenters, would offer what he called "the Sacrament," at the *Sardis*; but Rachel Meadows shuddered at the bare idea of any one so approaching the priestly functions, whose spiritual preparation had been derived solely through herself. Lady Harris, therefore, interposed her influence, and Reeves withdrew his design. These things had occasioned plenty of talk in the parish; but in no place had they been more ably discussed than in the housekeeper's room at New Park.

Mrs. Tartlet and Mrs. Hook took what they were pleased to consider a simply religious view of the matter. Mrs. Hook confessed, in a very patronising way, to a great interest in the poor girl, "so convicted of sin, so assured of mercy;" and Mrs. Tartlet dwelt with no slight spirit of gratification on one of a family, so full of dead works, being roused to see "the fulness of salvation," which "has nothing to do with works from first to last."

But Mr. Rakes took a more complicated view of things. Had the girl been converted by Lady Harris or Miss Meadows, of course it would have been simply a matter of thanksgiving: "all quite right, and all in the family." "But now," said Mr. Rakes, "I question the propriety, my good ladies, of making any circumstance of this. However good the Dissenters may be, it is not for us to be too familiar with them, nor for us to preach in their chapels. Joseph's instructing in private houses, or exhorting in the school-room, was no more than my Lady could patronise; but his associating himself with that timber-merchant, I don't approve of. In spite of all that we can say, it will identify us with the meeting-houses, which, as true friends of the Church, we never can submit to. The consequences of this young man's rashness are visible already. When we were driving to church

last Sunday, we passed Mr. Feller, and he took off his hat to our carriage, quite with the air of an acquaintance,—a thing he never presumed to do till one of our connexions preached in his chapel."

"What impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Hook. "I am sure he used to look humble enough, and touch his hat as respectful as could be."

"It is *now*, as I tell you," replied Rakes, "quite familiar, quite on the pretension of a mutual understanding, which, in my opinion, should not be encouraged."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Tartlet. "La, Mr. Rakes, you do see so deep into things."

"Consequences ought always to be considered,—every thing has a consequence," said Mr. Rakes.

"Very true. And I'm sure I could not bear to be identified with that common Mr. Feller."

"Good gracious—no!" responded Mrs. Tartlet. "What, *us*? No! I was never in one of those low dissenting-houses in my life. I have always upheld my Church, and always shall. I have been to some of those genteel chapels in London, to be sure; but I consider them patronised by the Church. At the Star Street Chapel, I have seen the Reverend Ridley Spouter, and the Duke and Duchess of Firunhart there often."

"And the sermons preached at the Star Street Chapel are on the drawing-room tables of some of our first nobility and gentry," observed Mr. Rakes.

"But Mr. Feller and his *Sardis* are quite another thing," said Mrs. Hook very contemptuously.

"Quite—in my opinion, quite," slowly enunciated Rakes; "and though I do not deny that the young man Reeves has talents, and that,"—now Rakes raised his voice to a very high pitch, and let it fall as the sentence proceeded—"and that this girl has been mercifully brought to clearer ideas of grace; yet I must be permitted to say, for the honour of the family, that there must be no mixing up of our names with those of low, ignorant, preaching, vulgar tradesmen, such as Feller, and others—and *others*," repeated Mr. Rakes; "for I have no desire to be personal. And these sentiments had better be explained to our bailiff to-night."

And so they were, to the complete mystification of the elder Reeves's mind, which, in its simplicity, would suggest a question that he dared not ask, as to what made the difference between the *Star* in London and the *Sardis* at Westerton. Good cheer, however, produced and sustained good feeling, and the evening closed satisfactorily.

Mr. Reeves declared his belief that he should live to see his son a Bishop. Mr. Rakes reminded him that, but for "the family," Joseph would still have been among the ploughs and

carts; and Masters wondered in silence if Reeves was really sincere, or if it was possible that Joseph had dived into yet deeper and more profitable depths of deceit than himself.

## CHAPTER II.

Lady Harris's pride, Mr. Reeves' ambition, and Rachel Meadows' distress. The Rev. Ridley Spouter and his plans. The School-children's fête. A Lady's schemes and meditations.

MR. JARVIS'S dismissal of Reeves from his offices displeased Lady Harris greatly. And Mr. Jarvis would not reinstate him, though Lady Harris proposed herself as surety for his good behaviour, and for his immediate relinquishment of all engagements connected with the *Sardis*. Finding arguments in vain, Lady Harris tried threats, and the threats were followed by a speedy accomplishment. The school-house belonged to Sir James, and donations from New Park in a great measure supported the old lady who had the dame's school, and Joseph Reeves, who had the writing school. House and money were withdrawn, and Mr. Jarvis was left without tools, or means to purchase them. Delay would have been fatal to Lady Harris's power; so her measures followed each other in the quickest order. The ceasing of the Church-school was the signal for the rise of Lady Harris's school; and even before the children were entirely dispersed, before Mr. Jarvis could, even in imagination, commence the organisation of a plan for doing so, Lady Harris was gathering them within the sphere of her influence, and aiming to educate them in her own principles. Reeves, at his patroness's desire, had relinquished the *Sardis*, and again followed the "teachings" at New Park; no difficulties were found in connexion with him, but there was a serious dilemma on the subject of a school-mistress. This, however, lasted but a short time; for Miss Meadows, in the spirit of self-devotion, proposed to teach the girls herself till a permanent mistress could be found for them.

Lady Harris hesitated a moment about accepting this offer; but then, recollecting Rachel's frequent declarations, that she possessed no other desire but that of being useful in the cause of true religion, she accepted it. So rapid had been her measures, that the Sunday following that on which she had had an unsuccessful interview with Mr. Jarvis was the day of her triumph. The free seats, which the week before had been full of the children from the Church-school, were then filled with the same and others from Lady Harris's school: and Mrs. Jarvis had had plenty of time to hear Charlotte her lessons, for the young engrossers of her Sunday cares had that morning been instructed by Reeves and Rachel Meadows. The teachers sat with

the children on their benches; and Reeves was in all the mock humility of Lady Harris's *protégé*, and in all the real pride of successful opposition to Mr. Jarvis. There was now no need of any of his former boasting, that Mr. Jarvis had no power over him; so, with a deportment of much affected mildness, and even a slight air of suffering innocence, he took his usual place, and directed the conduct of an increased number of pupils.

Reeves had listened to his patroness, and complied with her teaching, only to enable himself to rise to an eminence to which he dared not hope to attain without her help. Many visions had arisen in his mind, and been dispersed as hopeless; many wishes, but they had all appeared vain; now, however, the path to greatness was plain; perhaps Lady Harris had meant to suggest it to him; might he not marry Miss Meadows? Lady Harris had often acknowledged his talents, and she would never desert *her*; this would establish his independence for life. But his dreams of ambition travelled farther. He must find some recognised sphere for the exhibition of those talents which had earned him such distinction from others, and which he idolised himself. Were not the gifts of the Spirit his? Had he not a call to the ministry? At least, he could convince Lady Harris that such was the case; and she who would give a school might build a church; and there were ways and means by which it might come to pass, that he who had taught in the one might expound in the other. In short, Reeves's views extended to becoming a popular preacher of that very Establishment which he had so often reviled, and he felt that his victory over Mr. Jarvis would not be complete till then. "Yes," said Joseph to himself, with internal triumph, "yes; he said that he deprived me of the school by virtue of his office, he shall see that by that means, instead of compassing my degradation, he laid the foundation of fortunes which shall surpass his own."

As these passed through his mind, he cast his eyes, from time to time, on her who was to be so much the means of his proposed exaltation. He could not be insensible to her personal attractions, neither was his mind so degraded as not to feel respect for her zeal and devotion. But there was something to overcome, and it was this,—he felt Rachel Meadows to be sincere, and himself he knew to be a hypocrite.

This threw a hesitation into his manner when he addressed her; the respect that he could not help feeling embarrassed him in all attempts to establish an increased familiarity: this was taken by Rachel as the indication of a modest, humble mind. She did her best, at such times, to reassure him; and if she sometimes succeeded more decidedly than she desired, she attributed such results—not to the



truth, which remained unsuspected,—but only to an awkwardness, to which their present temporary intercourse might very naturally give rise.

Thus things continued for a time, during which Michael very gladly allowed his grandchild to leave England, and join Miss Westerton, to whom Mr. Jarvis had written very fully on parish matters. The summer, the winter, and now nearly another summer had passed away since Katherine had left the Hall; but that her interest in Westerton had not abated was evident from her desiring to have Anna sent to her. Under a proper escort, this young girl had reached her friends at Frankfort, the nearest point Miss Westerton could fix upon. She had been spending the summer at some of the German baths, and was shortly going with her cousins, for the second winter, to Italy. Anna was at once both glad and sorry to go. Glad to see her dear Miss Westerton again, but sorry to leave the neighbourhood of Rachel Meadows, and miserable to give up the excitement of stolen interviews with Reeves. But she went; and by her going left Reeves more at liberty to pursue his newly formed designs.

Weeks passed on, and Rachel Meadows attended the girls' school daily. She had frequent conversations with Reeves, and frequently remarked his embarrassed manner. But to this embarrassment a new feature was added; a something scarcely to be described, but an air of design, an occasional glance of determination—almost of power—towards her, which one day made her feel that Reeves had views of ambition, which were, in part, connected with herself.

Rachel *felt* the truth. Had that man detailed, in the most faithful manner, all that he knew of the subtle ambition of his heart, he could not have pictured that net-work of intrigue more distinctly than some slight words, and slighter actions, had disclosed it to that helpless woman. We cannot describe the shrinkings of her heart. Almost with loathing she left the house, feeling that she could never return. Yet, was there any thing to complain of? Had she any tangible ground of accusation against Reeves? No. Was she, then, deceived? No. Joseph had made his first covert attempt that day towards disclosing his designs, and notwithstanding his studied care not to alarm her, she had *felt* it all. Covered with confusion, which heightened into sensations of shame when she thought on what slight evidence her feelings had been roused, and how much she was betraying them, her first impulse was to leave the room; but Joseph detained her by asking some questions relative to the school, and as his manner had instantaneously recovered its usual cold placidity, she replied to his inquiries before her departure. But once more his

eyes had met hers, and that glance had said—  
“*You know my secret.*”

Rachel commanded herself sufficiently to leave the house with a firm step, and take the usual road to New Park; but when she was sure that she must be out of sight of any one watching her, she increased her pace till she ran, and nervous and out of breath gained the terrace before the house; and as she gained it, beheld Lady Harris walking there, holding an open letter in her hand.

“My dear child, I shall give up this school,” were her ladyship's first words. Rachel could have fallen on her knees before her, and thanked her as her guardian angel.

“Imagine!” continued Lady Harris; “this is a letter from Mr. Jarvis. He thinks it kind to inform me that that girl Katherine Westerton has sent him fifteen hundred pounds to build a school, and, in fact, do what he likes with. And further, she says she would have relieved him from his difficulties before—difficulties, indeed!—had it been in her power; but two years from her mother's death was, by her father's will, to elapse before she was to come into possession of her entire fortune.”

“What have you said, my dear madam?”

“I have said that I am extremely glad, for that I intended to go on the Continent this winter, and that I shall now go with much more comfort than I could have done but for Miss Westerton's bounty to the parish. You will go with us, my dear Rachel—I have been speaking to Sir James; but I don't yet know what I shall do with Reeves.”

But Reeves, as soon as this project was made known to him, knew perfectly well that his destiny was to go with them. He knew that, to pursue Rachel, he must manage to be recognised more immediately within the New Park family circle. This was a difficult thing to accomplish. Lady Harris was as proud as she was imperious, and would repress with an inextinguishable resentment any open attempts towards a nearer equality. Still, to exhibit himself on a more intimate and confidential footing was necessary to the advancement of his projects; and Reeves's genius was rather excited than discouraged by the difficulties in his way. He was not sorry to give up the school, and he immediately proposed to Lady Harris that the resignation should be made the occasion of a farewell fête to the children, as a graceful mode of leaving office; and having found that Rachel had made a cold an excuse for not attending the school since her suspicion of him had been awakened, he further suggested that some of the children should repeat “pieces” on this occasion, and that Miss Meadows should prepare a few of the girls for this exhibition at New Park. Lady Harris acceded readily to this, and then proceeded to add her own enlargements to the original idea, gently insti-

gated by her artful dependant, till it became all, and more than all, his hopes had pictured. There was to be a grand entertainment in the Park; a large party of the neighbouring gentry were invited; a holiday was given to servants and labourers; and every sort of hospitable and elegant preparation was soon making for the occasion.

By a most fortunate accident, Mr. Ridley Spouter was then making his rounds as "deputation for the United Protestant Evangelical Missionary Association." He was invited to attend the meeting. Never was any one busier than Lady Harris for a fortnight before the entertainment, making a general display of power preparatory to the universal interest in her fellow-creatures, and the unbounded benevolence of her heart, which was to be exhibited on the approaching fête-day.

Never did a brighter morning dawn. The cheap Champagne suggested by Rakes as good enough for banquets in the open air had arrived; the puffs and puddings, soups and salads, were quite to Mrs. Tartlet's satisfaction; and Lady Harris appeared in the morning as one who was doing her duty, and to whom the world must now allow the justice of its admiration. A large party were assembled at the breakfast-table. Mr. Ridley Spouter was in a flow of eloquence; he had been taking a morning walk—instigated and accompanied by Reeves, who, by a well-contrived "accident," had taken care to meet him—and had come in charmed with every thing, and talking of

"Spreading herbs and flowerets bright  
Glistening with the dew of night."

Addressing Lady Harris, Mr. Ridley Spouter said, that he had had much interesting conversation that morning with a very singularly interesting young man, whom he found to be her ladyship's schoolmaster. "He has exceedingly occupied my mind," said the gentleman. "He appears to be a truly devoted person. He gave me a sketch of your ladyship's goodness to him. You are indeed most fortunate, ma'am, to have *two* such assistants." And on thus saying, Mr. Ridley Spouter bowed towards Miss Meadows.

Rachel could not help listening with interest, though of a very painful nature, to any thing relating to Joseph Reeves; and this was made more necessary by Lady Harris appealing to her to support the high praise she was bestowing on him. She was too natural a character not to betray a little embarrassment, and Mr. Spouter was too acute not to remark it, and of too coarse a mind not immediately to attribute a motive to it.

"Ah, there is to be a marriage!" was his instant thought; and then followed some further imaginations: "A very good way of providing for two persons at once; and a dif-

ficult thing it is to provide for two persons of their description. Rather beneath Miss Meadows's bringing up," he continued, as he sipped coffee, and disposed of ham and chicken in considerable quantities, during these moments of seeming abstraction. "Ah!"—and a new thought came upon him—"I see how it will be; Reeves will be put forward—possibly ordained; Lady Harris is very intimate with the Bishop; something will be managed. The man's abilities are evidently great. An occasional thing of the kind is not disliked—a true call—a short time may accomplish it. He spoke with great zeal this morning; and now I think of it, his conversation certainly tended that way. He would make an excellent Evangelical clergyman." And Mr. Ridley Spouter's next thought was, "What a missionary!"

Now, Mr. Ridley Spouter had, in a measure, got at the truth; only he had attributed Reeves's desires to Lady Harris; and in all but "What a missionary!" Mr. Reeves's wishes would have gone along with his new friend's imaginations; and a friend, or rather a tool, he had determined to make of Mr. Spouter, and had shaped his conversation that morning accordingly.

Mr. Ridley Spouter's scheming mind was not one to be idle, after having dived so deeply into people's hearts as he imagined he had in this case done. He continued his suppositions: "If Lady Harris wished to advance Reeves for her own private, and of course praiseworthy, ends, would it not be a happy stroke to assist her, and so fix an obligation on a family so well able to repay it? And as his society wanted missionaries so much, would it not be an excellent opportunity for ingratiating himself still further in that quarter?" Mr. Ridley Spouter's conclusions were over, and his plans were made.

No dinner was ever done greater justice to than that which Mrs. Tartlet had provided; and Mr. Rakes's suggestion about the Champagne seemed to have answered perfectly, if the quantity disposed of is a fair ground for judgment. The good humour of Sir James was intense, and he had an endless variety of pleasant things to say to old and young. Jane Wentworth was happy; it was a meeting of reconciliation between New Park and the Parsonage. Young William Harris, too, was very evidently happy, but any particular cause for peculiar satisfaction to him did not openly appear; and Rachel—she too was full of gladness, for it was her farewell to the school. Lady Harris's state of mind was one of positive triumphant glory: the entertainment was philanthropic, magnificent, enjoyable; and she was secure of the reward of a hostess—the thing was answering.

Yet that day had brought weighty matters under her consideration. Things which had to be well examined, and then finally settled



at a single stroke. Yet not even such considerations disturbed her equanimity. She rejoiced in power enough for the occasion. She felt that all parties must wait on *her* word, and that it was *her* will, and not *theirs*, which must determine their future. In the consciousness of her power, she smiled on all. Never had she felt her sway more despotic, and its limits more unbounded. It was a position she enjoyed.

To explain this, we must revert to Mr. Ridley Spouter's breakfast meditations. He had already acted upon them. In an attempt to read the hidden desires of Reeves, he had fully revealed his own secret heart to that unusually clear-sighted individual. Reeves permitted him to suppose that Lady Harris desired a union between himself and Rachel, and confided to Mr. Spouter his own "humble, honest attachment," expatiating on the internal call he had long felt for "the ministry;" and after vehement expressions of gratitude, permitted Mr. Ridley Spouter to inform Lady Harris of his hopes and inspirations. This had accordingly been done. And Lady Harris had only had time to ask, "Has he ever mentioned his wishes to Rachel?" and to be answered, "No;" and to say, "Very proper; tell him to be silent, till he receives more encouragement from *me*," before her guests again required her presence among them.

Towards the end of the entertainment Reeves had an opportunity of displaying his powers of eloquence, which he turned as much as possible to his own advantage; and Mr. Ridley Spouter would not let the crowd disperse without a few words of his missionary life, to both hemispheres carrying the olive-branch of peace. He spoke also of the Patriarchal times, with which he appeared to be extremely familiar, and of which he said the present scene very much reminded him. And after indulging in a strain intended to be prophetic, as to the destiny of their gifted teacher, he concluded with something not very well understood of Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Arcadia, and Elysium.

And now the guests had all departed, and night was come; the time of rest to many, and of thought to Lady Harris. A new world to form, to rule, to gladden, or to ruin at her pleasure, was before her mind; and she had much to think of, and many ideas to arrange before another conversation with Mr. Ridley Spouter. Thought after thought arose:—it would be a delightful development of power to place her *protégé* in the Church—but Rachel Meadows; would she marry Reeves? Not if it were proposed to her immediately, certainly. Yet it would be an excellent provision for her—and sometimes the thought of what she was to do with her had arisen a little awkwardly in her mind. "She is really refined by nature, and the idea of the connexion at this mo-

ment would no doubt be objectionable," said Lady Harris half aloud, and musingly, to herself, "but that must be left to me—in my hands Reeves will become a very different person; he shall go abroad with us, and six months on the continent to a man of his parts, and with his hopes, and such expectations as I shall be able to hold out to him, will do all that will be necessary."

Again Lady Harris's mind was fixed in thought, and further views of the future opened on her imagination. Mr. Ridley Spouter should get Reeves introduced to the United Protestant Evangelical Missionary Association. Through them, either here or abroad, Reeves should be ordained; there would be no impropriety in his going out somewhere, first of all, as a teacher; he was young, there was plenty of time for all he could desire. "Unquestionably his conduct will ensure their highest praises," murmured Lady Harris. "And Rachel must not know any thing of our designs in her favour,"—a slight pang was felt in the heart at those words, *in her favour*; but Lady Harris was a strong-minded woman, and had learned to look her neighbour's trials in the face with an unflinching eye, so she said the words over again, and that time not only without pain but quite with a smiling pleasure. "Yes, Rachel must not know, till his well-earned praises shall have awakened her enthusiasm. And she is so enthusiastic," continued Lady Harris, "that such an interest, once awakened in her mind, and judiciously fostered, will quite naturally lead to thoughts of marriage:—of course, there will be no difficulty—it will be sure to succeed." Again thought was busy at its work, and again the future opened. It was very well to provide for these people, to ensure their success, but for herself there must be some reward, some satisfaction, some abiding triumph. "She may go with him somewhere, to one of our colonies, for a time; perhaps for a few years; for just sufficient length of time to give them the sort of position they will require,—to give them the proper footing in England; then they can return, and Reeves might have a living. I should like to keep Rachel near me. They might visit us, both here and in town, without the smallest impropriety." Lady Harris's satisfaction in her train of thought increased. She imagined the interest such a curious combination of circumstances would create among a large circle of her friends; how Lady C——, who had never thought her plan about Miss Meadows would succeed, would be astonished; how that charming poetess, Miss W——, would idolise the idea of such a romantic consummation. It was all most agreeable. The complacency of the soul beamed forth in the countenance. A bland smile composed itself on the lady's face. She looked the picture of self-approving benevolence. She had just determined to have a

lovely painting taken of Rachel on her marriage, and to have engravings of it placed in one of the widest circulated annuals as "The Missionary's Wife." This would complete every thing; for, of course, it would be everywhere known who it was.—But here the thread of incidents to come was broken. Lady Harris was asleep.

The reader now knows why Michael wished his grand-daughter to be under some stronger protection than Miss Westerton's, if the family from New Park, accompanied by Joseph Reeves, should appear in Rome.

[To be continued.]

### EMIGRATION; HOW POSSIBLE FOR THE POOR.

THE difficulties that now press upon the poorer classes of Great Britain have roused many persons to speak and write on the subject, but as yet nothing has been suggested as a relief except emigration; and for that desirable end no extensive and approved plan of action has been adopted by her Majesty's Government. It behoves all parties, therefore, to strain every nerve to attain this object; but as it is a subject which may not have had the serious consideration of the larger portion of society, perhaps it may be as well to explain in what way the poor man will be benefited, and the mother-country derive an advantage by his emigration. Now, of all the British colonies none present so great advantages for the settler as the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand. The climate is superior to that of England, or of any other part of the world; the soil most productive, and the employment of labour certain. At the same time, in England, a million and a half, or nearly one-tenth of the population, receive parochial relief; in Ireland, nearly three millions, or more than one-third of the inhabitants, subsisted last summer on charity, by gratuitous relief, or by forced and profitless employment; in Scotland, pauperism is rapidly on the increase, and the burden of maintaining the poor is augmented in a still more rapid proportion.

During the last ten years an amount of 66,000,000*l.* have been levied for the support of the poor in England and Wales, being an average of nearly 7,000,000*l.* per annum; and by the 9th and 10th Vict. cap. 101, the State advanced for the employment of the labouring classes of England and Scotland, 2,000,000*l.* The failure of the potato-crops of one year in Ireland and Scotland has added to the burden in expenditure for relief and improvement a sum of 10,342,500*l.*; also the sum of 1,000,000*l.* was raised for the same object by private subscriptions. The amount levied for poor-rates in Ireland (House of Commons' Paper, No. 144, 5 March, 1847), 298,000*l.*; poor-rates in Scotland, 295,000*l.*; giving a total charge for the relief of the poor in little more than one year of 20,935,500*l.*

With these facts before us, property and charity taxed to an almost endless and hopeless extent, and pauperism increasing in a still

faster ratio, what can we do but look to emigration as our only relief? The deteriorating effects which such a dependence on alms must have on the moral character of so vast a proportion of the poor, is palpable and undeniable. The population of Great Britain is calculated to increase at the rate of one thousand souls a day; and calculating the proportion of paupers at the rate afforded by public returns, 180 infant paupers are daily born into the world, making an increase of 65,000 yearly to the mass of destitution in the United Kingdom. During the fifteen months that the relief board was in operation, 12,900,000 quarters of grain and flour were imported into this country; of which 4,900,000 quarters were consumed in Ireland, principally for the maintenance of the destitute population; the cost of which was 33,500,000*l.*

Thus the emergency of the moment obliges us to expend an enormous amount of capital, which it may be said is lost to this country, foreign states reaping the advantage, and making but a trifling demand on us in return, by the consumption of our manufactures. If productive industry give a value to man's labour, the profitable employment of those masses now *existing* on charity or unremunerative works demands the serious and anxious attention of every man who has the well-being of his fellow-creatures at heart, and compels him to turn to the colonies, as presenting a sure outlet for our surplus population, and a demand for our superabounding manufactures. Of our total exports, about one-third is already taken by our own colonies, and the remainder by the rest of the world. The population of the world may be estimated at 860 millions, and it consumes yearly 1*s.* 2*d.* per head of British exports. The proportionate consumption by foreign countries and British colonies is calculated as follows:

FOREIGN STATES.			COLONIES.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Prussia, per head	0	0 6	Canada, per head	1	15 0
Russia . . . .	0	0 8	West Indies . .	2	17 0
France . . . .	0	1 6	Cape of Good		
United States .	0	5 8	Hope . . . .	3	2 0
			Australia . .	7 <i>l.</i>	to 10 <i>l.</i>

Australia consumes most largely, and supplies in return the greatest amount of the raw material used in our principal manufactures. It



is now retarded only by a want of labour, which we could easily afford to supply, provided we had the funds at our command.

Of the various staple productions of these colonies in the southern hemisphere, wool, oil, tallow, and hides, may be considered as the most important. The annual supply of wool from Australia is 21,000,000 lbs.; and if labour be adequately supplied, it will be increased in ten years to an export of 100,000,000 lbs. What is now received from this colony is but a third of the total quantity imported into this country. This article again is much deteriorated by a want of proper care, arising entirely from the scarcity of labour. But wool is not the only commodity which we require, and which Australia can supply. The increasing demand for cotton at home has caused fears that the supply may fail. We have abandoned our cotton-fields in the East, and the cotton-fields in the West are ours no longer, and may fail us in our need. At the same time, wide and extensive tracts in Australia and on the east coast of Africa (about Natal) are particularly adapted to the growth of the cotton-plant, which of itself alone would cause a demand for all the labour we could at this moment supply.

Our more immediate concern, however, is with hunger and destitution. If the poor are starving here for want of an adequate supply of food at a reasonable rate, are there no other parts of the British possessions which present a more plentiful and productive field? Ireland has 300 persons and England 260 to each square mile; while Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and New Zealand have better than twelve square miles to each individual. Ireland has 3,000,000 souls dependent on charity; New South Wales has subsistence for 3,000,000. In the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, in the month of June last (1847), it was stated that in that year "no less than 64,000,000 lbs. of meat would be wasted, sufficient to feed 1,100,000 of those poor people who were starving in England and Ireland." In New South Wales it is calculated that to each person there are thirteen head of cattle and fifty sheep. The superabundance of food is there destroyed for want of mouths to consume it; here we have the mouths without the food. The corn is shed for lack of reapers, the wool is injured for want of shearers, and here we have hands crying aloud and in vain for an honest day's work. The common wages given to sheep-shearers there is 12s. 6d. per diem, reapers 10s.; whilst shepherds and ordinary labourers receive from 25l. to 30l. per annum in money payments, in addition to which they are housed, and have the following weekly rations:

10 lbs. Meat.  
10 lbs. Flour.  
1½ lb. Sugar.

3 oz. Tea.  
½ lb. Tobacco.

Other groceries are to be obtained at much the same cost as at home.

Such being the great advantages to be derived from emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand, it becomes a question why so large a majority of the self-paying emigrants direct their course to North America; one would naturally conclude there was some great inducement to decide their choice. The fact is this; America is nearer home, and consequently the length of voyage less than even to the Cape of Good Hope. Then many who have left this country years since and made a fair start, have induced their friends to follow them, trusting to meet with the same success. Yet what is the fact? We read the accounts sent home, and are told by those who have trod those shores, that though the Canadas and the States afford a very fair prospect to industry, on landing the emigrant has completed but half his journey; he must travel into the far-west to obtain the profitable employment he seeks; and when arrived at his destination, he will find that the cost of his journey is nearly equal to that to Australia. *The Colonisation Circular* informs us that in twenty-two years 626,628 persons have gone to British North America, of whom, on the lowest calculation, twenty-five per cent, i.e. 156,657, cross the frontier, and are to be added to the 710,410 who have gone direct from this country to the United States. Thus taking the numbers who have gone to the United States at 867,000 as against 469,000, or more properly a million as against 336,000 who remain in Canada; of 1,500,000 who in twenty-two years have emigrated, 800,000 have settled in the United States, being more than fifty per cent on the whole period. Thus our rivals in the arts of peace, as they may become our enemies in time of war, have for twenty years absorbed in foreign soil that emigration and capital which would have been thirty-fold as reproductive had it gone to our southern settlements. It is a known fact, that in 1846 emigration from Ireland to America was aided by funds supplied by friends in the States to an amount of 160,000l.

Now, if colonisation be admitted to be either a primary or auxiliary mode of relief for the mother-country, the first question to be raised is, whither the labourer can be sent. To this the simple reply is, to the soil where he is most wanted, and where the sending him will be most profitable to all parties—to himself, to the land he leaves, and the land he goes to. The accounts which have lately been received from North America, from the Governor of Canada, and various other authorities, shew that emigration thither has been what is justly termed a "shovelling out" of the poor, and a transfer of misery from one side of the Atlantic to the other. And how could it be otherwise, when 79,000 men and

lovely painting taken of Rachel on her marriage, and to have engravings of it placed in one of the widest circulated annuals as "The Missionary's Wife." This would complete every thing; for, of course, it would be everywhere known who it was.—But here the thread of incidents to come was broken. Lady Harris was asleep.

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## EMIGRATION; HOW POSSIBLE FOR THE POOR.

THE difficulties that now press upon the poorer classes of Great Britain have roused many persons to speak and write on the subject, but as yet nothing has been suggested as a relief except emigration; and for that desirable end no extensive and approved plan of action has been adopted by her Majesty's Government. It behoves all parties, therefore, to strain every nerve to attain this object; but as it is a subject which may not have had the serious consideration of the larger portion of society, perhaps it may be as well to explain in what way the poor man will be benefited, and the mother-country derive an advantage by his emigration. Now, of all the British colonies none present so great advantages for the settler as the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand. The climate is superior to that of England, or of any other part of the world; the soil most productive, and the employment of labour certain. At the same time, in England, a million and a half, or nearly one-tenth of the population, receive parochial relief; in Ireland, nearly three millions, or more than one-third of the inhabitants, subsisted last summer on charity, by gratuitous relief, or by forced and profitless employment; in Scotland, pauperism is rapidly on the increase, and the burden of maintaining the poor is augmented in a still more rapid proportion.

During the last ten years an amount of 66,000,000*l.* have been levied for the support of the poor in England and Wales, being an average of nearly 7,000,000*l.* per annum; and by the 9th and 10th Vict. cap. 101, the State advanced for the employment of the labouring classes of England and Scotland, 2,000,000*l.* The failure of the potato-crops of one year in Ireland and Scotland has added to the burden in expenditure for relief and improvement a sum of 10,342,500*l.*; also the sum of 1,000,000*l.* was raised for the same object by private subscriptions. The amount levied for poor-rates in Ireland (House of Commons' Paper, No. 144, 5 March, 1847), 298,000*l.*; poor-rates in Scotland, 295,000*l.*; giving a total charge for the relief of the poor in little more than one year of 20,935,500*l.*

With these facts before us, property and charity taxed to an almost endless and hopeless extent, and pauperism increasing in a still

faster ratio, what can we do but look to emigration as our only relief? The deteriorating effects which such a dependence on alms must have on the moral character of so vast a proportion of the poor, is palpable and undeniable. The population of Great Britain is calculated to increase at the rate of one thousand souls a day; and calculating the proportion of paupers at the rate afforded by public returns, 180 infant paupers are daily born into the world, making an increase of 65,000 yearly to the mass of destitution in the United Kingdom. During the fifteen months that the relief board was in operation, 12,900,000 quarters of grain and flour were imported into this country; of which 4,900,000 quarters were consumed in Ireland, principally for the maintenance of the destitute population; the cost of which was 33,500,000*l.*

Thus the emergency of the moment obliges us to expend an enormous amount of capital, which it may be said is lost to this country, foreign states reaping the advantage, and making but a trifling demand on us in return, by the consumption of our manufactures. If productive industry give a value to man's labour, the profitable employment of those masses now *existing* on charity or unremunerative works demands the serious and anxious attention of every man who has the well-being of his fellow-creatures at heart, and compels him to turn to the colonies, as presenting a sure outlet for our surplus population, and a demand for our superabounding manufactures. Of our total exports, about one-third is already taken by our own colonies, and the remainder by the rest of the world. The population of the world may be estimated at 860 millions, and it consumes yearly 1*s.* 2*d.* per head of British exports. The proportionate consumption by foreign countries and British colonies is calculated as follows:

FOREIGN STATES.			COLONIES.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Prussia, per head	0	0 6	Canada, per head	1	15 0
Russia . . . .	0	0 8	West Indies . .	2	17 6
France . . . .	0	1 6	Cape of Good		
United States .	0	5 8	Hope . . . .	3	2 0
			Australia . . .	7 <i>l.</i>	to 10 <i>l.</i>

Australia consumes most largely, and supplies in return the greatest amount of the raw material used in our principal manufactures. It



is now retarded only by a want of labour, which we could easily afford to supply, provided we had the funds at our command.

Of the various staple productions of these colonies in the southern hemisphere, wool, oil, tallow, and hides, may be considered as the most important. The annual supply of wool from Australia is 21,000,000 lbs.; and if labour be adequately supplied, it will be increased in ten years to an export of 100,000,000 lbs. What is now received from this colony is but a third of the total quantity imported into this country. This article again is much deteriorated by a want of proper care, arising entirely from the scarcity of labour. But wool is not the only commodity which we require, and which Australia can supply. The increasing demand for cotton at home has caused fears that the supply may fail. We have abandoned our cotton-fields in the East, and the cotton-fields in the West are ours no longer, and may fail us in our need. At the same time, wide and extensive tracts in Australia and on the east coast of Africa (about Natal) are particularly adapted to the growth of the cotton-plant, which of itself alone would cause a demand for all the labour we could at this moment supply.

Our more immediate concern, however, is with hunger and destitution. If the poor are starving here for want of an adequate supply of food at a reasonable rate, are there no other parts of the British possessions which present a more plentiful and productive field? Ireland has 300 persons and England 260 to each square mile; while Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and New Zealand have better than twelve square miles to each individual. Ireland has 3,000,000 souls dependent on charity; New South Wales has subsistence for 3,000,000. In the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, in the month of June last (1847), it was stated that in that year "no less than 64,000,000 lbs. of meat would be wasted, sufficient to feed 1,100,000 of those poor people who were starving in England and Ireland." In New South Wales it is calculated that to each person there are thirteen head of cattle and fifty sheep. The superabundance of food is there destroyed for want of mouths to consume it; here we have the mouths without the food. The corn is shed for lack of reapers, the wool is injured for want of shearers, and here we have hands crying aloud and in vain for an honest day's work. The common wages given to sheep-shearers there is 12s. 6d. per diem, reapers 10s.; whilst shepherds and ordinary labourers receive from 25l. to 30l. per annum in money payments, in addition to which they are housed, and have the following weekly rations:

10 lbs. Meat.  
10 lbs. Flour.  
1½ lb. Sugar.

3 oz. Tea.  
¼ lb. Tobacco.

Other groceries are to be obtained at much the same cost as at home.

Such being the great advantages to be derived from emigration to the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and New Zealand, it becomes a question why so large a majority of the self-paying emigrants direct their course to North America; one would naturally conclude there was some great inducement to decide their choice. The fact is this; America is nearer home, and consequently the length of voyage less than even to the Cape of Good Hope. Then many who have left this country years since and made a fair start, have induced their friends to follow them, trusting to meet with the same success. Yet what is the fact? We read the accounts sent home, and are told by those who have trod those shores, that though the Canadas and the States afford a very fair prospect to industry, on landing the emigrant has completed but half his journey; he must travel into the far-west to obtain the profitable employment he seeks; and when arrived at his destination, he will find that the cost of his journey is nearly equal to that to Australia. *The Colonisation Circular* informs us that in twenty-two years 626,628 persons have gone to British North America, of whom, on the lowest calculation, twenty-five per cent, i.e. 156,657, cross the frontier, and are to be added to the 710,410 who have gone direct from this country to the United States. Thus taking the numbers who have gone to the United States at 867,000 as against 469,000, or more properly a million as against 336,000 who remain in Canada; of 1,500,000 who in twenty-two years have emigrated, 800,000 have settled in the United States, being more than fifty per cent on the whole period. Thus our rivals in the arts of peace, as they may become our enemies in time of war, have for twenty years absorbed in foreign soil that emigration and capital which would have been thirty-fold as reproductive had it gone to our southern settlements. It is a known fact, that in 1846 emigration from Ireland to America was aided by funds supplied by friends in the States to an amount of 160,000l.

Now, if colonisation be admitted to be either a primary or auxiliary mode of relief for the mother-country, the first question to be raised is, whither the labourer can be sent. To this the simple reply is, to the soil where he is most wanted, and where the sending him will be most profitable to all parties—to himself, to the land he leaves, and the land he goes to. The accounts which have lately been received from North America, from the Governor of Canada, and various other authorities, shew that emigration thither has been what is justly termed a "shovelling out" of the poor, and a transfer of misery from one side of the Atlantic to the other. And how could it be otherwise, when 79,000 men and

women, within six weeks in the spring of 1847, sailed from one port under the inspection of one Government agent? No wonder that Canada was flooded; that typhus fever, dysentery, and death accompanied this misguided torrent; and that all the warnings and prophecies were sadly verified by the fearful realities which ensued! The numbers who have arrived in Canada have been as strikingly too many, as those to the Cape and Australia have been too few, for the requirements of the colony.

It has been sometimes erroneously thought it was nothing but distance which excluded the Australian colonies from furnishing a field for the relief of British labourers who cannot find employment at home. Various conflicting statements have been put forth respecting the relative expense of the voyage to Canada and New South Wales. The voyage across the Atlantic may be made for 5*l.* or 6*l.*, but the expense has not ended on the emigrant's reaching the shore; so that 8*l.* or 10*l.* is the actual cost of the emigrant to Canada before he obtains employment. To Australia the labourer's voyage at present costs 13*l.* 10*s.* But let it not be forgotten that we have a colony of no small importance half-way between this and Australia. The Cape of Good Hope presents a field for the emigrant equal to any in the world; the climate is proverbially healthy, the soil productive, and its geographical position, with reference to a trade with England and India, may be considered as superior to either Canada or New South Wales. The cost of reaching this splendid country is actually less than to any of the other British colonies; for if contracts are made by Government to convey emigrants to Australia for 13*l.* 10*s.* (and the voyage is at least four months), surely that to the Cape, which lasts no more than two months, would not exceed 7*l.* or 8*l.* Under these circumstances, and considering the vast importance of economical transit, we may well look to the Cape of Good Hope as a point of present attraction. Here, however, as the labour-market is to a certain extent supplied by captured slaves, who are apprenticed, the common class of labourer would not perhaps have so good a chance at the southern settlements as on the east coast at Natal. From all accounts Port Natal appears to offer a very healthy climate and promising settlement.

Supposing, then, the emigrant to have fixed upon this place as his future home, how is he to be transplanted thither? Will the Government pay his passage? We are told that they will not; that they cannot afford it, and are not even willing to advance a loan for the purpose. Will private subscriptions effect the desired end? No doubt many charitable individuals would assist in this, but their united offerings would be but a mere fraction of the

necessary sum to enable the mass to move. Lastly, can the poor man himself produce the funds? Most assuredly without work he could not even dream of doing it; and unfortunately for him, when in work, emigration and the provision for a future is the last thing that enters his head. We only wish, indeed, the poorer classes at home could know what our colonies at the other side of the world really are. We could fill a volume with details of what we have witnessed. It is enough to say, that we have known the labouring man from Wiltshire, who was not earning more than 8*s.* per week for the support of his whole family; this man we have met again at the antipodes, with a comfortable house, and a clearing well cropped about him, his wife and children no longer looking haggard and half-starved, but all in the full vigour of health. But this was not all; the greatest blessing is yet to be told. There is a blank to fill up, for what is independence, unless enjoyed with those we love? By the rules and regulations of the Commissioners, under which a free passage was allowed to our friend (and we are proud so to call such men), his only surviving parent was by his age prevented from accompanying him. Our delight was, therefore, made perfect, when this honest fellow advised with us as to the best means to effect a remittance of his *savings* to pay the passage of his *father*. There is little doubt that many such hardworking and honest men are to be found, who would willingly repay an advance made to place them in such an improved position; and though it may be argued that ingratitude predominates in the world to such an extent that, by laying a man under obligations to you, the chances are he will hate you, yet there is no denying that, were an emigrant thus assisted by loans to retire to the bush, and isolate himself from the contracted society of any of these new settlements, he would speedily discover that his loss was more than his gain, while the sum total of what he would have to repay for the passage of a large family might be realised during his first twelve-months, provided he were hardworking and sober.

If in 1846 and '47 the Irish in America were roused by the cry of distress and famine to subscribe and send over 160,000*l.* to assist their fellow-countrymen, is it to be imagined for a moment that their generous nature would be changed by the sunny clime of the Cape or Australia? Far from it; the same feeling would animate them there; and if called upon, there is little doubt but that a body of such men, planted on that soil, would soon provide the necessary capital to carry out a stream of emigrants, who would repay out of their earnings the money advanced for their benefit, together with interest thereon. On personal knowledge we are prepared to say,



that an ordinary labouring man may save at least one-third of his earnings; and that he is not the only one of his family who may obtain employment, for that all above a certain age may more or less become producers. Taking for granted, therefore, that the emigrant is willing and certain to repay with interest the money advanced for his passage, we need scarcely add,

that we should rejoice to see in operation some sound and efficient plan for raising the necessary capital, and shall welcome every practical suggestion which may be brought forward by those who know the real nature of the interests affected by this most important question.

F. W. J.

## THE MUSIC OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: ITS CHARACTER AND ITS CORRUPTIONS.

FROM the latter part of the fourteenth century, when the laws of harmony may be considered to have been more or less ascertained and established, till the time of Palestrina, musical composers may be divided into four epochs. The first is that of Guglielmo du Fay, extending from about the year 1380 to 1430; the second is that of Giovanni Ockenheim, from 1430 to 1480; the head of the third school is Josquin des Prez, whose period includes the early portion of the sixteenth century; during the fourth, the talents of Costanzo Festa placed him above all his contemporaries. Festa died in the year 1545.

1. The music of the earliest of these epochs, which consists almost solely of masses and motetts, is founded upon the Gregorian scale, and retains many of its characteristics. It is written for four, five, or even six voices; the parts being severally called *contrabasso*, *basso*, *baritono*, *tenore*, *contratenore*, *alto*, and *soprano*. There is considerable variety in the *lengths* of the notes; but the phrases are insignificant, and with little melody or character, though there is a perpetual use of the artifices of imitation and points of attack. The discords they employ are prepared, struck, and resolved. No attention is paid to the natural rhythm of the words, whose prosody is altogether disregarded, and whose peculiar sentiment and meaning is never expressed. The themes of the compositions are generally taken from Gregorian chants, or from popular secular airs. The latter practice, indeed, was one of the abuses which ultimately led to so grievous a state of corruption in the art, that its use was well-nigh entirely prohibited by the rulers of the Church. One martial French air, called "*L'homme armé*," seems to have been an especial favourite with musical composers, from Du Fay to Palestrina.

2. The composers of the second period, while they unquestionably made advances towards a pure and flowing strain of melody, at the same time carried to a greater height the abuses and errors of their predecessors. With them the triumph of art seemed to be the construction of some musical enigma or puzzle, hidden beneath the intricacies and involutions of canons, whose only merit was the obscurity in which

they involved the meaning of the composer. They wrote motetts in a preposterous multitude of parts, even going so far as to compose for thirty-six different voices. They frequently wrote one part in triple time, the others in common time. They gave one set of words to one part, and another to the remainder, and continued the shameful practice of choosing many of the subjects, or *motivi*, of their masses from secular and even licentious popular songs. Of this period by far the most eminent writer was John Ockenheim, the Fleming, not only for the amazing fertility of his genius, but for the superior regularity, pathos, and vivacity of his melodies, and the simplicity and ease of the canons introduced in his compositions. This latter excellence, also, is the more remarkable, as we know that by a "*canon*" the early harmonists meant not only that peculiarly constructed composition now so called, but some singular mystery to be guessed at and unravelled by the performer.\*

3. The boast of the third period was Josquin des Prez, the pupil of Ockenheim. To him, more than to any other composer before Palestrina, modern harmony owes its perfection. His reputation in his own day was commensurate with his skill. The young man, whose compositions were working a revolution in the art, became the idol of the musical world throughout Europe. Josquin alone was honoured in Italy, in France, in Germany, in Flanders, in Hungary, in Bohemia, in Spain. The same sudden tide of popularity which in our days sometimes accompanies the dramatic melodies of a Rossini or a Bellini, in those times was created by the elaborate counterpoint, the canons, imitations, and hidden mysteries of a learned *maestro di cappella*. The *furor* which now carries a "*Di tanti palpiti*," or a Jager's chorus, from Naples to Paris, from Vienna to St. Petersburg, in the space of a few months or weeks, in the fifteenth century expended its enthusiasm on a mass or motett, in which such songs as "*L'ami Baudichon*," "*Des rouges nes*," or "*L'homme armé*," were continued throughout the entire composition, in all the

\* "*Canon est regula voluntatem compositoris sub obscuritate quâdam ostendans.*" Such is the definition of Tinctor, the contemporary of Ockenheim.

unmeaning intricacies and devices of that day of musical pedantry.

The great charm in the music of Josquin was, undoubtedly, the liveliness and effective rhythm of the melodies which he threw off with wonderful facility in his numerous compositions, and the ease, solidity, and natural expression with which he employed the elaborate musical artifices of imitation, canon, fugue, augmentation, diminution, and all those peculiar devices which have been invented by musicians for giving variety and unity to their productions. With Josquin, these artifices were employed not merely as so many exhibitions of skill in counterpoint, and of a dry, barren, unimaginative invention, but as instruments in the hands of a master for carrying on a certain sentiment or melody throughout a piece of music; so that while one idea seemed to pervade the whole composition, it was, nevertheless, presented in so vast a variety of forms and situations, as to make its presence rather felt by the soul than perceived by the ear.

Unhappily, his genius appears to have been little restrained by a devout sense of the obligations which lay upon him as a composer for the service of Almighty God. The light and lively spirit of his melodies,—light and lively in those days, though solemn and dull to modern ears,—displayed itself in its natural element when employed in songs and dances. Indeed, he is placed by Rabelais, who might have heard him while in the service of Louis the Twelfth of France, at the head of the fifty-nine *Joyeux musiciens* whose performances were known to him. None more than Josquin pandered to the corrupt taste of his hearers by adapting the music of secular and scandalous songs to sacred subjects. His mass called *Didadi*, from *dado*, the Italian word for dice, is a worthy specimen of the spirit in which he selected the themes of his compositions. The word was either the title or the commencement of a popular song on gambling, and the tune is repeated throughout the whole mass by the tenor voice, in all kinds of different measures, answering to the number of dots on each face of the die; the absurdity being completed by figures of dice prefixed to the various movements, in order to indicate the particular number about to be introduced. Thus the originality and powers of his mind, while they largely contributed to the improvement of harmony, as a mere human art and science, tended to its absolute separation from the service of religion, rather than to the honour of the beneficent Creator, by whom those choice gifts were conferred.

The contemporaries of Josquin were very numerous, and, as may be supposed, were more or less influenced by the genius of the great master of the day. Some composers pursued the old track of Okenheim, and devoted themselves to the construction of abstruse difficul-

ties, as the perfection of musical skill. Many, with vastly inferior abilities, imitated the peculiarities of Josquin, his bold intervals, his changes of key, his liveliness of melody; like him, they sought to introduce into the church the style of the ball-room and theatre, full of variety, fire, and joyousness; but, unlike the original whom they imitated, they injured rather than improved their compositions. Others, again, adopted the most absurd devices and tricks in their writings, painting the notes of their manuscripts with various colours, according to the meaning of the words; describing the woods, the grass, the flowers, in notes of *green*; the sun, the sky, and the like, in *red*; and employing a *black* tint when they wrote of darkness, of death, or of crime. Add to this the frequent use of licentious tunes, and even licentious words, introduced into the sacred compositions of divine service, and we have a picture of a state of things as childish and ridiculous as it was unseemly and abominable.

4. The fourth period was distinguished by a rapid and marked improvement in the secular music of the day, which indirectly exerted a beneficial influence upon the music of the Church. Hitherto, the powers and beauties of *melody* were little felt. In ecclesiastical compositions it can hardly be said to have existed, except in the tones appropriated to the psalms and canticles, which, though far different in structure from what we now call "melody," possess nevertheless many of its characteristics, and in execution produce a similar effect. In popular songs and airs, in dances and martial music, melody doubtless existed, in a more or less developed form, wherever the charms of music were known. Almost every civilised country had its peculiar national tunes, loved and cherished with wonderful ardour, and transmitted from father to son through successive generations.

Of all the European nations, Italy, Provence, Scotland, and Ireland seem to have been most in advance in the cultivation of a national music, and to have succeeded in the production of a multitude of airs, sometimes pathetic, sometimes spirit-stirring, sometimes comic, which are worthy to live amidst the most perfect creations of modern science. Ireland, in all probability, was foremost of the countries where music was much cultivated, not only in the more finished and developed structure of her melodies, but in the construction of her musical instruments, and in the striking out of the rudiments of scientific harmony. Galilei, the father of the astronomer, who wrote in the sixteenth century, gives a most remarkable description of the Irish harp, on the authority of the poet Dante, which supplies a picture of a state of early musical cultivation in Ireland, which it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to parallel from the history of any other nation. Speaking of the Irish harp, he says: "This most ancient instrument was brought to



us from Ireland, as Dante says, where they are excellently made, and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island *having practised on it for many and many ages*. The harps which this people use (*i. e.* in the sixteenth century) are considerably larger than ours, and have generally the strings made of brass, and a few of steel for the higher notes, as in the clavi-chord. The number of strings is fifty-four, and in some sixty. I had, a few months ago, by the civility of an Irish gentleman, an opportunity of seeing one of their harps; and, after having minutely examined the arrangement of its strings, I found it was the same which, with double the number, was introduced into Italy a few years ago."

It was in Italy, however, immediately before the genius of Palestrina became known and felt, that the most rapid and decisive improvement in national song took place. Sonnets and barcaroles, songs and airs for masking (an amusement ever popular in Italy), acquired an ease and spirit, a point and a delicacy, which speedily created a revolution in taste, and made the artificial harmonies and senseless enigmas that still deformed the music of the Church intolerable to many hearers. Naples, Florence, and Venice took the lead in the change; the lively simple airs and songs of the Neapolitans, the carnival strains of the Florentines, the barcaroles and masking-ballads of the Venetians, captivated all minds; and while a few ill-judging reformers were labouring to revive the peculiarities of the ancient music of the Greeks, these songs of the people fostered a love for simplicity, purity, and expression, which powerfully seconded the efforts soon afterwards made by Palestrina, to burst the bonds in which the science of harmony was still enchained.

A gentleman of Naples, by name Pierluigi Caraffa, as genuine a *fanatico per la musica* as ever existed, is reported to have assisted not a little in this reformation of taste. Himself an excellent and fertile composer, he spared no expense in giving salaries to musicians and encouraging their performances. When sick of a fever, or tormented with the gout, he found greater relief in listening to favourite compositions than in all the remedies of the physician; and the story goes, that, on some occasions, he could neither sleep nor eat under the fascination of sweet strains and harmonies.

Of the ecclesiastical composers of this date, the most eminent were, Arkadelt, Costanzo Festa, Cipriano di Rore, Pietro Certon, Morales, and Claude Goudimel. In their hands the music of the Church made great advances towards simplicity and purity. Above all, Costanzo Festa, whose talents have been already mentioned, succeeded in the production of a species of composition at once pleasing and solemn, freed from unmeaning artifices, breathing a sweet and flowing melody, and supported by broad, rich, and natural harmo-

nies. His genius, it is true, was unequal to the perfect accomplishment of the task he undertook: with his contemporaries, he desired and aimed at a pure, noble, and expressive style of music, rather than adequately comprehended it. To him also still clung, in a measure, the antique prejudices in favour of the tricks of musical science, and all those fantastic elaborations of counterpoint, which were as stale and commonplace in those days, as the vapid melodies and childish harmonies of our every-day songs and ballads are wearisome to the cultivated musician of the present time. Hence the works of Festa and others are generally unequal; commencing well, and concluding ill; containing a few bars of a noble and sublime strain, in the midst of a mass of unmeaning intricacies. They wished for and attempted, so far as they could comprehend it, the reformation which Palestrina accomplished; but it was reserved for the commanding and clear-sighted intelligence of that great master to accomplish the work which they essayed in vain. They collected the materials for the structure, they hewed and carved many of its stones and decorations, they devised ingenious plans for its various portions; but he alone could conceive the design of the perfect edifice, and raise it from the ground in all its beauty of proportion and elaborate richness of decoration.

Meanwhile a few composers had attempted a merely simple style of composition with little or no success. Imitating a certain composition of Josquin des Prez, they wrote what were called "*Messe famigliare*," masses in a familiar style, in which they aimed at a plain, unadorned, and easy species of harmony. As is usually the case, however, when simplicity is attempted by other than minds of great skill and genius, their efforts proved total failures, and never became popular.

Others were still possessed with the mania for a multitude of parts, composing for no less than fifty voices, and producing a mere noise and tumult of sound, inarticulate and unmeaning, as dry and unimpressive in its effect as it was clumsy and barbarous in its original conception. These worthy progenitors of the "monster concerts" of our own times, like the semi-civilised artists of many an age and country, mistook enormous size for grandeur, quantity for richness, and extravagant excess for the bold inventions of genius. Doubtless, it was no easy matter to produce such compositions without violating the fundamental rules of harmony; but the difficulty was one which might be overcome by the merest plodding pedant who had patience for the task, and brains sufficiently dull and inanimate to endure the profitless labour. Such compositions, though they might make the vulgar stare and the ignorant applaud, can no more be compared with the elaborate, harmonious, and skilful modulations of the great masters, than the pyra-

mids of Egypt can be put on a level with the Parthenon, or a monstrous granite sphinx be likened to the breathing marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles.

Such, then, was the state of the science of music in Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century. Hitherto its advance can scarcely be said to have kept pace with the progress in intellectual cultivation, which had so wonderfully distinguished the preceding three hundred years. During the thirteenth century,—that remarkable epoch, in which the elements of modern civilisation were first seen in powerful action,—music alone appeared almost stationary. While Giotto in painting, and the Pisani in sculpture, led the way for Raphael and Michael Angelo; while the principles of pointed architecture were developed, and the cathedrals of Salisbury, of Amiens, and of Cologne arose in perfect beauty; while the foundations of political liberty were laid in *Magna Charta*, the discoveries of physical science anticipated by Roger Bacon, and the achievements of modern travellers and merchants commenced by Marco Polo; while Aquinas reigned in the realms of philosophy and theology, and Dante in the kingdom of poetry; in music little progress was made; there appeared no master in the art who could penetrate into its yet hidden mysteries, and teach posterity the road to perfection.

Hence, though it soon began to make decided progress, and, from time to time, improvements were made both in musical notation and in the science of harmony, yet its advance was slow and gradual; nor can it be accounted to have reached the degree of excellence which was rapidly attained by the sister arts until Palestrina appeared. Music is, indeed, the art of modern days. It has as yet existed, in any degree of maturity, hardly three hundred years. The real power, beauty, and office of *melody* was not fully appreciated till the time of Carissimi, nearly a hundred years after Palestrina. The knowledge of the beauties and capacities of orchestral music is of still later date. Until Haydn lived and wrote, the world little knew the charms, the pathos, the liveliness, the grandeur, of the combined powers of many different instruments.

In estimating, therefore, the results of the efforts and achievements of Palestrina, it must be borne in mind that he found the art comparatively in its infancy; or rather, it may be said, it was in a condition that combined the characteristics of infancy and old age. Ignorant, yet overloaded with learning; trivial, yet aiming at gigantic productions; beset with ancient prejudices, yet reckless in attempting novelties; it seems impossible to say whether its natural tendency were to a healthful youth and maturity, or to a premature dissolution. The one great hindrance to its progress had, doubtless, been the want of a true religious and

artistical spirit in its professors. They mistook the end and office of music, both as Christians and as musicians. They did not seek to make it the vehicle for the expression of the feelings of the heart. They perceived not,—or they perceived but dimly,—that music is the language of the soul; a divine faculty, the gift of God, and the foretaste of the bliss of heaven, by which the mind of man utters its loftiest conceptions and its most vivid emotions. With them it was a science, and little more. They followed elaborate *rules*, but of *principles* they knew little. A musical composition, in their estimation, was a succession and combination of sounds, in which certain themes were repeated and varied according to certain cunning devices, unintelligible to the uninitiated, and whose greatest merit consisted in their being barely comprehensible.

Hence, losing sight of the office of the noble art, ecclesiastical composers fell into the inconceivable absurdities that have been detailed. The truth once obscured, it was a mere chance on what particular species of error they stumbled. When a musician forgot that it was his first duty to express the sentiments of the Christian heart, what matter was it whether the themes of his compositions were Gregorian chants, or dances, or love-songs? He wanted a subject for imitation, and canon, and diminution, and augmentation, and any popular canzonet would suit his purpose as well as the most solemn strain of ancient days. With few exceptions, therefore, the Church music that existed before the days of Palestrina is little fitted for use in the Christian Church in these times. Though learned, and, to modern ears, dry and stiff, it has little true solemnity, it is not the expression of the spirit of pure religion. As mere musical compositions, also, the works of the period will never be generally welcome to a truly cultivated taste, except as curiosities, and as illustrations of the history of the science.

On the whole, its peculiarities may be summed up in a few words. It was purely vocal; for no instrumental accompaniment whatever was used to sustain the voices; and the only duty of the organist, until the end of the sixteenth century, was to prelude and to perform symphonies when the voices were silent. Its melodies, if so they can be termed, have little flow, or point, or rhythm; in short, they have hardly any meaning, and are formed simply to serve as subjects for harmonising. Its harmonies are often crude and without variety, and at the same time are grievously wanting in breadth, simplicity, and grandeur. There is also a species of contest perpetually going on between the laws of the Gregorian and the modern scales of notes, which destroys the characteristic beauties of both of them. There is little or no expression in any of their movements; and the artifices of counterpoint, which have been em-



played with such wondrous effect by more recent composers, in the early music serve but to puzzle and confuse. They must, therefore, with the exception of a few fragments, share the fate of all those literary works which, like them, have substituted pedantry for nature, and trickery for imagination. Like the fantastic poets of a past generation, who wasted their labour upon the production of acrostics, upon odd and quaint rhymes, upon poems excluding certain letters of the alphabet, they will go down to posterity, hidden in that muddy stream which has engulfed, not only the absurdities of dullness, but the eccentricities of genius. Like the cumbrous pendants of solid stone which hang from the vaulted roofs of the last expiring age of Gothic architecture, they will remain as monuments of warning to those who would violate the truth of nature and feeling, rather than as examples for imitation by those who would profit by the wisdom of ages long gone by.

Yet while the more scientific music of the day seemed thus powerless to burst the chains which held it in bondage, the music most in favour with the people for secular purposes, and for the simple hymns of unprofessional performers, flowed on in a stream of melody far more natural and pure. From the songs of Thibault, King of Navarre, to the *Laudi Spirituali*, so popular in Florence, the music of the multitude, which must ever be more or less framed upon true and unchanging principles, preserved and fostered a taste for genuine feeling and simple beauty, which doubtless contributed not a little to the success of Palestrina and his followers, when they sought to infuse into the most elaborate productions of science the sweetness, the expression, the indescribable charm of the melodies of nature. Burney gives us the following record of the information he gleaned on this subject:

"The most ancient melodies that I was able to find in Italy, which had been originally set to Italian words, were in a collection of *Laudi Spirituali*, or sacred songs, preserved in a large ms. of the Magliabecchi Library, at Florence.

"It was the opinion of Father Menestrier, that hymns, canticles, and mysteries, in the vulgar tongues of Europe, had their origin from the pilgrims who went to the Holy Land. St. Francis d'Assise, born 1182, is mentioned by Crescembeni and other Italian writers among the first pious persons of that country who exercised their genius in composing hymns and spiritual songs, called *laudi*, in the form of canzonets. *Le laudi*, which were likewise called *lalde*, *lodi*, *cantici*, or *canticles*, are compositions in praise of God, the Virgin Mary, or the Saints and Martyrs. They resemble hymns as to the subject, but not the character and versification; hymns having been originally constructed on

Greek and Roman models, but the *laudi*, or spiritual songs, are entirely of Italian invention.

"A society for the performance of these religious poems was instituted at Florence so early as the year 1310, the members of which were called *laudesi*, or *laudisti*. In the fifteenth century, this species of sacred poetry was very much esteemed and practised, as is manifest by the various collections that were made of them, one of which was printed in 1485. In the next century several volumes of them were published, among which there are many poetical compositions on sacred subjects by Politian, Bembo, Lodovico Martelli, and other eminent poets. In the last century, though their favour was somewhat diminished, yet, besides a large volume composed by Serafine Razzi, and published by the author, 1608, there were many collections of these spiritual songs printed.

"Crescembeni tells us, that the company of *laudisti* of St. Benedict, at Florence, went to Rome at the time of the grand jubilee, in the year 1700, and sung through the streets in procession several *laudi* that were written by the celebrated Filicaja. In most of the ancient collections, the melodies were prefixed to each of these songs. They were at first little more than chants, and without bass. However, according to the commentary on Boccaccio by Sansovino, published at Venice in 1546, they were afterwards sung in many different parts. 'There are in Florence,' says he, 'several schools of artisans and mechanics, among which are those of Orsanmichele and Santa Maria Novella. Every Saturday after nine o'clock these assemble in the church, and there sing five or six *laudi*, in four parts, the words of which are by Lorenzo de' Medici, Pulci, and Giambellari; and at every *laud* they change the singers, and to the sound of the organ discover a Madonna, which finishes the festival. And these singers, who are called *laudesi*, have a precentor, whom they denominate their captain, or leader.'\*

"This company still subsists, and during my stay at Florence in 1770, I frequently heard them sing their hymns through the streets in three parts, and likewise in their church, accompanied by an organ."

Such was the music of older days in Europe. Such was the chaos from which Palestrina formed his wondrous works. And we may well rejoice, whatever be the musical abominations of our own days, that our lot was not cast, so far as the sounds of melody and harmony are concerned, in the times of the fifteenth century.

\* One of the compositions, entitled *Alla Trinità beata*, here spoken of by Dr. Burney, as found in the Magliabecchi Library, has been occasionally sung, harmonised for four voices, at concerts in London. It is a most sweet and solemn hymn, which none can hear without emotion.

## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

THE lithographic engraving prefixed to the present No. of the *Rambler*, will, we think, be a satisfactory proof to the most fastidious critic that it will not be long before many parts of England abound with ecclesiastical edifices worthy of the best days of Gothic art. If we are still behindhand in certain accessories of the splendours of Christian worship; if the art of metal-working is yet in its infancy; if the jeweller's craft is still scarcely called for; if glass-painting still present a series of hesitating essays, rather than the works of a master's hand; it is every day becoming more clear that, so far as the architectural design and construction of the fabric itself is concerned, there are not a few Catholic architects already in existence, who unite genius with knowledge, and can conceive a church which may be original, without being quaint; and animated by the spirit of the elder artists, without being a mere copy and reproduction of their remaining works.

At the same time we do not hesitate to avow our conviction that not a little yet remains to be done, before the architecture of the 13th and 14th centuries can be employed with full vigour and perfection for the purposes of the 19th. Hitherto, the whole subject of church-architecture has been too much regarded *from without*; its high character as an *art*, expressive of the ideas of its employers, and essentially adapted to their peculiar wants and necessities, has been too much overlooked; and the *spirit* of the Gothic architects has been almost forgotten, in the attempt to compete with them in the production of works precisely similar in all respects to the creations of their wonderful genius. The question, "What are the wants of the Christian Church at this very time?" has been merged in the query, "How far will our present pecuniary means allow us to reproduce the architectural works of our forefathers?" The cold, though violent, spirit of mere technical discussion, has usurped the office of a profound meditation upon the lofty offices of all true art; and the talents which might have been devoted to the practical embodiment of the spirit of our time, according to our powers, have been too often wasted in fruitless disquisitions upon various modes and styles of building, and on a vain attempt to discover the essential *principle* of the mediæval artists. We have forgotten that it is for us to act upon *our own* principles; that the Church of the present day is to give the laws for the fabrics of the present day; that it is a mere matter of antiquarianism, to discover the architectonic secrets of other days; and that the true Christian architect will be he who seizes the grand elementary idea of Christian worship, as it

works with vital energy around him; and, in his material fabrics, both supplies its positive wants, and embodies its essential and noblest characteristics.

That revived Gothic architecture will, indeed, truly attain to the dignity of a spiritual art, we have little doubt, whatever may be the apparent hindrances to its rapid development, whether caused by its friends or opponents. The genius and learning which has already gone so far, will not rest where it is. Such a book as Mr. Pugin's *Glossary of Architectural Ornament and Costume*, could never have been produced fifteen or twenty years ago; nor could the church which has tempted us to these remarks, have sprung up in Manchester when the present generation was yet young. And we may rest assured, that the extraordinarily rapid progress which the art has thus made, is not destined either to come prematurely to an end, or to issue in a mere bodily resuscitation of the fabrics and decorations of a period long gone by. The marvellous elasticity of Gothic art has yet to shew itself in *forms* unknown to those who first called it into being.

In this great work, we cannot but think that the architect and decorator of St. John's, Salford, will have their full share. There is a united solidity and grace, a richness and simplicity, in Mr. Hadfield's design and details, and a power of combination of parts, original, without offensive peculiarities, which shew the hand of the true, genuine artist. The building before us is, besides, of sufficient size fairly to test his powers; and we understand that another large church, on which he is engaged at Sheffield, gives equal promise of excellence. He is also animated with that hearty zeal for his calling, which he shares with many others of his brother artists; and without which it is hopeless to look for any thing beyond a freezing mediocrity, from architect or painter, from sculptor or musician. Mr. Taylor Bulmer, to whom the decoration of St. John's is to be confided, is already very favourably known in the North. His principal work is at Rainhill, where he has painted the church in the Byzantine style; and he is to have control over the artistic portion of the windows at Salford. On all these matters, however, we may have more to say on some future occasion, as the progress of ecclesiastical building in that part of the country is so rapid, that it would alone furnish materials for a paper in our Journal. In four years four large churches have been built in Manchester alone; another in the Byzantine style is now in progress; and others are in contemplation. And Manchester is but one of many places where a like spirit reigns.



# ROMAN INTELLIGENCE: AGITATION IN THE CITY—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF FATHER HEARNE, OF MANCHESTER.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Rome, August 14, 1848.

WHEN I wrote last, I told you that Count Campello was the new Minister of War, and that he was the only member of the Cabinet whose appointment was certain. Now he is out of office, and nobody has succeeded him, and the Cabinet is both in other respects incomplete, and the whole of it very unsteady; so that things here seem to be in a state of "confusion worse confounded," going on from bad to worse, till nobody dares to conjecture what will be their final issue.

Rumour at first assigned a seat in the embryo Cabinet to a prelate known to be of very liberal politics, Monsignor Corboli-Bussi, as Minister of Foreign Affairs; upon which the ultra-radical press set up a grand hue and cry against such a retrograde step as the return of *preti e frati* to the helm of the state. However, the cry was premature; and I suspect Monsignor Corboli is much too wise to meddle with the Government of Rome just at this moment. He is quite a young man, but has already been employed on a confidential mission to Charles Albert's camp, at the beginning of the war, from which he returned after the publication of the famous Allocution, and also on divers important matters of ecclesiastical business, as you will have seen from the late Allocution on the affairs of the Russian Church; and, unless his health gives way, his extraordinary talents cannot fail to bring him before the world in some very distinguished position, sooner or later; but just now it requires something more than brilliant talents, something more than any human excellence, to guide the ship through these troubled waters.

On Sunday the 6th instant, the news of the invasion of the States of the Church by Marshal Welden, at the head of a considerable body of Austrians, threw the whole city into the utmost confusion and excitement; the fact itself was alarming enough, but the tone of the Marshal's proclamations made it doubly irritating. In the first, bearing date of the 3d ult., he declares that he is come to protect the Pope from the violence and disobedience of his own subjects, and to disband those volunteers who are collecting in Bologna and elsewhere to wage war against a power with which their lawful Sovereign is at peace; and in another of the next day he announces his intention of not encumbering himself with any prisoners; that those, therefore, who offer resistance of any kind will immediately be shot, and that, if they will not listen to the voice of reason, they shall hear the voice of the cannon. As soon as this intelligence was received, the Cardinal Secretary of State published the manifesto, which you will have already seen, in

which his Holiness protests against the invasion of his territory, and calls upon all friendly powers to interfere for his protection, and to maintain the integrity of his dominions. The Minister of War also published a very impassioned address to all soldiers and citizens, in which he calls upon them instantly to arm themselves for the defence of their country, their homes, the honour of their wives and daughters, and every thing which they hold most dear; and then he goes on to make certain injunctions, *with the consent of the Pope*, about the enrolment of volunteers, both in the towns and villages of the state.

Whether the Minister had used the Pope's name a little too freely in this proclamation, or whether the Pope only judged from this specimen of his powers that he was too hot and hasty for these delicate and critical times, I do not know; one thing is certain, that its publication was followed by the dismissal of the Minister, and that as yet no successor has been appointed; only a *locum tenens* has been nominated within the last day or two. There can be no doubt but that the proclamation was calculated to create considerable alarm, and that it succeeded abundantly in producing that effect. The cry "To arms—to arms!" resounded through the city, and the people thronged the Corso from one end to the other, prohibiting the passage of horses or carriages, and repeating the same cry. They also crowded under the windows of the French Ambassador, demanding that his nation should interfere in behalf of the liberty and independence of Italy; and some of the papers announced the next morning that the Ambassador had distinctly promised that the intervention they asked for should be granted. In the midst of all this turmoil and excitement, an attempt was made to murder another ecclesiastic, just at the entrance of the Via Condotti into the Corso. The victim this time was Father Hearne, from Manchester—the same who remonstrated with the people so indignantly on the steps of the church of the Gesù, in the middle of last Lent, on occasion of the manifestation of violence there after Padre Rossi's sermon. He is a conspicuous-looking person, easily remembered, and therefore it is very possible that this was the offence for which he was to have been murdered; or perhaps it was mere accident that caused him to be the sufferer in preference to any other of the numerous body of clergy at all times to be found in Rome. Anyhow, the attempt was unsuccessful; the priest received bad wounds in both his arms, which he had raised one after the other to prevent the stiletto from reaching more fatal parts; and the man, having struck twice at his throat with-

out effect, ran away, but was soon arrested by some of the crowd of bystanders; and probably in two or three years we shall hear something of his being brought to trial, unless the restoration of peace and order enables Pio Nono at an earlier period to turn his attention to the very necessary reform of the method of administering justice in his states.

But to return to the formation of the new Cabinet, which was not announced until Tuesday. Cardinal Soglia is Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, both lay and ecclesiastical; Count Fabri presides over the Home Department; Lauro Lauri is for the Exchequer; Cav. Guarini for Public Works, Commerce, and Industry; Rossi retains the same seat as he held in the late Ministry, and so does Galletti, —not without some little hesitation, however, manifested by a short trip to Civita Vecchia and Leghorn *for his health*, until all the changes were completed. The appointment of the Cardinal has not given great satisfaction, as might have been expected; though, if report speaks truly, the laity have lost nothing by this restoration of the office to ecclesiastical hands, since it is said (I know not with what authority) that the representatives of foreign powers here steadily refused to recognise the ex-lay-minister, Count Marchetti. The Cardinal has not yet made his appearance in the lower House, though his presence there was requested on Saturday, to answer some important questions to be put by one of the Deputies. Members of the Sacred College are not yet used to the troublesome interrogatories of an Opposition bench; and his Eminence, naturally enough, is in no hurry to court the badgering process a single day earlier than he is obliged. The particular question which was to have been put to him on this occasion, concerned, I presume, the intervention of the French, which was demanded unanimously by a vote of the Deputies on Tuesday; yet (it was ascertained in the House on Saturday) the vote had not yet been communicated to the French Ambassador. All sorts of reports have been current during the past week about this said intervention; but I need not repeat them to you, as you will know the truth long before we shall; the most prevalent opinion is, that England and France are already interfering with the ordinary weapons of diplomacy, but that, if these fail, France will instantly interfere with weapons of another kind.

Meanwhile the radical journals are most indignant at the dismissal of Count Campello, blame the rest of the Ministry for submitting to it so quietly, and write bitterly against the Pope, because he still treats with the Austrians by protest and special embassies, and not by a thundering Bull of excommunication, followed by the most vigorous preparations for war. They even threaten that he will be superseded, and that he will one day hear the complaint of the children of Israel to the aged Samuel ad-

dressed to himself, "Behold! thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways; make us a king to judge us, as all nations have; . . . we also will be like all nations, and our king shall judge us, and go out before us and fight our battles for us;" and they never seem to remember the other part of the story—I mean, the express declaration of God, that in rejecting Samuel "they had rejected *Him*, that He should not reign over them." The *Epoca*, from which I have taken this, is now quite as violent as the *Cotemporaneo*; and it is not difficult to recognise in this increased bitterness the influence of Mamiani in opposition, whose organ the *Epoca* has always been, just as the *Cotemporaneo* is Sterbini's; only with this difference, that Sterbini is the acknowledged editor of the one, and Mamiani has no ostensible connexion with the other. The *Giornale Romano*, I am sorry to say, is far from filling the post I had hoped it would take among the newspapers of the day. No doubt it is very convenient as an organ which can be depended upon, as giving an authentic account of the words and acts of the Pope, but it professes no definite political creed; it advocates neither one side nor the other of any of the important questions which are agitating the public mind, but devotes its pages to chronicling the details of ecclesiastical functions and to antiquarian articles upon divers religious matters, all very good in themselves and interesting at other times to the public, but in these days Rome wants something more than an ecclesiastical *Morning Post*. However, perhaps it is hardly fair to blame a paper for not being more than it pretends to be.

On Wednesday, the Pope despatched Prince Corsini and Prince Simonetti, the one from the Upper, the other from the Lower House, to Forli, where the Legate, Cardinal Marini, was to join them, and all three were to proceed together to Bologna to Marshal Welden, to decline very positively, on behalf of his Holiness, the proffered assistance of his German troops, and to endeavour to persuade him to withdraw them quietly but immediately from the Pope's territory. However, if the news of Saturday be correct, which in this truth-telling city it is scarcely safe to assume, the mission will have arrived too late to prevent the commencement of hostilities. It appears that Marshal Welden wished to occupy Bologna, and that the governor of the place, judging resistance impossible, counselled the citizens not to attempt it, but to reserve their strength for a better opportunity, and every thing was supposed to be peaceably arranged accordingly; but when the Austrians entered the city on the 8th inst., the people rose *en masse*, and drove them out most effectually, with the loss of two or three cannon and a few prisoners. The details are not yet accurately known; but the fact (if it be a fact, as I believe it is) is a great occasion of triumph to the war-party, who look



upon all further treatings for peace as utterly impossible. A proposal of Mamiani's, therefore, was carried unanimously in the House of Deputies on Saturday; first, that in every city of the state a placard should be affixed in some public place, announcing, *La Patria è in pericolo*, and that under it should sit certain magistrates to receive the names of volunteers; secondly, that committees should be formed to collect contributions of money and every thing else requisite for these recruits; and thirdly, that the Pope be petitioned to exhort all the Bishops and parish-priests of the state to encourage men to enlist, and in every other way to promote the sacred cause among their respective flocks, more especially in the country, where at present they are most indifferent.

P. S.—I see by the tone of the papers this morning that the Pope is regaining a certain portion of popularity by sanctioning all the most active measures which his Ministry can devise for resisting the invasion of his territory. Some had dared to whisper that the Pope himself must have privately sent for the Austrians, but now of course such malignant suspicions are dissipated; last evening he gave his benediction from the *loggia* at the Quirinal to four or five thousand Civics, many of whom are to start to-night on their march to Forli, Bologna, and other cities near the frontier. They cheered him with apparent enthusiasm, and it was expected that he would have made them an address; indeed, it looked at first as

though he intended to do so, but his emotions seemed to overcome him, and he merely said, "I have nothing to say to you; I only desire to give you my blessing before you go." The people seem to feel, that after Charles Albert's defection they have nobody to look to but the Pope, and that perhaps he may really *do* the more from having *talked* less. As for Charles Albert, since the capitulation of Milan, the journals can find no names bad enough for him; it is reported here that he has been shot; and certainly, if he were to visit Rome just now, I think the people would gladly tear him in pieces.

From Bologna there is no certain news to-day; *i. e.* the Austrians have certainly been repulsed, but where they now are, and how soon they mean to return, the Bolognese cannot say. The carriage of our Roman Princes, ambassadors to the camp, has broken down by the way, it is said; and the Cardinal Legate has gone on his mission alone, or at least without his appointed companions. Among the reports which feed the hopes and fears of the public here, the latest is, that the French are just now landing at Civita Vecchia, and may be expected in Rome from hour to hour; that they are coming to keep public order here, and give us a government; and "their first step" (as my informant, himself a Civic Guardsman, just now told me) "is to be the disbanding of the Civic Guard."

## Reviews.

### THE JESUITS: THEIR FRIENDS AND THEIR FOES.

1. *History of the Jesuits.* By Andrew Steinmetz, author of "The Novitiate," and "The Jesuit in the Family." London, Bentley.
2. *The Jesuits of Naples.* By the Rev. William Perceval Ward, M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford. London, Richardson.

THE "Society of Jesus" is the great marvel of modern times. To those who have never grasped the full significance of certain mysterious texts of Holy Scripture, it is a marvel wholly unexplained. The character of the Jesuits, their conduct, their reception among men, are alike unaccountable upon the commonly received maxims of the superficial world. Their destiny, ever the same, amid many apparent but only temporary modifications, appears an anomaly in the history of man, and a contradiction to what is popularly believed to be the essence and course of true religion. Hated and loved, beyond any other class of men, in any age or nation; scorned, scoffed at, persecuted, banished, robbed, honoured, enriched, obeyed, revered, and canonised, the Jesuit is the one being who is a puzzle to

nine-tenths of mankind, and on whose merits or sins the world will be vehemently divided so long as the world itself shall last. The only thing which has never befallen the Jesuit is contempt and neglect. The very name by which he is called is suggestive of the most powerful emotions in the mind of every one who hears it mentioned. To one person, it speaks of every thing horrible, deceitful, murderous, diabolical; in another, it awakens a vague fear and distrust, and a timid reluctance to come into contact with those who bear the portentous designation; a third, without either trembling or passion, nevertheless considers that the Jesuit is a man to be kept at a distance, as an encroaching neighbour, a cold friend, and a powerful opponent; while to a fourth, it is enough to speak of the "Company of Jesus," to fill the mind with a host of edifying recollections, pious thoughts, and ten thousand works and words, all devoted to the glory of God and the salvation of men. Some people think that England is now swarming with Jesuits, and that every town in the land can

furnish forth a knot of their concealed emissaries, who in disguise are plotting the dethronement of Queen Victoria, and the burning of all her faithful subjects in Smithfield. Others, still more possessed by the monomania, imagine that the Jesuits are even now quietly poisoning, stabbing, and strangling all the heretics whom they can get into their clutches; that they walk about the streets of London with knives and pistols concealed about their persons, and that many a house has its dungeon and its instruments of torture, in which our poor fellow-countrymen are immured, and racked, and mangled. Some think that Oxford is the favourite resort of the far-reaching Order, and that there are not a few Protestant pulpits in which a Jesuit mounts up every Sunday, and in the character of an Anglican rector or curate insinuates his fatal poison into the ears of an unsuspecting congregation. Others, again, are fully convinced that all Catholics are Jesuits, or, at least, that all priests are Jesuits, and that the whole Catholic hierarchy, clergy, and laity, are banded together in a crafty association, governed by a rigid discipline, and supported by boundless wealth, for the gradual enslavement of the free-born Briton. In short, from those who agree with Dr. Johnson's definition, that "a Jesuit" means "every one who is cleverer than oneself," to the fierce dealer in invectives and accusations of every crime under heaven, we may meet with persons of every conceivable variety of opinion with respect to this wonderful Society.

Among those who are anxious to form a fair and candid judgment on the history of the Jesuits, there are also not a few who are staggered with the charges they read, apparently unanswerable and irrefragable, but who are at the same time convinced that *all* that is said by the enemies of the Jesuits cannot possibly be true. The stories they are told are so startling and abominable, the depths of Jesuitism seem so unfathomable and dark, and there is such an innumerable multitude of documents which must be searched into if we would test the accusations for ourselves, that the candid inquirer is bewildered with the very thought, and is content to pass his days in a state of alternate convictions that the Jesuits are either angels or devils. The very sources of information themselves which are accessible to the general reader render all study of the question peculiarly difficult. The Society has rarely met with any thing like fair historical treatment; every body has either attacked it with the ferocity of implacable hatred, or eulogised it with the devotion of a partisan. The Jesuits are *ipso facto* either saints or monsters, in the eyes of the vast majority of those who have written upon their character; so that, while they are unquestionably one of the most prominent features in the Christian world of the last three centuries, there is no one subject for investigation which presents so many ob-

stacles to the inquiring student, as their sentiments, characters, and practical system.

Yet surely there must be *some* way of testing the accuracy of the popular opinion of this remarkable Society. It can hardly be, that nothing less than the labours of a life should enable the reflecting mind to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the apparent anomalies which its history presents. Mighty and amazing as has been its influence in the Church and upon those who are without her fold, exciting and agitating as is the very mention of the Jesuits even to the candour of the present generation, we can hardly believe that it is impossible to ascertain the truth with sufficient certainty to enable us to judge them according to their deserts, and that every body must either pledge himself to uphold every Jesuit that ever lived as immaculate, or count them among the deadliest foes of the human race. We shall do our best to ascertain whether there is not really some such test applicable to the points in question, which will quiet the judgments of those who are confounded by the charges they hear against the Society, and know not what to believe and what to reject.

The two publications which we have placed at the head of our remarks will be of material service in the task. The *History of the Jesuits* is the production of a person who has become some little notorious in the literary world during the last two or three years, and who is, perhaps, recognised as an almost faultless authority by many a simple reader. Mr. Andrew Steinmetz is a young man who, some few years ago, entered the Novitiate of the Jesuits at Hodder, near Stoneyhurst, and having passed through about twelve months of the ordinary trial for novices, suddenly determined to throw up the whole affair at once, left the seminary itself, turned Protestant, and wrote an account of his year's training in the *Britannia* newspaper. This account he afterwards republished, and thus became a standard testifier against the abominations from which he had so happily released himself. Some people, indeed, of the acutely simple sort, almost imagined him a Jesuit still; for on a calm investigation of his book, there appeared to be so wonderfully little in it which told against the Jesuit system, that, but for the imputation of motives which gave it its peculiar character, it might have passed for a eulogistic history of the plan of training adopted by the Fathers in their preparation of novices.

If there were any who really suspected Mr. Steinmetz of thus befooling his readers, they were shortly undeceived; for he wrote a second book not long afterwards, which he termed *The Jesuit in the Family*, animated by the same spirit as that which inspired the well-known *Priests, Women, and Families*, of the French professor Michelet. And now he has come forward with a third production, and, in three large octavo volumes, has supplied to



English literature his thoughts upon the characters and conduct of the chief men of the Society, from its institution to its suppression by Clement XIV. We need hardly say that it bears all the marks of being written by one who is possessed with the most rancorous hatred of the Society, and the most determined intention to prove the Jesuits to be the emissaries of Satan, and the greatest curse that ever befel the human race. It is, indeed, the natural supplement to Mr. Steinmetz's first essay, and the development of that peculiar cast of mind, and moral and physical temperament, which it needs no very acute penetration to perceive at work in all he has written upon his favourite subject. When he went first into the novitiate at Stoneyhurst, he was (to judge him by his own unconscious revelations of his state of feeling) in a highly wrought state of enthusiasm. He believed himself called upon by God to enter into the Society of Jesus, and submitted himself to the discipline required of him, if sometimes with a manifest recoiling of nature, yet with an overpowering ardour of will, and with all the zeal of a heated fancy. All the time, however, it is clear that he never subjected himself and his motives to any rigorous examination. He was possessed with a strong *impulse*, which, being new, vigorous, and pleasing to his feelings, was for a long time dominant in his mind, and carried him through all he was called to undertake. In his own history of his state of mind, there appear no tokens that he ever inquired calmly, and with humble and continued prayer for divine light, into the real objects which he had in view, or endeavoured to learn whether obedience to the will of God, or the mere following out his own inclinations, was the great end he had before him. He is clearly a man of strong passions; and his mind, which is now governed by certain infidel theories of the overwhelming physical necessities which he supposes to be the ultimate determining causes of a man's whole conduct, was, at the time of his novitiate, under the influence of a burning enthusiasm, which assumed the guise of religion, without its reality. We cannot, however, state our conviction of the real character of the influences of which Mr. Steinmetz is the unhappy victim, without entering upon subjects of a psychological character, unfitted for our pages. Suffice it to say, that the study of his writings reveals one of the most painful instances in the history of human frailty which can interest the physician, the philosopher, or the theologian.

As is natural, his recent work is far more vehement and onesided than his earliest effort. Having deliberately (at least, so far as deliberation is possible to one of his constitution and state)—having deliberately rejected his former faith, without apparent substitution of any other doctrinal creed whatever, he has been impelled more and more by the natural law to which he has bound himself, to rush into the

extreme of passionate hatred, and, under the name of History, has gone the length of writing three large volumes, precisely similar in thought, sentiment, and mode of expression, from beginning to end, but bearing no relation whatever to any thing that can be termed a *history*. Conscious, indeed, that his book is nothing more than a long-continued violent declamation, and a loud, hoarse repetition of one solitary charge, he protests eagerly in his preface that he loves truth with a far more fervent devotion than is to be found in most of his fellow-creatures. Though his style and mode of treating his subject is that of a slashing, headlong, showy writer of reviews and magazine-articles, and though he charges the Jesuits, either openly or by implication, with every horror that the wildest of their enemies ever laid to their charge, he tells us that "he has not indulged in the usual vituperation of the Jesuits," and his "object is simply to place a momentous subject in its truest possible light, so that we might cherish the *man* to our bosom, whilst we consign his *error* to its fittest abode." We never, indeed, met with a book so unreadable as a history, so little busied with facts and individuals, and so overflowing with imputations, invectives, and sneers. We wade along, from page to page, with weariness and disgust, conscious, every line we peruse, that we might as well expect a true view of a case from an Old Bailey lawyer pleading his client's cause to a jury, as to glean any real addition to our previous knowledge from these interminable tirades.

His *historical* mode of treating his subject may be estimated from one or two passages, which we shall give as specimens of hundreds more which crowd his lengthy chapters. Here, for instance, is a note, in which he gives us a new view of the character of a popular modern writer of semi-fictitious travels :

"Mr. Borrow's most interesting book (*The Bible in Spain*) produces very queer notions as we advance with him in his biblical frolics. How the Bible Society enjoyed his opinions on several occasions is a matter of curious conjecture. His politics seem to have warped his judgment, and given him all the knowledge he required for its foundation. What did the Bible Society think of this opinion? 'I believe the body of which he (Ignatius) was the founder, and which has been so much decried, has effected infinitely more good than it has caused harm.' 'What do I hear?' asks the *Catholic Rector*; 'you an Englishman, and a Protestant, and yet an admirer of Ignatius Loyola?' 'Myself,' writes the *Man of the Bible*, 'I will say nothing with respect to the *doctrine* of the Jesuits'—(the deuce you won't!) 'for, as you have observed, I am a Protestant: but I am ready to assert that there are no people in the world better qualified, upon the whole, to be intrusted with the education of youth. Their moral system and discipline are truly admirable. Their pupils, in after-life, are seldom vicious and licentious characters, and are in general men of learning, science, and possessed of every elegant accomplishment.' Then follows the apparent inspiration of his historical judgment. 'I execrate,' says he, 'the conduct of the *liberals* of Madrid in murdering last year the helpless Fathers by whose care and instructions two of the finest minds of Spain have been

evolved—the two ornaments of the liberal cause and modern literature of Spain, for such are Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa.' (p. 27.) That's the Bible-agent's opinion; and nothing can be more satisfactory—to the Jesuits, if not to his employers. Throughout the perusal of his book I constantly fancied the wry faces pulled by the masters at the strange freaks and opinions of the servant. It is all very well to say, 'The cause of England's freedom and prosperity is the Bible, and that only, as the last persecutor of this book, the bloody and infamous Mary, was the *last* (!) tyrant who sat on the throne of England.' (p. 17.) It's all very well to oil the wheels in this fashion, but the following must have been granite-grit to the fundholders: 'Of all the curiosities of this college (Valladolid) the most remarkable is the picture-gallery, which contains neither more nor less than the portraits of a variety of scholars of this house, who eventually suffered *martyrdom* in England, in the exercise of their vocation in the angry times of the Sixth Edward and *fierce* Elizabeth.' (p. 125.) Never did I read a book suggesting so forcibly the reality of a Protestant Jesuit in its author. Read the most comical account of his conversation with the superiors of the English Catholic college at Lisbon (c. v.), only instead of *stars* or *asterisks* put *Catholics* or *clergy* respectively—and don't be afraid of the agent's employers, as the writer seems to have been—they will not scratch you, if you have turned down the page where he says: 'This is one of the relics of the monkish system, the aim of which, in all countries where it has existed, seems to have been to besot the minds of the people, that they might be more easily misled.' (p. 18.) Invariably are his opinions contradictory and most inconsistent—and sometimes hideously bigoted and uncharitable—and yet 'the name of the Lord Jesus' is always on his lips. Was it in that name that he uttered the following atrocity respecting the late Pope, who, in truth, was 'honest withal?' 'I said repeatedly that the Pope, whom they revered, was an arch-deceiver, and the head-minister of Satan here on earth.' (p. 15.) Finally, if he knew the meaning of the Spanish word *carajo*, he ought not to have written it in a book where he talks of 'Jesus'—and prominently, too. That adorable name always seems out of place in 'The Bible in Spain.' *Jesuit* would sound and be better there."

We can only hope that this novel theory of Mr. Borrow's principles will reach the ear of that ardent gipsy-traveller, and that he will favour the world with *his* opinion of the author of the present "History." The Bible, the Jesuits, and the Spaniards, fare, indeed, somewhat curiously in the hands of the worthy pair.

There is another note which we had marked for quotation, in which Mr. Steinmetz strikingly betrays his own mind, in certain animadversions which he passes on the Jesuits, for their care in purifying the writings of the Greek and Latin classics from all grossness and indecency before putting them in the hands of their pupils. It is, however, perhaps better omitted, though it is a singular instance of the indescribable, though secret vileness, which deforms the whole soul and spirit of the author. It is, besides, a most disgraceful example of the misrepresentation of the Jesuits' practices, by means of a rapid confusion of their conduct with that of others, which he very skilfully practises in many parts of his "History." We warn our readers, who are not themselves personally conversant with the facts, that nothing could be more erroneous than any estimate of the means taken for preserving

intact the innocence of childhood in Catholic seminaries, formed upon the system and practices of the great English public schools and colleges. Mr. Steinmetz, however, insinuates that the same editions of the classics are generally in use in the former as in the latter, which he must know to be a glaring falsehood.

The essence, indeed, of all the accusations which the present author brings forward against the Jesuits, consists of *insinuations* of some sort or other. Now and then, of course, he has an actual blot upon their history to bring forward—some grievous error or evil, which none deny, which is a shame and sorrow to every pious Catholic, but which no more proves that the Society of Jesus is a mischievous association, than the fact that Judas Iscariot was an apostle proves that the other eleven apostles were the emissaries of the devil, and Christianity itself an imposture. These positive, definite, and substantiated sins on the part of individual Jesuits are, however, even on Mr. Steinmetz's shewing, wonderfully few in number; and the candid reader, who is sufficiently acute and independent to separate the author's facts from his interpretations, will be astonished to perceive how little evil there is which can be really brought forward against this extraordinary body. We might safely challenge any other class of men, in the Catholic Church or out of it, to produce the records of its history, and to furnish a foe with so marvellously small an amount of ground for accusation.

Mr. Steinmetz's plan, however, is not one which depends for its efficacy and success upon facts. His method is, to mix up an imputation of unholy motives with every thing that is ever said or done by a Jesuit. This system, which he followed with tolerable effrontery in his first *brochure*, he has carried out with an unblushing audacity from the first to the last page of his pretended "History." He *assumes* that, from the great Ignatius down to the Jesuits of the present day, the Society has been one grand, unparalleled imposture, in which the one leading motive has been the enlargement of its own power, influence, and wealth, with so resolute a disregard of the principles of religion, that it is only here and there that a trace of some lingering, half-superstitious piety can be attributed to its members. "*The fathers are self-seekers*:" this was the burden of his book on *The Novitiate*; this is the one irrefragable axiom by which he interprets all their works, all their words, and all their writings. For this they studied, for this they obeyed, for this they renounced riches and comforts, for this they embraced the priesthood, for this they prayed, for this they worked marvels of benevolence, for this they shed their blood; in a word, for the accomplishment of a most ungodly end, they lived the lives of saints and martyrs. According to Mr. Steinmetz, they reversed the vulgar imputation upon their order, and did *good* that *evil* might come. In their case, the ordinary



tests of a man's character are to be set aside, and their merits are to be judged, not by their works, but by the attacks of their enemies, and by an assumption that they must necessarily have been worldly-minded, godless beings.

The founder of the Society is, of course, the especial object of our author's righteous indignation. Though he has literally no definite accusation at all to bring against the hero-saint, Mr. Steinmetz contrives to make him out to have been partly a fanatic, partly a madman, partly a villain, partly a philanthropist, and in the end something like an infidel ! He is alternately some species of knave and some species of fool, in these calm, philosophical pages. Portrait of him there is none ; we see nothing but a series of daubs of colour, laid on with dashing, irritated violence, besmearing any outline which the painter may have commenced with tracing, until the result is like neither man, beast, nor evil spirit. As a specimen of the style in which the great men of the Society are treated, we extract one of the *quietest* passages in the history of St. Ignatius, and one in which there is some little more of historical statement than is usual with Mr. Steinmetz. The great and glorious deeds here recorded are, like every thing else, explained away by the writer, as part of one vast system of humbug and deception.

"An anecdote or two will give completeness to the method of Ignatius.

"A rich man, who had been received into the Society, had a well-made and costly crucifix, to which he was much attached. The General permitted him to retain it. Meanwhile, the novice made great progress in virtue, and made great efforts to acquire self-control. As soon as the General perceived this, he said : 'Very good ! Since the brother is weaned not only from the world, but also from himself, we may take from his hands the image of Jesus Christ crucified, whom he has in his heart.' The novice was deprived of his crucifix, and he resigned it without demur.

"His method with novices illustrious by birth or learning, was very curious. He treated them at first with great deference ; he would call them *Count*, *Marquis*, *Doctor*, until they felt ashamed of the titles, and begged to be spared the distinctions. But when he saw that they relished the 'maxims of the Gospel,' and walked in the way of perfection, there were none whom he mortified more : he took pleasure in lowering a man of rank, in humbling a doctor ; and he ceased not until they had forgotten what they were.

"The following is truly remarkable. A young German, of good talent, was inclined to leave the Society. Father Ignatius, who had received him, and thought him adapted for the ministry of the gospel, did all he could to retain him ; but the German would listen to nothing, so strong was his temptation. Father Ignatius, pretending to yield, begged the novice to remain yet a few days in the house, and *to live just as he pleased, without submitting to any rule*. He accepted the condition, and lived at first with all the license of a man who has shaken off the yoke of discipline. Then he was ashamed of the life he led, whilst he thought of his companions, so modest and so regular, and he at length regretted his inconstancy.

"If he suspected that some secret sin was the cause of the temptation to leave the Society, he would often relate to the novice, very circumstantially, *the excesses of his own worldly life*, so as to inspire him with candour.

"Ignatius evinced the greatest tenderness in the care of the sick ; he would spare nothing for their benefit, and if money was wanting, he sold the furniture to procure succour.

"One of the fathers was tormented with melancholy ; Ignatius ordered some of the novices who could play on certain instruments, and could sing well, to give a concert round the atrabilarian's couch.

"He often inflicted very severe penances for slight faults, in order to prevent the growth of abuses ; he opposed strenuously all innovation in the Society, attempted under the name of improvement ; he insisted on the perfection of his men, but checked the inclinations of his disciples at court, when he imagined they were striving too eagerly to recommend themselves to the favour of the great, which, it seems, was already evident in the case of the Jesuit Araos, at the court of Spain. He seems already to have divined one of the causes which would be the ruin of his Society—the abuse of courtly influence.

"Such is his method, as described by his Jesuit-biographers. Perpetually we have before us alleged spiritual ends effected by natural means,—admirably adapted and unerringly precise. At times we fancy we are reading the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, or the Letters of Chesterfield, adapted to the ends of religious perfection. In every page we have proofs of devotion—of *spiritual* passion as contradistinguished from that whose object is sensual gratification. Ignatius applies in the training of his novice, as we have seen, all the means that the most cunning and crafty of men employ to compass their ends. He naturally succeeds—then calls the result 'approved virtue,' 'weaning from the world, and from self,' 'relish for the maxims of the Gospel,' 'the way of perfection.'

"All is a splendid piece of machinery—a complicated but regular clock-work, kept in good repair, and constantly wound by a powerful motive, perfectly similar, in its effects, to that which actuates the long-nailed, paralysed, long-haired, dust-covered penitent of Brahma in his hideous transformation. What is that *motive* ?

"Each novice, each Jesuit, must necessarily differ in motive, according to natural disposition : but its intensity will be the same in all—because every natural disposition is studied, and developed, and appealed to by the same objects (under different names) which roused its energies before. The Jesuit system does not transform a man : it does not stifle the passions. It changes the objects of his motive : his hopes and fears are kept alive perpetually, by his rules and regulations, and his work in hand. What is good in a man it does not essentially alter : what is bad (according to common opinion) it permits to remain under a different name : it uses both good and bad, indifferently, to compass an end. The German's frolic in the novitiate (of which we have read), and the trainer's method to extort a confession, are strong facts : the Jesuits themselves relate them : if untrue, they nevertheless attest an approved system, offered for imitation. Such facts as these—the whole life of Ignatius (that *Cyropædia* of the Jesuits, or model of fact and fiction)—evolve the history of the Jesuits more satisfactorily than the violent denunciations of their enemies, or the gushing laudations of their friends.

"There are facts in the life of Ignatius which make us wish to believe that his followers have belied him, in representing their founder in other circumstances, which compel us to believe him an arch-deceiver. By his steady, unflinching perseverance, he merited success. His determined efforts necessitated achievement. His ambition was to gain the whole world by the means he invented or concocted. If there was more policy than human benevolence in his nature, it mattered not, as far as mankind are concerned. Thousands were benefited by his head, if not by his heart. He opened a house of refuge for unfortunate women, and called it *Martha* : he opened another for endangered maidens, and called it *Catharine*. Neither of them did he call *Magdalen*. It seems as though he would delicately spare a blush to

cheeks that wished to blush no more, by not perpetually reminding them, by that usual name, of what they had been, and what they were required to become in return for—board and lodging. Ignatius actually put himself at the head of the penitent troop, and conducted them to the Martha. He knew how the degraded would feel that honour, and what the world would think of it: it was a fine sight to see, however. It is a wretchedly poor Christian sentiment to feel indignantly scornful of woman's degradation, by way of making her conscious of her iniquity. Full many would rise from the awful mire—the dismal torments—of their crime, were they not irrevocably branded for ever—unutterably despised; whilst he who has caused or shared the crime is not the less unworthy of leading to the altar the fairest, the purest, the richest of the land.

“Ignatius founded houses for orphans of both sexes. He touched the hearts of Rome: they opened, and enabled him to be the kind father of the fatherless, the hopeless. He had a predecessor in this noble work, whose example was not thrown away on the founder of the Jesuits. A few years before, famine and disease had devastated the north of Italy. Many an orphan there was hopeless and without a helping hand. Cast-away they were; but the million eyes of Providence looked sweetly upon them, and stirred the Bethesda of the human heart. A Venetian senator, Girolamo Miani, made a gathering of these cares of Heaven, received them in his own house—nay, he sought them out, even as the man anxiously seeking his hundredth sheep. His sister-in-law scolded him roughly, talked of his ruining himself, beggary for the comfort of strangers, and what not—the usual predictions that selfishness invents to clutch a copper or a morsel of bread. Girolamo heeded her not. He was a rich man: he had patronised the arts and the trades by collecting costly plate and the handsomest tapestry; and now he would patronise the fatherless, and see if he would not enjoy himself more thereby. He sold his plate and his tapestry to get these poor little ones food, raiment, and instruction—food and raiment for body and soul together. A good thought, and a right good method, and most likely to succeed—for a sermon with a loaf is infinitely better than a text without one to the famishing poor and the helpless orphan. Girolamo found encouragement—which speaks a good word for that bad age—and so the good man set to work with heart and soul, and multiplied his charity. Sweet it is to see a good thought and a good deed expanding—even as a drop of cold water to a big warm ocean. At Verona, at Brescia, Ferrara, Como, Milan, Pavia, and Genoa, he established houses of refuge for the same good purpose. Now, good as well as evil will sometimes find followers, imitators,—and friends joined Miani. A congregation was enlisted amongst the regular clergy, and statutes were drawn up, on the model of the Theatines. The main object of the confraternity was extended from the care of orphans to that of unfortunate women. This was the *Society di Somasca*, founded by the good Miani, and approved by Paul III. in the year 1540, when he established the Jesuits. Here was a great enterprise, a noble speculation. Poor, helpless children its object, degraded but repentant woman its care. It succeeded. Earth and Heaven rejoiced, and blessed the good thought of the good Miani. It cost him his plate, and it cost him his pictures: but these were nothing in his estimation as compared to the joy he felt when the work was done. That is the time to compute your loss and your gains—and not till then. . . . Ignatius followed in the track of the good Miani, and cared for poor women and orphans. Let not the imitation diminish applause; it were better to cheer the deed, and wish for it a thousand imitators. And behold how, even to the present day, young orphan hearts are grateful to Ignatius. These orphan asylums founded by Ignatius, still subsist, now under the direction of old Girolamo's brethren, the Somasques: and every 31st of July, these children go to the church of the Gesù, and in remembrance of him who furnished an asylum for so many generations

of orphans, they serve at the Masses which are celebrated on the day of his festival.”

A fac-simile of a letter of the saint, which Mr. Steinmetz gives at length, furnishes occasion for the following amusing criticism. Our readers should think over the handwriting of their friends and acquaintances, and consider whether every man whose signature is different from his ordinary writing is a person “of double character.”

“The handwriting denotes a man of decided opinions, haughty and proud, and aspiring. The extraordinary care with which the signature is written, its elegance and flourish, shew the conscious supremacy and power of the veteran general; its decided difference from the body of the letter indicates a man of double character, a feature also evidenced by the waving lines of the letter. Perfect self-possession is evinced by the very many letters disjoined from their fellows; in fact, there is not a word in the whole letter in which some letter is not isolated. This manuscript is, to me, one of the most interesting I have ever examined for the interpretation of character; and I have interpreted very many, investigating the art, for such it is, of knowing human character by the handwriting.”

Our author's most astounding piece of audacity, however, appears in his account of the last moments of the founder of the order. He would have us believe that Ignatius was neither more nor less than a sceptic! He attributes to him a conviction that the doctrines of the Catholic Church were falsehoods, and her sacraments silly forms. The peculiar mode in which he misrepresents the general sentiments of all Catholics on every such subject, is, indeed, as singularly unprincipled as the interpretation he puts upon the dying moments of the great object of his hatred. The perverseness with which such a conclusion as the following quotation supplies, drawn from the very statements themselves with which it commences, is as striking an instance of recklessness of deduction as even the author of this book could devise.

“On the 30th of July, 1556, Ignatius called for his secretary, Polancus; and having ordered those who were present to retire, he said to the secretary, ‘My hour is come. Go and ask the Pope for a blessing for me, and an indulgence for my sins, in order that my soul may have more confidence in this terrible passage. And tell his Holiness, that if I go to a place where my prayers may avail aught, as I hope from the Divine mercy, I shall not fail to pray for him, as I have done when I had more reason to pray for myself.’

“The secretary hesitated, seeing no immediate signs of death, and expressed himself accordingly.

“‘Go!’ said Ignatius, ‘and beg the blessing for another father!’

“Lainez was then dangerously ill, and had received the last sacraments. Polancus thought the implied prediction referred to Lainez: but we are assured that the event proved it to be Father Olave.

“Ignatius continued sensible: two or three of the fathers remained with him till very late—discussing a slight matter relating to the Roman College. He passed the night alone. In the morning he was found in his agony. The fathers rushed to his bed in dismay. Thinking he was faint, they wished him to take something: but he whispered in dying accents, ‘There's no need of it;’ and, joining his hands, raising his eyes upwards,



pronouncing the name of Jesus, he calmly breathed his last. It was on the last day of July, 1556.

"Thus died Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, without the last sacraments of the Church, without extreme unction, without absolution from a priest of the Church. This fact is as remarkable as any in the life of Ignatius. To the Protestant, without some explanation, it may signify little: but to the Catholic it must appear passing strange and unaccountable. Every son of the Church is held by precept to receive those last aids in his last journey: the Council of Trent makes them imperative: all the doctors of the Catholic Church agree at least in the paramount importance of extreme unction. Ignatius was in his senses: he had even predicted his death; and yet he conforms not to the last requirements of his religion! He died as any 'philosopher' may die. It would seem that the tale about the Pope's 'blessing and indulgence' were thrown in merely to make the founder's death somewhat respectable: the word 'Jesus' is a matter of course."

The spirit in which Mr. Steinmetz deals with the life of Xavier is almost equally strange and peculiar. Whether the saint was more of a pious fool, or a charlatan and conjuror, he seems not to be able to make up his mind. Accordingly, he writes of him now in one strain, now in another, pitying him for his foolish zeal, and insinuating that he was as arrant a rogue at the bottom as any other of his brotherhood. With another extract from one of the *most* favourable passages in Mr. Steinmetz's pages, in which he gives us his view of the apostle of the Indies, we pass on, and leave one of the most offensive and superficial publications which it was ever our disagreeable duty to peruse.

"One more extract," says he, "is necessary to give an idea of the man—the finishing touch to his portrait, drawn by himself. He says: 'I will add one word more, viz. that the comforts and joys of those who evangelise these nations are so great, that words cannot easily express them. There is even one amongst us (meaning himself) who is not unfrequently filled by God with such delights that he often bursts forth into these exclamations: 'O Lord, do not give me so many comforts in this life; or if, through thy inexhaustible bounty and mercy, Thou wilt give them, take me hence to thy glory. For it is too irksome to live afar from thy presence when Thou pourest Thyself so benignly into creatures.' . . . And finally, praying that all the brethren of the Society so dispersed all over the world, might be hereafter united in glory above, he thus concludes his letter: 'That I may obtain this wish, I call to my aid all the holy souls of this country, which being baptised by me, in their innocence have flown from this valley of miseries to heavenly glory, in number more than one thousand. I pray to all these holy souls, that they may obtain us the grace whereby, during the whole time of this exile, we may know the most holy will of God, and being known fulfil it with all our might.' I rather leave it to the reader to form his opinion on this last feature in Xavier's character. It is certainly only fair that he should have his claim allowed on the saints he despatched to glory, as he says; but he *should* have waited until they were canonised at Rome, with miracles attested. Xavier's letters invariably portray an ardent, enthusiastic man, devoted to his calling, and pursuing it with inextinguishable ardour, or blind determination—eager to make 'holy souls' by the thousand—never so delighted as when his arm sank enervated by baptising his myriads and whole cities in one day—and falling or rising into one of these raptures which we have just read, and which must be familiar to all who have sunk below, or soared above, the beaten track of common Christians. But, although constantly disposed to form the best

opinion of the *man*, we are perpetually disgusted with the *saint*, as the magicians of Jesuitism conjure up portents and prodigies in his career, to manufacture an apostle. Let us join them for a while, and, unterrified by blue lights and red eyes, rush, with *this* spirit of a saint, through his brilliant scenes of a magic-lantern, even to the end of the Jesuit's performance."

Let us turn now to Mr. Perceval Ward. This gentleman is an Anglican clergyman, who has resided much abroad, and has especially spent a good deal of his time at Naples. Though a firm believer in the divine rights of his own communion, and counting himself to be as truly an ordained priest of the Church Catholic as Pope Pius himself, he is yet remarkable for the courage with which he has emancipated himself from popular prejudices, and for the freedom of intercourse which he has cultivated with the Catholic clergy whom he has met with in his travels. At Naples, he made the acquaintance of the Jesuits, and spent a good deal of time in their society, visiting them with the unrestrained liberty of personal friendship, though watching them with the keen eye of one who had once shared the common notions respecting them, and observing them in their strictest privacy, as well as in the performance of their various public duties.

What he thought of the Society when he first left England, he thus informs us:

"First let me premise, that when I left England three years ago, I was as prejudiced as the rest of my countrymen against the Jesuits; there were many things in the Roman system which I admired, but the Jesuits I thoroughly detested. I thought every Jesuit the very incarnation of a lie. I regarded them as exhibiting that character, which an Englishman most especially abhors, and which is expressed in the popular acceptance of the word 'Jesuitical.' But in travelling slowly across Europe I observed four things. 1, That their churches were better ordered than any others, and more frequented. 2, That they appeared to be the favourite confessors and preachers of the poor. 3, That good men spoke well of them. 4, That bad men spoke ill of them. These four facts, which I had observed as generally as a mere traveller can observe such things, shook my prejudices; and, by the time I arrived at Naples, I was prepared to entertain the question, whether the extreme hatred to Jesuits might not have arisen in Englishmen from a dread of Popery, inasmuch as they were the most zealous propagators of the Roman Catholic faith; as it certainly did appear to me to have arisen in Catholic countries from a dislike, or an indifference, to all religion. I well remember a gentleman of rank and fortune at Berne, a Protestant, and a most excellent and highly esteemed man, saying to me at that time, 'The cry against the Jesuits in Switzerland is a cry against the *Christian religion*, and all order; the enemies of Christianity and of order know, that so long as the Jesuit schools exist in the Catholic Cantons, they cannot revolutionise Switzerland; it is a time when every man must choose his side, for or against Christianity and social order; and I, although a Protestant, have taken part with the Jesuits, being well assured that it is the side of religion and true freedom.'"

On his arrival at Naples, he began to examine carefully into the validity of the popular allegations against the obnoxious order. He is (as we know from other sources) a man of

considerable intelligence, thought, and activity of mind, and was not likely to be deceived by an imposture, to pin his faith upon trifles, or to invent a profound theory upon a few superficial appearances. Accident speedily placed it in his power to investigate the question in which he was so much interested; and he enjoyed far more opportunities of inquiring into facts than ordinarily fall to the lot of travellers abroad—idle, stupid, incompetent, or prejudiced as are the vast majority of our countrymen when they journey into foreign lands. Mr. Ward thus describes what he saw of the Neapolitan Jesuits:

"I arrived in Naples very much interested in the question of the Jesuits; and fully prepared to hear, read, and observe all I could, both for and against them. It so happened that the very first ecclesiastic to whom I was introduced was a Jesuit; he spoke English perfectly, and undertook to teach me Italian; unluckily for my Italian, for we totally forgot that in our theological discussions; but it gave me an opportunity of seeing a great deal of their system and habits of life; I was at the College three or four times a-week, at all hours, both with and without an appointment; I used to walk in as freely as I should into any College of Oxford or Cambridge, go straight to my friend's room, and if he did not answer to my knock, I used to walk in and sit down, or walk about the corridors till he came, or till I was tired of waiting. I mention this to disprove the common accusation of secrecy; nothing, indeed, could be more open, or easy of access, than the interior of that College. Now, what did I observe in these frequent visits at all hours, from morning to evening? *Invariably* the same thing; order and industry in all; a quiet and tranquillity, which would be remarkable any where, but at Naples most especially refreshing. As you passed along the corridors, through many a half-open door you saw a Padre hard at work in his little room, or met others passing quickly along to their different avocations. And what are those avocations? Ask in the prisons and the hospitals; ask of the poor; inquire of the deaf and dumb; look into the confessionals of their church, and the pulpits of that, and many others; go and examine their schools. Alas! this cannot now be done; but I will speak of what is past. I can never forget the first day I went over those schools; it was the hour of recreation, and the younger boys were at full play; the moment our party appeared their faces brightened, and they came running up to the Superior and the other Jesuits who were with us, in the most affectionate and confiding manner, kissing their hands, clinging to their cloaks, and each trying to get the kind look turned to himself; the same affectionate and respectful confidence was shewn by the elder boys, when we went to the terrace, where they were walking. It would have been impossible for any father to have been more lovingly greeted than were those spiritual fathers by all the boys, both young and old, entrusted to their care. In one room were two young Abyssinians, who had been redeemed from slavery; they were then just come, and as wild and frightened as mountain hares; the other day I saw them again, and they shewed the same confidence and love as the Italian boys. These, of whom I have spoken, were the pensionnaires; and, as you know, the sons, for the most part, of the nobility. But besides these, the Jesuits had public schools where fifteen hundred boys of the middle class were taught every day *gratis*, and even sometimes the poorer scholars were fed. Now as to the sort of education they gave. I last year took one of our very best English scholars, who was for a short time at Naples, over these schools; he examined some of the boys both in Greek and Latin, in Greek especially; and he afterwards told me that they would have

done credit to any of our English public schools. Again, what was their system of discipline with these day-boys? Corporal punishment *never*; and I have been present when the words, 'Ma figlio mio,' spoken in a tone of gentle expostulation, have been sufficient to cover a boy with sorrow and confusion for a fault. Such, indeed, will be found to be their system all over the world; a system of industry and discipline, maintained and enforced by love. I appeal to all those who have been educated by them in this or in any other country of Europe, whether this is not so. They are accused of following this system, in order to alienate the affections of boys from their parents; parents, who have had children under their care for many years, declare that they have been returned to them most affectionate and respectful. I appeal too to parents to say if this is not so. Driven from these two points, their enemies accuse them of having an eye to future advantage, in thus winning the affections of the young nobility; but they are as kind to the poor day-boy as to the rich pensionnaire; they equally win the affections of the young Abyssinian, as of the heir of an ancient title."

Of the position in society for which a Jesuit education fits the young Neapolitans, Mr. Ward professes himself incompetent to speak. He tells us that the same charge is brought against the Jesuit seminary which is alleged against Oxford and Cambridge, viz. that they teach too much Latin and Greek for the times—an accusation with which he himself by no means agrees. His picture of the great Jesuit church in Naples is not a little remarkable, considering who the writer is, and how ludicrously incorrect are the ordinary reports of continental religious services which English travellers bring back with them to their own sober land.

"For the last two years my friend has not been in the *College*, but in that part of the establishment which is properly called 'Il Gesù,' and which is the ecclesiastical department. I have, therefore, seen how matters are conducted there also; and I must bear testimony to the same order and industry, the same simplicity of life, the same openness and facility of access at all hours, which I have described as characterising the College. Indeed, last winter I was in the constant habit of going, with one or two other English friends, to spend an hour or two of the evening in theological and other discussions with Padre Costa; we never made an appointment, but took our chance of finding him; and we can all of us assert most strongly, that we not only never saw any thing to excite suspicion, but that every thing we did see or hear was of such a nature as to preclude the *possibility* of harbouring any. I do not wish to give any offence, when I say that these evenings were by very far the most *intellectually* as well as religiously or theologically interesting of any that I have ever spent in Naples. Indeed, I must say, that it was their very great intellectual superiority which made me seek the society of the Jesuits at Naples; I always felt with them in one sense the full force of Dr. Johnson's definition of a Jesuit, 'Any one cleverer than yourself.'

"I have often taken parties of English friends over the whole establishment, who have been astonished and delighted with all they saw and heard; and have said afterwards that the Jesuits were the only people who seemed to be doing any thing towards the education of youth upon any thing like a system in Naples. I have also often taken English Protestants to their church, who could hardly believe that they heard aright, as the soundest and most glorious Gospel truths were enunciated with all the eloquence and fervour for which those good fathers are so remarkable; and who have also been quite startled by the first response of that five



thousand in prayer. I have heard religious services in all countries of Europe, but I have never heard any of such power to move and raise the soul, as the Litany in the Jesuits' church of Naples; the fulness and the earnestness of the *one* voice of that congregation—the voice of thousands, and yet one it would seem in heart, and one almost in sound; it is impossible to forget it. Oh, that all the accusers of those holy Fathers had but learnt to kneel in their church and swell that heavenward-ascending incense of humble prayer, 'Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis, Domine.' God grant them all to learn it even yet!"

In the following paragraphs Mr. Ward records his opinion of the ordinary feelings of hatred and prejudice with which the Jesuit body is regarded throughout the world, wherever they are to be found or heard of.

"The Jesuits are the only one of all the religious orders which has never degenerated into indolence, or for an instant forgotten its first great object, the support of the Papacy, and the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith; these two great objects of all his toil, the Jesuit considers as synonymous with the support of the Church of Christ on earth, and the propagation of his Gospel; therefore let him be judged according to his belief, however mistaken we may think that belief to be; and I, of course, think it is mistaken, in the exclusive and restricted sense at least in which he holds it; but Roman Catholics cannot think so. The means he takes to attain his end is another question; are they justifiable or not? They, the Jesuits, are accused of holding this doctrine, 'That the end justifies the means.' But where, in the writings of St. Ignatius, or of any other saint or great writer of the order, is this vile doctrine found? You will find the exact contrary stated over and over again: and still oftener may you hear it in their sermons. Never, since the days of the primitive Christians, has there been a body of religious men so calumniated and misrepresented as the Jesuits.

"I will only add, that during the last three years I have constantly verified my first observations; I have in that time travelled five times the whole length of Europe, both through France and through Germany; I have mixed freely with men of all ranks, creeds, and countries; and (setting aside Protestants, who, partly from ignorance, partly from religious prejudice, are altogether incompetent witnesses,) I have found that the good, with very few exceptions, all *love* the Jesuits; the bad, without any exception, are their bitter enemies. This to me, independently of what I have seen of them myself, is a very strong argument in their favour; for surely, if we believe the Scriptures, the love of the good, and the hatred of the wicked, ever have been, and ever will be, one great mark of God's most faithful servants. I have been speaking of the laity; but another and a stronger argument in their favour, though of the same kind, may be drawn from the opinion which the other priests of their Church entertain of them. I have found invariably that the earnest, hard-working, pious Roman Catholic priest most cordially loves and respects the Jesuits; it is so in Rome, it is so in France, it is so in Belgium, it is so in England; of German priests I cannot speak from any personal knowledge; but it is so here at Naples in a most marked manner; the most eminent, the most excellent, the most zealous, the most learned, the most pious of your secular clergy love and respect the Jesuits, and deplore their loss. It is so at Rome; who could have spoken more highly of a religious order than the Pope himself has of the Company of Jesus, both of its past history and its present labours? If a priest or monk revile the Jesuits, as I hear some do, let his own life and actions be examined into, before any weight be attached to his words. Is he himself a laborious and zealous worker in Christ's vineyard? Is he a strict observer of the rule of his order? I have no doubt myself of what the result of this inquiry would be."

After all this, we are not surprised to find the writer concluding his thoughts with these eloquent sentences:

"But they are gone: the men of high thoughts and humble toil; of lofty intellect and patient labour; the men of noble courage and of gentle love; the men whose very mien and bearing in your public streets was a rebuke to those swarms of idle priests and slothful monks which now invest them, and who are indeed a canker in your country's heart, and a scandal to your Church. They are gone: the faithful religious, who, had they but neglected the rule of their order, as others have, might have lived on a soft and easy life, undisturbed by the enemy of mankind; for thus would they not have interfered with his reign in the world. They are gone: the faithful priests, who, had they less really taken up their cross daily, or followed Christ less strictly, would not have so deeply shared with Him the world's despite, and scorn, and hate. They are gone: the patient and loving instructors of youth; who, had they taught the Church's ancient creeds with less fidelity and less power, might have remained honoured and caressed; but they were destroying at their very roots the noxious weeds of infidelity and wickedness, therefore has the enemy of mankind stirred up the bad, and blinded even many of the good, to clamour for their destruction. They are gone: the champions of Christendom; the foremost of the Church's soldiery against the powers of darkness; whose *real* fault in the eyes of their bitter enemies—I say not of all their conscientious, though, as I think, mistaken opponents, far from it—but whose *real* fault, in the eyes of those bitter enemies, was a burning zeal for that religion which *they* detest. But they are gone: the noble bearers of the standard of the Cross through ages of self-indulgent habits, of relaxed morals, and of wavering faith.

"The brightest light that shone in this poor country, when nearly all else around was dark, is quenched, perhaps for aye; a light that would have burned brighter and brighter still, illuminating and making more glorious this page of your country's history; and ever going on before, the guide to higher knowledge, and through higher knowledge to a purer faith. They are gone: the *last* of your clergy that you ought to have sent from you; the only priests you have who could have raised your people to the level of your new and exalted institutions; the only men who could have taught the youth of Naples and of Italy their new privileges and their new *duties*. They are gone: the men who alone could, and who gladly would, have done all this for you, and more. But they are gone, and they cannot now be recalled; there is in Europe an element, God only knows what it is, and to what it tends, which forbids this. I for one think, that for the sake of peace, they ought to bend to the storm; if Christendom refuse them, let them turn to the heathen; there are among them souls to be won to Christ, and crowns of glory to be won for themselves. They are gone: but wherever they go, God's blessing will go with them; the blessings of the poor, who were fed daily at their gates; the blessings of the prisoners, whom daily they visited; the blessings of youth, whom their instructions have enlightened in this world, and guided to happiness in the next. The blessings of all that vast multitude, who had learnt from them the word of life, and been fed by them with the bread of life; the blessings, indeed, in some measure at least, of all the good and wise of this great city. And what if some curse? Was not David cursed? Did not the very *abject* make mouths at him, and ceased not? Was not One infinitely greater than David, whose name they bear, was not He cursed? Did not He forewarn all his true followers, that they should be 'hated of all men for his name's sake?' And did not the great founder of their order, the warrior saint, did not he pray, with his dying breath, that they might be so hated of the world to the end of time? What, then, if some do curse? Whether they do it ignorantly, or whether they do it wickedly, the same prayer will rise for them,

wherever may be in this wide world those holy and reverend priests whom they have persecuted—it was their Master's, it was their first martyred brother's, and it is theirs: 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'

"I have done. What I have said for the truth, God prosper. What I may unwittingly have said beside the truth, God make as though it had not been said."

Such is the record of the Rev. William Perceval Ward, formed upon his own personal investigation of this persecuted Company. What we think of his reflections and statements we need not say, except thus much, that there are thousands of intelligent, candid Catholics throughout Christendom, unconnected with the Jesuits, and in no way blinded to the abuses to which their order has been necessarily liable, or to the evil doings of certain individuals in the body, who can confirm every word of Mr. Ward's publication from their own actual observations. The fact cannot be blinked, that wherever the Jesuits are known, they are loved and honoured. Whatever may be a man's opinion of the position now held by the Society in the Catholic Church and in the world; whatever may be his idea of the advisableness of introducing them where they are not now found, or of permitting them to continue where they have been already placed; whatever may be his view of their fitness or unfitness for the demands and peculiarities of the nineteenth century; one thing is certain—all who know the Jesuits by personal intercourse, esteem them as surpassed by no class of men upon earth, in fervent piety to God, and in devotion to the spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures. Of course, there are individual exceptions to be made in any such assertion; all Jesuits are not fit for canonisation, all are not men of talent or learning, all are not wise and prudent, and competent to deal with the exigencies of the day; while in one country they may, perhaps, be more behind or before the age than in another. This is but the necessary result of the fact, that the Society is made up of men of like infirmities with the rest of our race. But admitting all this, we have no hesitation whatever in asserting that Mr. Ward's opinion of the personal character of their accusers or detractors is substantially correct. They are loved and revered wherever they are known, by all whose opinion deserves the slightest weight with the reflecting mind.

What, then, is the deduction which we think that the candid mind ought to draw from the charges which are incessantly brought against the Society, and from that startling unanimity in hatred and suspicion with which they are regarded by almost the whole Protestant world, and even—we are ashamed to own—in a degree by some Catholics also? Shall we apply to them the test which is ordinarily supposed to be just and fair, and conclude that there must be *some* truth in a charge which is so universal; *some* ground for a feeling of dread and aversion, more intense, more enduring,

more widely spread, than any similar feeling towards any other class of men upon earth? What is the true solution of this strange mysterious charge which we hear on all sides, appalling the timid, confounding the sober, and exciting suspicion in the most open-hearted? What can be the source of the popular sentiment which looks upon the Jesuit as a being more akin to an evil spirit than to one who bears our common humanity? Are they really murderers, poisoners, stabbers, perjurers, torturers, and enemies of God and man? How shall a plain man dispose of the question satisfactorily to his own mind, without plunging into a chaos of historical documents, and undertaking a task of sifting evidence such as would almost appal a literary Hercules?

The simple reply, which we conceive to be amply adequate to the settlement of the question with every reasonable mind, is this: that the statements made against the Jesuits *prove too much*. They attempt to shew that *which cannot possibly be true*, and thus confute themselves, and appear to be mere fallacies and absurdities. A very moderate amount of investigation and study is sufficient to shew that the popular notion of the Society *must* be accounted for on some other supposition than that of its being truly merited. Let it be observed, fully and definitely, that if the prevailing spirit of the Company has been that which is popularly attributed to it, it is utterly impossible that, as a Society, it should have been guided and influenced by the Spirit of God. If the accusations of its foes are substantially true, the order from its foundation must have been pre-eminently the instrument of the devil in his accursed work of destroying souls. We cannot take a less extreme conclusion. If bad at all, the Jesuit body is absolutely diabolical. Setting aside the merits or demerits of a few exceptional cases of individuals, we must bear in mind that it is *either* a truly Christian association, or a truly infernal one. If we cannot regard the Society as eminently endowed with the presence and gifts of the Holy Ghost, we must accept the other alternative, and believe it to be the cherished engine of Satan in his efforts to ruin the race which Christ has redeemed.

Try the Society, then, by this test. We do not say, try it on the evidence of such men as Mr. Steinmetz, or Mr. Sewell, or Mrs. Trollope, or other writers who, honestly or dishonestly, take up reports without any inquiry into their truth or falsehood; but try the Society by what it has actually done in the Church and in the world. Try it, as every human being has a right to be tried, by the personal characters of its members, as displayed in their works, their words, and their writings. To assume beforehand that they have all along been secretly led by ungodly and anti-Christian motives, is to prejudge the case. Our very object is to ascertain *what* their motives have been, and whe-



ther their ever-cherished motto, "*To the greater glory of God*," be an audacious lie, or the expression of the inmost feelings of their hearts.

Take, then, the testimony to which Mr. Ward alludes, the testimony of any religious man or woman, Catholic or Protestant, who has come personally into contact with any tolerable number of members of the Society, and ask his opinion of their characters. Of course we do not say, take the opinion of those who have been put into opposition with them, but those who have become acquainted with them as individuals, and had any means of ascertaining the general character of their lives. We have not the slightest hesitation in asserting, that nineteen persons out of twenty who have thus known the Jesuits, are convinced that, whatever may be their other merits or defects, they are almost universally men of eminent piety, in whose hearts the love of God reigns supreme, and who have devoted themselves unreservedly to the promotion of the salvation of their fellow-men. When they are tried by the same tests which we apply to the rest of the world, such is the almost invariable conclusion. Abroad or at home, in Rome, in Naples, in Paris, in Belgium, in England, to those who know the Jesuits by personal intercourse, the notion that they are not men who are guided in all things by the love of God, seems simply an absurdity. If they *are* deceivers, then there is no truth on earth, and every man who calls himself a Christian is a hypocrite and impostor.

Take the Jesuit again in the confessional. There may be, as there are, all kinds of opinion as to the wisdom and utility of the Jesuit system in reference to the wants of the times, and to the possibility of its perversion to evil ends; but when tried by this test, which most assuredly is an infallible test, as to whether or not it is guided by the Holy Spirit of God, it is rarely, if ever, found to fail. Are not the Jesuits, to this day, the best confessors in the whole Church? Doubtlessly there are many who may be their equals without the limits of the order, but, *as a body*, is it not admitted by every one who has examined into the question, that they possess the science of guiding souls in an extraordinary degree? They know what is in man; they know his sins, errors, and infirmities; they comprehend the full powers and influences of the Gospel and all its means of grace; they see clearly *how* the Holy Ghost works in the heart and life; and they direct the consciences of their penitents with a mingled tenderness and skill, which would be utterly impossible with men who were themselves deceivers, and such monsters in iniquity as the world supposes. If an army of writers were to bring forward the most apparently irrefragable proofs of the wickedness of the Society, every religious man or woman who knows the Jesuit in the confessional will put away the charges as an idle wind, so far as *their* personal knowledge

of the Jesuits has gone. When, then, we multiply these instances of personal knowledge ten-thousandfold, and thus bring into our estimate a large proportion of all the Jesuits in existence, what becomes of the imputations upon the order, when it is found to be the channel of unspeakable spiritual blessings to myriads of devout souls throughout the whole Christian world? "Do men gather figs from thorns, or grapes from thistles?" Are they, who are thus the instruments of Divine grace in preparing unnumbered souls for heaven, to be regarded as themselves the servants of Satan? Most unquestionably, if the Jesuits *are* the children of the devil, the devil's kingdom is now divided against itself, and his instruments are doing the work of God with most glorious and amazing success.

It is the same, when we turn to the devotional and dogmatic writings which the Church has produced during the last three centuries of her existence. Wonderful as are the treasures of learning and piety which have been given to the faithful by the secular clergy, by the Benedictines and other religious orders, it is impossible to deny the fact, that no class whatever has surpassed the Jesuits in learning, in profound thought, and in that exquisite spiritual unction which is ever the token of the presence of the pure love of God in the soul of the writer. Look into any Catholic's religious library. Take down the books to which the pious mind is ever turning for refreshment and guidance in its trials and sorrows. See what writings are most redolent of the perfume of Holy Scripture, which most betoken the fervour of the piety of their authors, and penetrate most deeply with a true spiritual keenness into the souls of man, and we shall perceive, on turning to the title-pages, that a surprising proportion is the work of the members of this extraordinary Society, and that to the Jesuits, as much as to any uninspired source, we all owe no little of our perception of the wonders and blessings of the Christian faith.

The *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius himself is alone an irrefragable proof that the charge against the Jesuits is a pure fiction. It passes all bounds of reason and common sense, to pretend that a book which has been accepted as almost inspired by millions of Christians, and from which the most eminent masters of the spiritual life have drawn their most valued instructions, should be the production of a fanatic, a deceiver, or a fool. The test can be applied in a moment by any man who will take the trouble to do so. Let the question be put to any person who ever went through that "Spiritual Retreat" which is now almost universally framed upon the plan laid down by St. Ignatius, and let him be asked what was its influence upon his mind. Did he come forth from it a better or a worse Christian than he entered? Did it make him an enthusiast, a madman, or a slave of sin?

Did he not learn from it far more of the treasures of divine love, of the odiousness of sin, of the helplessness of man, of the power of grace, and acquire a practical power over himself and his passions such as he had long sought for, but never yet so thoroughly obtained? Is *this* the work of Satan? Is it not rather an overwhelming proof that the great Ignatius was a man chosen by God, for His own greater glory, and for the salvation of multitudes of souls?

In a word, no devout Christian who has studied the spiritual writings of the Jesuits can possibly believe that the Society has been on the whole, and as a Society, unblest by the inspiring grace of God. Could we believe it to have been what the common cry would have us believe it, there is an end at once of all the recognised tests of right and wrong, of piety and worldiness. If the Jesuits *are* deceivers, there remains no means for ascertaining when that which appears to be an angel of light, is really a messenger from heaven, or an emissary of Satan. Our whole moral nature and spiritual perceptions will turn out so many blind guides, and the unlearned, uncontroversial believer is stripped of every means he has possessed for discerning what are, and what are not, the effects of the operation of the Holy Spirit of God. If the almost innumerable writings of the Jesuits may not be accepted as a proof that God is with them, and that they are among his most devoted servants, we know no proof whatever, which is accessible to the vast majority of Christians, which will suffice to prove to them that the Bible itself is inspired.

Whence, then, comes the indescribable feeling of dread and suspicion which lurks in the minds of men against the Society and all its members? How can we account for this strange hallucination, if, as we have implied, it be an hallucination, and not a well-merited horror of that which is really vile? Those who entertain the suspicion demand of us an account of its origin and existence, and refuse to admit its unreasonableness, without some such *rationale* of its history as they are pleased to require.

Now, in reply, we first absolutely demur to any such command. The burden of proof rests with those who bring the accusation. We have already shewn that its improbability is overwhelming, if the Jesuits are to be judged by the same tests which are applied to all their fellow-men, and to Christianity itself; and therefore it is for those who urge the charges to discover for themselves the reasonableness of their attacks, and to account for their own groundless suspicions. Were an argumentative victory our sole object in putting forward these remarks, we might well rest here, and defy the enemies of the Society, on every recognised law of logic, to prove a single syllable of their assertions. But as we desire not so much to defeat as to convince, we shall endeavour to

furnish what we conceive to be an abundantly satisfactory account of the nature and cause of these strange suspicions.

The popular hatred of the Jesuits, then, we have no doubt, springs from a twofold source. It is partly natural, partly supernatural, or rather preternatural. It is the result of a common jealousy of one man against another, combined with that deadly, unchanging, mysterious abhorrence of the cause of Jesus Christ, which results from the influence of the great enemy of men upon corrupt human nature. The first point we have named, is the inevitable result of the surpassing skill with which the constitution of the Society has been framed for carrying out the peculiar object of its institution. It is one of the accidental, but necessary evils, which follow from the very perfection of the discipline which the founder accomplished in his order. It was impossible that it should be otherwise, while the Church and the world continues to consist of frail mortals. Even if the Jesuits themselves had been exempted from the errors and infirmities of humanity, they must have provoked some such feelings of jealousy and suspicion. That the Society speedily became a united, energetic, powerful, well-disciplined, and very intelligent working body of men, was enough to strike terror into its foes, jealousy into its rivals, and suspicion into the lukewarm and superficial. The isolation which, by its principles, it kept up between its own movements and those of individuals or bodies unconnected with itself, was alone sufficient to create a host of opponents. The constancy with which they kept their own counsel, acted in absolute obedience to their own Superiors, refused to yield to any external authorities except those which conscience *required* them to obey, and carried to an extent never before attempted their great characteristic principle of obedience, was, as it ever will be, a source of annoyance and discomfort to a vast proportion of mankind, made up as it is of the weak, the inquisitive, the wilful, and the talkative. While human nature remains what it is, such a Society could not possibly exist without numbering a host of lukewarm hearts among its friends, and of irreconcilable foes among its adversaries.

But more than this, the unconquerable zeal, the unquestionable general purity of morals, the fervent unction in spirit, which the order has, for the most part, displayed, has *necessarily* attracted to it a large measure of the abhorrence and malignity of those to whom the doctrines of the Church itself are hateful, and of those lukewarm or merely nominal Catholics whose religion is merely an outward form and designation. It is the reproach of Christ himself which is the reproach of the Jesuits. They share eminently in the detestation with which the world regards Him whose name they bear. It is as followers of *Jesus* that they are abhorred, reviled, and accused of every shame-



ful crime. As the devils trembled at the Holy Name itself, so they shudder at the thought of the ruin which the Society has again and again brought into their horrible kingdom. Say what we will about the good things there are in human nature, it is unquestionable that the man of the world *suspects* the Christian, as such. His whole spirit rebels and revolts at the approach of his God and Saviour; he trembles with a secret consciousness that he is in the hands of an absolute Master, and while he trembles, reviles. And such, in its degree, is the abhorrence with which mankind regard this Society. True it is that it is hated for its errors, for its infirmities, for the sins of its individual members; but still more it is hated for its wisdom, for its strength, for its virtues, and because it is gifted with a glorious measure of the Spirit of Christ crucified. It is the same world which nailed Jesus to the cross, which now mocks at those who bear his sacred name. *If they have called the good-man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?*

That there are a thousand detailed stories rife in the world against the Company, is a fact worth nothing in the way of argument. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they vanish before five minutes' actual investigation. They are rarely brought to the proof, and when so brought, almost invariably turn out to be the most barefaced of inventions. The experience of every man can furnish him with instances of the inconceivable hardihood with which statements against the Jesuits have been put forward, and of the credulity with which they have been believed, while a few weeks or months have proved the whole to be the most childish and impossible of absurdities. We all remember one of the most daring and monstrous of these calumnies, not long ago propagated in the most widely circulated journal in Europe, and devoutly believed by the whole English nation. When the foolish old King of Bavaria lost his wits under the influence of Lola Montes, a profligate opera-dancer, a letter appeared in the *Times*, signed (professedly) by this woman,

and giving a detailed account of an offer which had been made to her by the Jesuits of Munich. At the same time, every piece of intelligence from Bavaria which was circulated in England repeatedly spoke of the intrigues of the Bavarian Jesuits, and of their past power with the King. Yet the fact was, *that there existed no Jesuit at all in Munich, or in any part of the Bavarian dominions.* The whole statement was false from beginning to end; the most influential and best informed newspaper in Europe was either gulled, or was guilty of a most flagrant lie, and one of the most astounding of literary falsehoods was accepted as irrefragable truth by a vast majority of the entire kingdom. Nor was the falsehood ever contradicted where it first appeared. Neither the *Times* nor any one Protestant newspaper that we are aware of, ever corrected the misstatement, or apologised for the gross and guilty blunders of which it had been either the dupe or the deviser. And such will be found to be the case with almost all the stories against the Jesuits. They are either the most insolent misrepresentations of what is not absolutely false, or they are such astoundingly bold assertions, that the simple reader considers that they *must* be true, for that it is impossible that they should have been invented and asserted if really untrue.

What may be the future fate of the order, it is not our wish to speculate. Whether or not they will ever resume any portion of their past influence in Europe, it were perhaps vain to guess. That they *have* been powerful is of course no proof that they are powerful still, or that their day is not gone for ever. Almighty God has his own ends to answer in the creation of his instruments, and man can only follow the guidance of his providential hand. But whatever be the coming destinies of the followers of Loyola, we shall ever be ready to shew that, though not exempt from the errors and sins of our common humanity, the Society has been most signally distinguished as a means for spreading the love and fear of God among his creatures.

#### MODERN ALMSGIVING IN CONNEXION WITH THE EDUCATION OF THE CATHOLIC POOR.

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FEW words are necessary to shew the change which has taken place during the last few years in the position of the Catholic Church in this kingdom. The three centuries of her servitude have drawn to a close, and she has come forth and claimed an equality of political and social rights with every other class of men in the empire. She displays her front with

undaunted courage in the face of day, and there are few found to greet her appearance with the howls and yells which of yore were called forth by the bare mention of her name. She is a recognised element in the social state of England. Her children are permitted to claim the title of honest patriots, and loyal subjects, and competent lawgivers. Her right to a participation in the produce of the taxes which she pays, in common with the rest of mankind, is admitted on almost all hands; and while as yet but few love her, many respect

her, and still more think it worth while to conciliate her good will.

In such a position, her conduct must of necessity be materially changed. It is morally impossible, if she would retain her new post, that she should continue the same course which she pursued in the days of her captivity. The free man is called to the display of virtues which are impossible in the bond-slave. They from whom the world *expects* much, are bound, by all they owe to God and to man, to arouse themselves to every practicable fulfilment of the duties which are looked for at their hands. The Church must make manifest in the eyes of all men the inward, elastic, imperishable vigour which has lain latent within her bosom even while her limbs have been bound in fetters, or she must sink, in the judgment of the nation, into one of the numberless sects who swarm in crowds around her. It is utterly impossible that the Catholic Church should ever be tried by the tests which her spiritual opponents are content to abide by, and by which the world is willing to try them. A more searching investigation, a more fiery crucible, awaits her, if she would make good her claims before the eyes of men, and constrain even her adversaries to admit that the hand of God is with her, both in her days of suffering and her days of worldly triumph. If she cannot shew herself capable of fulfilling her part in the age in which we are living; if she falls behind her competitors in the intellectual, the social, the philanthropic race; if she fails to seize upon the mind of the time, and bend it to do her behests, it would have been better for her that she should have continued in her slavery and worldly dishonour, and remained as hitherto a byword and a mockery among an unbelieving generation.

How overwhelming, indeed, have been the difficulties against which she has hitherto struggled, can be understood by none but those who know her from within. The vulgar estimate of her resources, her talents, her organisation, her riches, is so absurdly untrue, that only they who are her own members can estimate her real merits and demerits, in all that she has done for her children and for strangers, during the ages of her captivity. Stripped of almost all but her faith, she has of necessity seen herself outdone by her adversaries in many a field of enterprise, many a work of practical benevolence, many a course of intellectual cultivation. With limited funds, with an overwhelming proportion of poor, with scarcely any means for education, with an overworked priesthood, without any practical organisation whatsoever, not to name the harassing and enfeebling effects of the penal laws even when least rigorously enforced, it is only wonderful that she has struggled onwards and upwards with so much energy and

success, and has accomplished for friend and for foe so large an amount of real, tangible benefit.

But what has hitherto been a great work for her means and appliances will now be so no longer. That which was noble and glorious in the past generation will be little better than a trifle from ourselves, and for our children it would be a shame and a dishonour. We must take our stand on new ground; we must strain our nerves to the uttermost; we must probe our weaknesses, and apply a vigorous and unsparing hand to their cure, or never shall we establish our right to the position we have claimed, or convince the world that we are in truth what we have not ceased to profess ourselves to be. Still less shall we do our duty to ourselves, to our fellow-Catholics, and to Him to whom we are answerable for the mode in which we adapt ourselves to the new circumstances in which we are placed by his overruling providence and power. Let it never be forgotten that the Catholic Church must ever be either first or last in a nation. She cannot exist in a position of mediocrity. Her claim is too lofty, her title too royal, to permit her to subside into the ranks of her competitors, and take her place as one among them. She must either rule or be enslaved. She must take the lead in a people, or be a byword among them. It is only by compelling them by her good works to recognise in her the power of the living God, that she can drive from their minds their notion that she is Antichrist, and the secret foe of their temporal and spiritual liberties.

In how many various modes it becomes the Catholic Church in England to seize upon her present opportunities, and spring forward with new life and vigour, we need not now inquire. We are occupied with one topic alone, in which she is loudly called upon to put forth all her energies, and to lay aside the habits and backwardness which were forced upon her by circumstances in the days of her sufferings. The education of the Catholic poor is that one point which is most urgently claiming the attention of us all, and on which we are bound to concentrate every disposable means until a fundamental revolution has been effected in our past ideas and systems. Let us not blind ourselves to the facts of the case, through any absurd sensitiveness or indolent pride. Let us not pretend that because we are the true Church of God in these realms, *therefore* we have done our duty towards the multitudes of children who are growing into manhood in our body. Let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that we have done all we could, that we are already overpowered with calls upon our strength and our wealth, and are taxed to the utmost extent of Christian endurance. We *must* open our eyes to the fact, that the education of the Catholic poor is still



in a most disgraceful and deplorable condition; that the hands of the clergy and those who are most alive to our shortcomings have been almost paralysed by want of means to execute the work; and that the consequence is, that a *large majority* of the Catholic poor of this country are still wholly destitute of any decent secular and religious education, while many are seeking at the hands of Protestant instructors that worldly learning which comes to them accompanied with influences destructive of the very elements of their faith. The returns which are made to authoritative inquiries on this momentous subject are appalling. They shew that in London alone, the Catholic boys and girls who receive no education at all, or else such as is either little better or absolutely worse than none, must be reckoned by tens of thousands. And it is the same in all the great cities and towns where the Catholic labouring classes are congregated. Notwithstanding all that is done by some zealous and never-tiring clergy, who have both the will and the means to make an inroad upon the practical heathenism of their densely crowded flocks, there is not a single large town in the kingdom from whence the voice of the poor man does not go up to the throne of God, and cry for that temporal and spiritual instruction which it is our bounden duty to ensure to him.

And still further, it is worse than foolishness to attempt to hide the miserable inefficiency of a large number of those schools which are already in existence. It would be folly, indeed, to condemn their originators and managers as personally responsible for their lamentable deficiency: doubtless they have done all they could under the circumstances which have hitherto thwarted and benumbed their most earnest efforts: but it displays an equal amount of blindness to gloss over the real facts as they stand, or to blink the positive evil results of our past systems, because we are bound in all honesty to do full justice to the intentions and labours of their earlier projectors. We have no hesitation in saying, that were an Inspector appointed by Government to examine into the state of the secular instruction and mere scholastic discipline and details of a vast number of our schools, his report would cover us with shame, and we should not dare to look the rest of our fellow-countrymen in the face, lest they reproach us for the neglect of one of the first of our Christian duties. With a few rare exceptions, among the Christian Brothers and others, we are utterly destitute of competent teachers, and are completely behind the rest of the world in a knowledge of the system upon which a large poor-school should be conducted, and the children prepared for the work of their future callings. We cannot of course name individual instances, but we entreat our readers who

doubt the truth of our allegations, to ascertain for themselves whether or not they are correct, and to compare the advance which the Protestant world has made in popular education during the last ten or fifteen years, with the advance made among ourselves. The signal failure of every past scheme for the education of the Catholic poor, upon a large scale, and under the direction of the proper authorities, has been the result, not only of the inherent defects of those schemes themselves, but of our deeply seated torpor, ignorance, and inefficiency, in all that concerns the establishment and carrying out of such schools as have hitherto existed.

At length, however, there appears to be a promise of a better state of things. The Catholic Poor-School Committee, though now still in its infancy, is not only established on better principles, but it already gives earnest both of energy, efficiency, and success. It is a fair representative of the Catholic body in this country; it is placed under proper ecclesiastical superintendence, or rather it is the creation of the ecclesiastical authorities of the country; it is applying in good earnest to its noble work; and if report speaks true, is making itself acquainted with the miserable inefficiencies and defects in our present system, with a resolute determination from which we augur the best results. It is recognised by the Government as the organ of the Catholic body in educational matters, and with it the Government communicates on all such topics. It is eliciting the sympathies of the clergy and laity throughout the country, and is far outstripping all its predecessors in the collecting of funds for carrying out its ends. In short, it is beginning in the right spirit and at the root of the matter; and we have little doubt, that if it goes on as it has commenced, and is supported as it deserves throughout the country, it will speedily accomplish great things for the Catholic poor of England, and redeem us from the disgrace under which we now are labouring.

At the same time, it has most formidable obstacles to encounter and to overcome in its course, by which we cordially hope it will not be itself disheartened, and which must be borne in mind by those who would do justice to its present and future efforts. Only those who are concerned in the working out such an institution can form any conception of the labour to be undertaken, and the difficulties to be surmounted, before any large success can crown its toils. On all sides it is beset with hindrances, and sources of disappointment and vexation. First, it has to contend with the unhappy apathy which still characterises too many of the English Catholics on the whole subject of education and intellectual cultivation. It has to struggle with that dead, conservative, oppressive listlessness and

acquiescence in things as they are, which has been the result of generations of persecution among us all. Our whole body needs rousing, shaking, and stimulating to something like a hearty desire for improvement, and to a sense of our shortcomings in every thing that concerns the culture of the mind, both among rich and poor. Then, again, there is the exceeding difficulty of getting at the true facts of the case, of obtaining correct statistics, and learning where the poor are, what they do with themselves, and whether or no they now receive any education at all. The want of a class of competent schoolmasters and mistresses is a third difficulty. Every thing until now has been little better than a makeshift amongst us. We know not where to turn *for men* in all our new undertakings; especially this is the case in popular education. A schoolmaster is a being of a most peculiar character; he must be trained to the work by a regular system, or he will but perpetuate the evils of ignorance and mismanagement, under the guise of knowledge and discipline. And notwithstanding all that has been done by the Christian Brothers, and in other similar instances, it is notorious that as yet there exists no such thing as a class of Catholic schoolmasters. Any body and every body that has been willing to turn his hand to a thankless, laborious, ill-recompensed task has been but too gladly called in, in the utter dearth of any better means for choice and deliberation.

Nor, further, ought we to overlook the extreme delicacy and difficulty of the task imposed upon the Committee, in the instances in which it must come into contact with already existing schools, whose management and condition it cannot approve, while yet it knows not how to turn in order to institute a forbearing yet searching reform. The cases are but too many in which the giving aid to a school is but the perpetuation of abuses and follies, in which respect and regard for individuals incessantly comes into contact with a sense of their scholastic misdoings; and the utmost discrimination and carefulness are called for, if the Committee would do justice to the children of the poor without doing injustice to those who have been toiling, though perhaps inefficiently, for their benefit. The reform of educational defects may seem easy enough in theory and upon paper, but it is scarcely possible to overstate the difficulties and the odiousness of the task when put into actual practice, in a state of things such as that in which the English Catholics now find themselves.

And to crown all, it has to struggle with modern ideas on the subject of almsgiving; it has to struggle with a traditional state of feeling, and with certain habits and customs, engendered by the overwhelming disabilities

which for ages have pressed upon the Church, and with those unfortunate devices which she has borrowed from her Protestant neighbours. It is of no use to conceal the truth, or to flatter ourselves that because we are Catholics we are rivalling the good deeds of ancient times in the abundance of our liberality, or in the zeal with which we consecrate our substance to the service of Christ in his poor. There must be a new spirit infused among us, more akin to that of ages long gone by, before the clergy and other persons of influence can be enabled to grapple with the prevailing evils of the day, and to carry out their plans for popular education. Many may perhaps count us overbold in saying all this, and condemn us for audacity and intruding zeal; but nevertheless we shall not hesitate to avow our conviction, that there are certain features in our English notions and ways of almsgiving which most fearfully hinder our progress in that glorious virtue itself, and which must be rooted out from our own minds before the Catholic Poor-School Committee, or any other similar institution, can accomplish its ends with full efficiency and completeness.

Our readers will, we trust, bear with us while we specify one or two instances which will demonstrate our slavery to pernicious circumstances, and the tyranny of custom to which our clergy and others are unwillingly enslaved. For instance, the system of begging for small sums, introduced in a season of extreme poverty, most unquestionably fosters in the minds of multitudes of people a belief that they are vastly more charitable than they have any real ground for believing. Intolerable and painful as this system is felt by those who devote themselves to such a mode of collecting money, it cannot be doubted that, however satisfactory may be its results in certain instances, it is as fertile a source of delusion to the minds of the givers as it is bitterly unpleasant to those who count it a duty to devote themselves to carrying it out. Would that we could take our readers into a few of the scenes in which a poor priest finds himself enacting a conspicuous part, in his weary toils to gather alms from all parts of the land for his church, his schools, or his monastery. See him, for instance, walking into the parlour or kitchen of some Catholic farmer, well to do in the world, but who, like all farmers, has no slight appreciation for the good things of this life. Hesitating and shrinking from his task, the foot-sore priest presents himself with his list of contributors; the master of the house is sitting, just after his dinner, drinking brandy and water with a friend; he does not even rise from his seat as the petitioner, who is perhaps by birth a gentleman of rank or ancient lineage, enters the room and gives his name, but returns the visitor's salutation with a grunt and an ill-



concealed expression of dissatisfaction. To the request which is then delicately preferred, he answers that he gave to some collection or other a fortnight ago, and that the Bishop's pastoral will be coming round again in the autumn. The petitioner then gently hints the sad circumstances of the cause for which he pleads, and receives in return some half-insulting insinuations about the exorbitant demands of the clergy, backed by appropriate reflections on the heaviness of the poor-rates. The visitor—still, it may be, standing—returns to the charge, and in the end succeeds in extracting half-a-crown from the grumbling booby who is refreshing himself before him, and leaves the house half-rejoicing that he has not been invited to sit down at the inhospitable board.

While this goes on in —shire, a kindred display takes place in — Square, or — Terrace, or — Place in the western quarter of London. The lady of the mansion is reclining on her crimson satin *fauteuil*, glancing her eyes over the fashionable news of the morning paper; while two fair daughters repose on sofas in other parts of the spacious drawing-room.

"Oh, mamma!" cries the eldest, "you *must* take us a box next Thursday at the Opera. Jenny Lind comes out in Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, and I'm dying to hear her."

"I am afraid, Julia, that cannot be," says the lady; "we can't get a box under ten guineas; and we've spent so much already at the opera and concerts this season, not to mention our three balls, that it's quite out of the question."

"Oh dear, mamma! how very vexatious! Do try to persuade papa to take the box for us. It's *only* ten guineas you know; and one more box after all the rest cannot make so very much difference."

"Ah, Julia!" interposes the sister, "you quite remind me of Dr. Gentili. Why, when I heard him preach at the Retreat at —, he described a young lady talking to her mamma just as you are doing now."

"Dr. Gentili knows nothing about Jenny Lind, Mary," retorts the operatic damsel; and the mamma herself adds, somewhat sternly, "My dear, Dr. Gentili is *rather* too strict, I'm afraid. They tell me he's quite an enthusiast, and doesn't approve of the Polka and charity balls. You mustn't go by him, you know."

"Oh, never mind Mary and Dr. Gentili," cries Julia; "only do ask papa to get the box as quickly as he possibly can."

"Well, my dear," says the fond parent, "if you wish it, you may ask him at any rate."

At this moment the father of the family enters with an open letter in his hand, and a very cross look on his countenance.

"My dear," says he to his wife, "you *must*

write to the reverend mother about Jemima's school-expenses. They're quite intolerable. Here's the account of the last year just come, and positively there's ten shillings charged for extra stationery. We really cannot afford it; the pension and the extras at that convent are quite ruinous."

"That's very true," replies the lady; "but you know we made it an especial request that Jemima might have particular attention paid to her handwriting, which was very bad; and I dare say she has used up a great many copy-books."

"That's all very well, my dear," the father rejoins; "but ten shillings is monstrous. We must take her away altogether, if the reverend mother cannot do it for less."

"The Rev. Mr. A.!" cries a tall footman, throwing wide open the drawingroom-door; and a humble-looking, gentle-mannered person enters, with many bows: while his black dress and Roman collar proclaim the Catholic priest. A stiff salutation from the host and hostess greets the visitor, and the footman places him a chair. Before seating himself, he states the object of his call. He is building a new church for a very poor congregation; the old chapel was originally a hayloft, and is now tumbling down with age and neglect, and he is toiling through the land seeking aid from the rich and charitable.

The lord of the mansion shrugs his shoulders, and the lady looks grave.

"Our calls are terrible, Mr. A.," says the former, in a decisive tone.

"I fear they are, indeed," says the clergyman; "but I would hope that you might afford me some little aid; for it is weary work, applying through the country,—and everybody says that their calls are so numerous, that they can do nothing for me."

"Why yes, indeed, they are," replies the lady, taking up the conversation. "I do assure you, Mr. A., it's quite melancholy the number of cases we have had to give to, since we came to London this season. I'll just reckon them up, to shew you how impossible it is we can have the pleasure of assisting you. Let me see," she continues, musing, and counting on her fingers. "There was the Bishop of A. with his convent, and Mr. B. for his church; and Father C. for that new order just come over,—what's it called, Mary; do you remember?"

Mary professing forgetfulness, her mother continues: "Then we have our seats to pay for at chapel, and our subscription to the Associated Catholic Charities, and we give a pound to the charity-school at —; why, really there's no end to our calls. I dare say it comes to ten pounds at least altogether."

With a subdued sigh, and a half-unconscious glance at the gorgeous furniture of the apartment, the priest still ventures to plead; and

finally departs with a half-sovereign to add to his little store.

Who that has ever toiled from door to door, and town to town, on behalf of the sick, the poor, and the house of God, cannot recall to memory too many a scene like these?

Doubtless there are striking exceptions to the kind of reception we have here described. There are hundreds of houses throughout the land, where none are more welcome than the travelling priest, and where all that can be done is done, for the love of God and of Him who gave his life for his beloved Church. But the exceptional cases do not undo the evil effects of the system upon those who are too willing to believe themselves self-denying, munificent Christians, at the smallest possible cost. Upon a vast multitude of persons it acts with a baneful influence; inducing them to imagine that they have given *much* to God when they have merely given *many times*. They have bestowed sovereigns and half-sovereigns so often, that they fancy the whole amount must be something wonderful; when in fact it is not half or a quarter of what they might give with the smallest exercise of self-denial. The self-denial, indeed, that is called forth by this perpetual dropping-in of calls, is a mere nothing. It acts with no salutary power upon the mind of the donor. The gift is not missed, it is not felt; no effort is called forth, no energy of mind is summoned into being; the heart is not stirred to any actual sacrifice *for the love of God*; the gift is given in answer to the wearying importunities of petitioners; and being thus given, no advance is attained in the spiritual life, no preparation is made for future and more heroic deeds of beneficence; and the virtue of alms-giving is kept down to the lowest possible point which conscience, and the calls of "good beggars," will permit.

We appeal to the candour and honesty of the times, whether, with some splendid exceptions, there is any thing noble and self-sacrificing in the charity of the present day. Is it not generally measured out by dribblets, in guinea subscriptions, and with the proviso that it shall be duly notified in a list of subscribers? Do we not too often estimate our alms by the number of times that we have given, rather than by the greatness of our gifts? Is there not many and many a Catholic who gives little or nothing to the service of God and the education of the poor? Is there not a frightful number also, who account themselves aggrieved if they are applied to for aid, and who would as soon think of depriving themselves of one of their fingers or hands, as of reducing their establishment, or cutting off any luxury, for the purposes of religion? Of course, it is not our business to enter at large on this great subject; and we only refer to it, in order to shew what *might* be done by the

new Poor-School Committee if the whole amount of Catholic wealth, little as it comparatively may be, were liberally taxed by its possessors for the sake of religion.

This real niggardliness, under the guise of frequent almsgiving, is also powerfully cherished by that system which was perhaps forced upon the Church in this country, by the overpowering difficulties of her situation, and the utter loss of all endowments for the support of her clergy and for the repairs of the chapels in which they served. The system of letting seats in the houses of God for a fixed sum of money, borrowed as it is from the Dissenters and the evangelical section of the Established Church, has proved one of the most fatal devices which were ever invented for the meeting the pecuniary necessities of the Church. There never was a more unwise scheme in the long run. Whatever may have been its necessity as a commencement, every day's experience proves how utterly inadequate it is to meet the demands of the time. The clergy, the poor, and the churches and chapels themselves, are loudly, and with ever-increasing fervour, demanding an investigation into the merits or faults of this method of providing for the wants of the priesthood and the poor. If ever there was a scheme devised for shutting up the door of the Christian heart, and forcing a man into covetous money-getting habits in spiritual things, it is this most unhappy and suicidal plan. Originating in the best intentions, upheld with the purest sincerity of motive, and, in many instances, so deeply rooted into the existing state of things, that it could not possibly be eradicated, except by slow degrees, it is yet so injurious in its operation, that until it is thoroughly eradicated from our system the Church will never be able to put forth all that divine and amazing vigour which lies within her, waiting till she summons it into life and action.

That this method has signally and almost universally failed, is too palpable a fact to need proof. It is *endured* by the Catholic priesthood, rather than approved. They uphold it, not from any love for its peculiar excellence, but from a belief that it is necessary, as the only practical means for securing to them and their churches the miserable pittance on which they now are compelled to exist. They will, therefore, we trust, bear with us while we attempt to shew *why* the scheme is so manifest and irremediable a failure, as it appears to be in nine churches out of ten where it prevails.

It fails, then, there can be little doubt, because it substitutes the *commercial* for the *charitable* principle in the minds of a congregation. It places the whole affair upon a false basis, on which it is as impossible to rear the noble edifice of Christian munificence, as to



build a palace on a foundation of sand. The moment that the notion of *buying and selling* is introduced into the service of the sanctuary, that moment it rules absolute, to the exclusion of every better feeling. So soon as it becomes a question of pecuniary agreement between the ecclesiastical authorities of the place and the individual bench-renters, the desire to make the best of the bargain takes possession of the mind, and charity flees away in despair of making her voice to be heard. If by the rules of the chapel I am required to pay a certain sum, in order to be allowed a decent place at those solemn functions which my conscience makes it my duty to attend, by the very laws of human nature I feel myself impelled to estimate the whole thing as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, and to get the most for my money that may be possible. I cannot help it; if I am forced to pay for the spot on which I kneel, in the same way as I pay for my coat, my shoes, or for the house I live in, as a matter of course I take with me into church the ideas of the market and the shop, and produce the least possible amount of money for which I can obtain the article I desire. The question becomes instantly a mercantile rather than a religious transaction.

To suppose that the spirit of alms-giving can co-exist, in any degree of activity, with these trading ideas, is utterly visionary. The frailty of human nature forbids it. Nobody acts—nobody can act—as a creature of pure reason. Those who would exercise any influence upon men and women must take them as they are, and be prepared to find them guided by habit, feeling, taste, and emotion, in almost every action of their lives. It is useless to preach of self-sacrificing *gifts* to a congregation who have been admitted to hear the discourse on a fixed tariff of prices. When we go into a church, and *pay a price*, be it ever so small, our human heart instantly suggests that we have thus done our part, and we button our pockets up for the day. When we hand over our annual rent for our sittings, and take a receipt for the same, we inevitably consider that we have given our year's contribution to the support of the church and the ministers of the altar, and look upon every subsequent call as something very like an imposition. In a word, when compulsory payment, in any shape whatever, is the condition on which we are admitted into a church or chapel, we make it a rule to consider *at how little cost* we can fulfil our obligations. Farewell, all noble generosity; farewell, those anxious estimates, with which the pious Catholic would otherwise examine, not how little, but how much, he could afford to devote to the glory of God; farewell, all idea of *gifts* at all! Say what we will, we *all* of us act on this principle. We defy a man, be he ever so wise and good, to give at an offertory collection

with any true feelings of self-sacrificing charity, if he has been previously taxed by a compulsory payment for the seat he occupies. We must have one system or the other; either it must be paying or giving; if we *must* pay, we shall inevitably take care to pay as little as possible; if we are taught to *give*, then every sentiment of Christian gratitude and love will stir us up to offer to the very utmost of our powers.

That this reasoning is not universally admitted and acted upon, arises, indeed, solely from the fact, that those who *must* obtain some little contributions from the faithful, are afraid that if their congregations were not compelled to give something, they would give little better than nothing. It is believed that if our congregations are so niggardly in their offerings as things as now stand, on any other system they would do still less for the support of the priesthood, the poor, and the house of God. As we have already stated, it is our unalterable conviction, that the difficulties under which our clergy now labour arise from the custom which has placed the plans for their support upon a wrong principle, which frustrates Christian charity by the intrusion of the spirit of bargaining into the minds of their people. At the same time, this assertion is said to be a mere speculation, which it would be ruinous for a poor priest to act upon, without a certainty of success if he adopted any other system. Proof is demanded; and, therefore, proof let us supply.

Now, that the old scheme is miserably inefficient, *this* surely need not be proved. Catholic England groans under it, wherever it is found existing. We cannot, of course, name particular cases; it would not be just or fair to expose the miserable sums which are collected from individual congregations, when neither the present congregation, nor their pastors, are answerable for the introduction of the system in which they find themselves. But we will give one instance, without a name. Would it be credited by the Protestant world, that in one of the most wealthy congregations in England, perhaps *the* most wealthy, the clergy attached to the chapel have but sixty pounds a-year a-piece, exclusive of house-room, on which to live; and that they can scarcely contrive to dress like ecclesiastics and gentlemen, and to obtain their necessary bodily sustenance; still less to set aside any thing for the purchase of books, or for the support of Catholic institutions, or for their personal recreation, when overtaken with anxiety and toil? Yet such is the fact; and such is the fact in hundreds and hundreds of instances; it is the general fact throughout the kingdom. Surely, then, there needs no proof of the hopeless inadequacy of our present plans.

But, on the other hand, wherever the sys-

tem of voluntary offerings is put into practice by a zealous pastor, it invariably succeeds. After a fair trial, *provided always that its operation be not obstructed by the introduction of any, even the smallest, compulsory payments*, it is found to surpass the expectations of its promoters. Certain cases, in which it has been put into practice, with large but poor congregations, with perfect success, will occur at once to many of our readers. But an instance has lately come to our knowledge, which, more than any of which we have previously heard, furnishes a striking proof of what *may be* done by the simple means of an offertory collection. The mission recently established in Southwark, among the extreme poor resident on the banks of the Thames (of which a brief account was given in the *Rambler*, No. 10, p. 195), and in which it is the custom to make an offertory collection at each Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, now yields, by this means, nearly *two hundred pounds a year*, and promises to reach that sum before Christmas; thus finding means for the support of two priests from a congregation where it would be impossible to collect 15*l.* or 20*l.* a-year by any fixed renting of benches, or payment for seats. Those who have *seen* that congregation, and witnessed the poverty of those who compose it, and the wretched, and, to the fastidious eye, the disgusting appearance of the room which has been hired for the sacred purpose, will be amazed at the result, and will turn to these other churches and chapels throughout England, where the priest is starving upon the unwilling *payments* of a reluctant and grumbling people, and be astonished that a similar method is not at once adopted through the length and breadth of the land. It is, however, but one out of many proofs that Catholics of all classes will readily *give* hundreds of pounds where they can scarcely be brought to *pay* hundreds of shillings.\*

We trust our readers will pardon the introduction of this topic into our columns, though it may possibly be considered as beyond our province, as it is one in which we have seen the working of the two adverse systems in a large number of instances, and under every variety of attendant circumstances. We introduce it, because our hearts burn within us at the sight of the toils, the anxieties, the privations which the Catholic priesthood endures, cheerfully and thankfully indeed, for the love of God and of their flocks, but still with no real benefit to their congregations, and with manifest detriment to themselves and to the public services of Almighty God. It was also impossible to avoid touching upon it, in con-

\* The other day, at the opening of one of our largest new churches, a gentleman of our acquaintance refused to be present, when he found that the tickets *must be paid for*, but sent a gift of five guineas to the church.

nexion with that modern spirit of easy-going, self-complacent satisfaction, which accompanies too much of our alms-giving, and which is the most formidable of the obstacles against which the Poor-school Committee have to contend. The world in general, indeed, supposes the reverse to be the case. Of all the misconceptions upon Catholic doctrines, Catholic morals, and Catholic customs, which swarm among the Protestant public, and make the Catholic Church a *terra incognita* to five-sixths of our fellow-countrymen, perhaps none is more purely fictitious than the common notion of the wealth which the clergy have at their command, and of the influence they have with the laity in obtaining means for promoting the cause of their religion. How strangely, how astonishingly untrue, this notion is, we all of us know too well. We deplore the fact; we only wish there were a little more ground for the accusations that are brought against the supposed powers of the Catholic clergy of these realms. We should not then have waited till the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven before a real, practical, working Committee was appointed for the education of the poor, under the authority of our Bishops, nor be looking to a Government grant as essential to the performance of one of the most momentous of our Christian duties.

We conclude with an extract on Educational Statistics from the very useful little publication of the Poor-School Committee which we have placed at the head of our remarks.

"Promoters of schools and clergymen generally are often anxious to ascertain what proportion the number of children in their schools ought to bear to the whole number of Catholics resident in the Mission. The subject is one of great practical importance, and requires a thorough investigation. The few observations subjoined may supply data for a decision.

"At the close of the year 1840, Prussia, with a population (excluding Neufchâtel) of 14,928,501, was teaching, in various schools, 2,341,082 persons, from five to fourteen years of age; or one in 6.38 nearly of the entire population.\*

"Wurtemberg, Baden, and Saxony, may probably have under instruction a like proportion, or about one in six of the population. In Bavaria, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Hanover, the ratio may be one in seven or eight.

"In Austria the ratio is variously given at one in thirteen, and one in ten.

"Switzerland, in the Cantons of Zurich, Berne, Argau, Vaud, and St. Gall, can boast of having one scholar for every five inhabitants; in Soleure, one for every nine.

"In Holland, education is said to be universal. In 1838, the proportion receiving primary instruction was one in eight of the population.

"Belgium is represented as very far behindhand in this respect.

"In France, one in eleven or twelve receives some sort of schooling.

"In Sweden, in 1839, not one in a thousand of the population was unable to read and write. In Norway and Denmark, the scholars count one in seven of the population.

\* "These and subsequent figures are borrowed from an elaborate pamphlet by Professor Hoppus, 'The Crisis of Popular Education, 1847.'"



"The political commotions of Spain have prevented the spread of primary instruction.

"Russia, in 1835, possessed schools containing one in forty-five of the whole number of inhabitants.

"In the United States, setting aside the children of slaves, about one in five; and, in the New England States, one in four are under instruction.

"Turning to our own country, we learn from the census of 1821, that out of the whole population of England and Wales, returned at 11,978,875, there were at that time, under five years of age, 1,566,268; or 14.873 per cent of the whole population; from five to ten, 1,376,315, or 13.07 per cent; from ten to fifteen, 1,172,979, or 11.139 per cent: total under fifteen, 4,115,562, or 39.082 per cent.

"In 1841, the proportion of persons under fifteen years of age was not so large.

"Various opinions are entertained as to the length of time during which children may be expected to remain in school. Some reckon all children between five and twelve-and-a-half years of age; which gives a proportion of about one in five and a-half of the population. Dr. Hook, Mr. Moseley, and others, think that in every district school-provision ought to be made for one in six.

"Another calculation assumes the space between six and twelve as the average school-period. On this supposition, the proportion in school ought to be about one in seven of the population.

"One in eight was the estimate of the Parliamentary Committee in 1837. Others have thought one in nine as large a number as can be expected in the present state of employment; and this number is nearly realised in existing schools.

"In estimating the number with respect to Catholic schools and the Catholic population, there are reasons for placing the proportion very high. For, in the first place, we are all poor, and can allow but a small deduction for persons able to educate themselves. Then, our schools are not limited to our own children, as we with pleasure receive well-behaved children of any denomination. Also, it must, we fear, be allowed, that a large number of persons born and educated Catholics, cease, after a time, to frequent the Sacraments; and at length

are no longer numbered with us. For these reasons, it seems by no means extravagant to take for us a proportion actually realised in Switzerland, and more than realised in America; and to assume that in every Mission one out of every five of the Catholic inhabitants ought to be in our Poor-Schools.

"How frightfully, then, does the present state of education tell against us! In London there are supposed to be 200,000 Catholics. Taking the proportion arrived at above, we ought to have 40,000 children at school. What is the fact? We have about 5,000. And where are the 35,000? The lanes and kennels—too often the prison and the hulks—will tell. Often, too, our Protestant neighbours do for our children, in their way, what we neglect to do for them in the right way. The Report of the Ragged School Union, lately published, mentions expressly of a school in Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane: 'Many of the children are of Roman Catholic parents; but the authorised version of the Scriptures is read and explained to all.' The same Society\* supports, in George Street, St. Giles', Free-schools for Irish boys, girls, and infants, in which education is based on daily Scripture reading.

"The subject of the ratio of baptisms to the population, and to the number of children requiring education, is one upon which we cannot now enter."

\* "At the conclusion of their Report, the Committee of the Ragged School Union observe: 'It is encouraging to notice that all sections of the Christian Church seem now resolved to come forward and agree to merge all minor differences in this effort to rescue poor perishing children. They desire to encourage in every way this truly Christian spirit, and to preserve inviolate the broad basis and unsectarian character of the society.' If the Committee would candidly reconsider the case of the Catholic Christian child, they would not fail to see how contrary to their charitable principle it is to compel him daily to read a translation of the Bible which he and his parents and guardians believe to be corrupt. We trust they will discontinue this practice, for the sake of their consistency, and out of regard for their version of the Scriptures, which Catholics cannot read with the reverence Protestants would wish to have shewn it."

## MILNES' LIFE OF KEATS.

*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.* Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. London, Moxon.

VERY near the termination of the biographical portion of these volumes occurs the following extract from a letter of Mr. Severn, the painter, and the affectionate friend of Keats, who watched over him as a brother in his last moments:

"Poor Keats has now his wish—his humble wish; he is at peace in the quiet grave. I walked there a few days ago, and found the daisies had grown all over it. It is in one of the most lovely retired spots in Rome; you cannot have such a place in England. I visit it with a delicious melancholy which relieves my sadness. When I recollect for how long Keats had never been one day free from ferment and torture of mind and body, and that now he lies at rest, with the flowers he so desired above him, with no sound in the air but the tinkling bells of a few simple sheep and goats, I feel indeed grateful that he is here, and remember how earnestly I prayed that his sufferings might end, and that he might be removed from a world where no one grain of comfort remained for him."

In the same spirit of miserable materialism and self-contradicting sentimentality, has Mr.

Monckton Milnes written the life of the unhappy young poet, and overspread it with a superabundance of remarks and reflections of his own. Mr. Severn's words are a true picture, indeed, of that melancholy, delusive state of thought and feeling, which characterises too much of our current and popular literature, even where it does not run counter to the common law of morality and decency. There are hosts of writers daily flooding the press with their books—dull, mediocre, or clever—who talk, on the subject of the future destiny of man, an amount of nonsense which would be inconceivable in any one of the common affairs of the present life. Here we have a man of intelligence, feeling, and practical self-denial, speaking of a departed soul as if it were actually beneath the sod he treads upon; and with no more recognition of its positive, separate, spiritual existence, than if it were the mere carcass of a dog buried in the earth, and covered over with violets and daisies.

And such, we are bound to say, is too clearly the spirit which reigns throughout all

Mr. Milnes' pages. Keats was little better than an atheist. Death, to his mind, was synonymous with annihilation. Borne down and prematurely old through the pressure of disease, he dwelt habitually upon the idea that he was marked for misery by a cruel fate; that destiny was against him; that his lot was worse than that of ordinary humanity; and that as he had no hope in life, so the sooner he died the better; because, in the grave, there would be neither sorrow nor joy.

Now we are far enough from pretending that every memoir should be a species of theological treatise, or that a biographer is bound to register his protest against every opinion of the subject of his book from which he himself dissents; but, at the same time, there is a reasonable medium to be hit upon; which, without launching into controversy, shall express a writer's cordial disapprobation of any thing that is peculiarly abominable in the life or sentiments of the individual whose portrait he is giving to the world. Far from attempting any thing of this kind, Mr. Monckton Milnes would have us suppose that, with Keats, he looked upon Christianity as a fiction, or a fraud; or, at best, as but one of those graceful systems of poetic mythology, which had such a charm for the imagination of the young poet, and to whose fascinating blandishments he yielded what little of devotional sentiment was the lot of his melancholy mind.

A more saddening book we never read than these memorials before us. From the cradle to the grave, we watch the course of a mind drifting along the stream of life, without rudder or compass, with no helmsman to watch the guiding light of some polar-star; and at length plunging into the vast ocean of eternity, only to be submerged beneath its bottomless abyss. The flickering beams of human friendship and wayward affections, which now and then cast a ray upon the course of Keats' days, serve only to reveal more clearly the mournful darkness which brooded over the depths of his spirit; and the comparative absence of that disgusting love of sensual pleasure, which too often characterises men of his mould of mind, awakens a keener sorrow that one who *might* have been so gloriously different, and who, with all his infirmities, yet attracted the love and regard of strangers, and preserved the warmth of true fraternal affection, should be thus awfully blinded to the real destinies of his being, and should soar in imagination to heights above this earth, only to return to its grovelling dust, and believe that there was *nothing* beyond. Was there ever a more touching confession than the following, from a young man of twenty-two years of age?

"I think — or — has a better opinion of me than I deserve; for, really and truly, I do not think my brother's illness connected with mine. You know more of the real cause than they do; nor have I any chance of being rack'd as you have been. You, perhaps, at

one time thought there was such a thing as worldly happiness to be arrived at, at certain periods of time marked out. You have of necessity, from your disposition, been thus led away. I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. I look not for it if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel. The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—'Well, it cannot be helped: he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit;' and I beg now, my dear Bailey, that hereafter, should you observe any thing cold in me, not to put it to the account of heartlessness, but abstraction; for I assure you I sometimes feel not the influence of a passion or affection during a whole week; and so long this sometimes continues, I begin to suspect myself, and the genuineness of my feelings at other times, thinking them a few barren tragedy-tears."

John Keats was born in London, in 1795. His father was originally in very humble life, and employed in the livery-stables of Mr. Jennings in Moorfields. He married his master's daughter, however, and thus rose considerably in life. He died, however, when Keats was a child; and the son was but fifteen when the mother died also.

"He resembled his father in feature, stature, and manners; while the two brothers were more like their mother, who was tall, had a large oval face, and a somewhat saturnine demeanour. She succeeded, however, in inspiring her children with the profoundest affection, and especially John, who, when on an occasion of illness, the doctor ordered her not to be disturbed for some time, kept sentinel at her door for above three hours with an old sword he had picked up, and allowed no one to enter the room. At this time he was between four and five years old; and later he was sent, with his brothers, to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, which was then in high repute. Harrow had been at first proposed, but was found to be too expensive.

"A maternal uncle of the young Keats's had been an officer in Duncan's ship in the action off Camperdown, and had distinguished himself there, both by his signal bravery and by his peculiarly lofty stature, which made him a mark for the enemy's shot; the Dutch admiral said as much to him after the battle. This sailor-uncle was the ideal of the boys, and filled their imagination when they went to school with the notion of keeping up the family's reputation for courage. This was manifested in the elder brother by a passive manliness, but in John and Tom by the fiercest pugnacity. John was always fighting; he chose his favourites among his schoolfellows from those that fought the most readily and pertinaciously; nor were the brothers loath to exercise their mettle even on one another. This disposition, however, in all of them, seems to have been combined with much tenderness, and, in John, with a passionate sensibility, which exhibited itself in the strongest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval. He gave way to his impulses with no regard for consequences: he violently attacked an usher who had boxed his brother's ears; and on the occasion of his mother's death, which occurred suddenly in 1810 (though she had lingered in some years in a consumption), he hid himself in a nook under the master's desk for several days, in a long agony of grief, and would take no consolation from master or friend. The sense of humour, which almost universally accompanies a deep sensibility, and is perhaps but the reverse of the medal, abounded in him; for the first, he took infinite delight in any grotesque orality or novel prank of his companions, and, after the exhibition of physical courage, appeared to prize the



above all other qualifications. His indifference to be thought well of as 'a good boy,' was as remarkable as his facility in getting through the daily tasks of the school, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was never behind the others. His skill in all manly exercises, and the perfect generosity of his disposition, made him extremely popular: 'He combined,' writes one of his schoolfellows, 'a terrier-like resoluteness of character with the most noble placability;' and another mentions, that his extraordinary energy, animation, and ability, impressed them all with a conviction of his future greatness, 'but rather in a military, or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature.' This impression was no doubt unconsciously aided by a rare vivacity of countenance, and very beautiful features. His eyes then, as ever, were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotions, or suffused with tender sympathies, and more distinctly reflected the varying impulses of his nature than when under the self-control of maturer years: his hair hung in thick brown ringlets round a head diminutive for the breadth of the shoulders below it; while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, any more than the undue prominence of the lower lip, which afterwards gave his face too pugnacious a character to be entirely pleasing, but at that time only completed such an impression as the ancients had of Achilles,—joyous and glorious youth, everlastingly striving."

His education was, on the whole, very defective; and a limited knowledge of English, and translated classical poetry, together with an acquaintance with the Greek and Roman mythology, was almost all that he could be said to have thoroughly acquired. At fifteen, he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, named Hammond; and in due time went to London to walk the hospitals. Notwithstanding his early-developed weakness of health, and the absence of any controlling paternal hand, he seems to have toiled at his little-loved profession, with far more regularity than is usual in young men thus circumstanced; and he passed an examination with some considerable credit. Surgery, however, soon lost all his regards, and he determined to live by his brains; having some little inherited patrimony to help him over his earliest difficulties. Poetry speedily became the first element of his mental existence; and he wrote, read, and criticised verse, from day to day and year to year, with unwearying energy. He made many acquaintances, and some few fast friends; Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Cowden Clarke, Dilke, and Bailey, were among his earliest associates; and their friendship lasted till the end. Mr. Brown, a retired Russia merchant, became an affectionate friend and patron to the young wayward poet, and cherished him as a true protector. With Severn, the painter, Keats became acquainted some little later in his short life; but from his hands he received the last attentions which soothed his dying moments in Italy.

One point is satisfactorily proved by Mr. Milne's life; the *Quarterly* did not kill John Keats. The letters here published, written in the utmost abandon of familiarity, shew plainly that though the poet was hurt and angry with the treatment he received, the bitter criticism

never touched his heart, or affected his general comfort and health. He felt the *Quarterly's* onslaught, indeed, still less than the attack upon his friend Hunt in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. This Magazine (*Blackwood's*) flew upon the poetical brotherhood, of whom Keats was one, with all the virulence of the old Tory school of cynicism; and poured out upon their rhymes all the wrath which had been engendered by their ultra-liberal politics. Here is a portion of a letter to his friend Bailey, on the subject of these criticisms:

"There has been a flaming attack upon Hunt in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. I never read any thing so virulent—accusing him of the greatest crimes, depreciating his wife, his poetry, his habits, his company, his conversation. These philippics are to come out in numbers—called the *Cockney School of Poetry*. There has been but one number published—that on Hunt—to which they have prefixed a motto from one Cornelius Webb, 'Poetaster,' who, unfortunately, was of our party occasionally at Hampstead, and took it into his head to write the following: something about 'We'll talk on Wordsworth, Byron, a theme we never tire on;' and so forth till he comes to Hunt and Keats. In the motto they have put Hunt and Keats in large letters. I have no doubt that the second number was intended for me, but have hopes of its non-appearance, from the following advertisement in last Sunday's *Examiner*:—'To Z.—The writer of the article signed Z. in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, for October 1817, is invited to send his address to the printer of the *Examiner*, in order that justice may be executed on the proper person.' I don't mind the thing much—but if he should go to such lengths with me as he has done with Hunt, I must infallibly call him to account, if he be a human being, and appears in squares and theatres, where we might 'possibly meet.'"

When his hereditary complaint, consumption, began to appear, it quickened all the painful peculiarities of his mind and affections; and accompanied as it was by the formation of an attachment to a young lady, with whom he became acquainted at Hampstead, the record of his state of thought and feeling speedily assumes a more painful and harrowing character than is commonly to be met with, even in the stories of misdirected and unhappy genius. Early in his life his letters betrayed a certain distressing lethargy and languor of mind, betokening what was to come. On one occasion he thus describes himself:

"I have this morning such a lethargy that I cannot write. The reason of my delaying is oftentimes for this feeling,—I wait for a proper temper. Now you ask for an immediate answer, I do not like to wait even till to-morrow. However, I am now so depressed that I have not an idea to put to paper; my hand feels like lead. And yet it is an unpleasant numbness; it does not take away the pain of existence. I don't know what to write.

"[Monday.]—You see how I have delayed; and even now I have but a confused idea of what I should be about. My intellect must be in a degenerating state—it must be—for when I should be writing about—God knows what—I am troubling you with moods of my own mind, or rather body, for mind there is none. I am in that temper, that if I were under water I would scarcely kick to come up to the top. I know very well 'tis all nonsense. In a short time I hope I shall be in a temper to feel sensibly your mention of my book."

Again he writes:

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"I think — or — has a better opinion of me than I deserve; for, really and truly, I do not think my brother's illness connected with mine. You know more of the real cause than they do; nor have I any chance of being rack'd as you have been. You, perhaps, at

one time thought there was such a thing as worldly happiness to be arrived at, at certain periods of time marked out. You have of necessity, from your disposition, been thus led away. I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness. I look not for it if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel. The first thing that strikes me on hearing a misfortune having befallen another is this—'Well, it cannot be helped: he will have the pleasure of trying the resources of his spirit;' and I beg now, my dear Bailey, that hereafter, should you observe any thing cold in me, not to put it to the account of heartlessness, but abstraction; for I assure you I sometimes feel not the influence of a passion or affection during a whole week; and so long this sometimes continues, I begin to suspect myself, and the genuineness of my feelings at other times, thinking them a few barren tragedy-tears."

John Keats was born in London, in 1795. His father was originally in very humble life, and employed in the livery-stables of Mr. Jennings in Moorfields. He married his master's daughter, however, and thus rose considerably in life. He died, however, when Keats was a child; and the son was but fifteen when the mother died also.

"He resembled his father in feature, stature, and manners; while the two brothers were more like their mother, who was tall, had a large oval face, and a somewhat saturnine demeanour. She succeeded, however, in inspiring her children with the profoundest affection, and especially John, who, when on an occasion of illness, the doctor ordered her not to be disturbed for some time, kept sentinel at her door for above three hours with an old sword he had picked up, and allowed no one to enter the room. At this time he was between four and five years old; and later he was sent, with his brothers, to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, which was then in high repute. Harrow had been at first proposed, but was found to be too expensive.

"A maternal uncle of the young Keats's had been an officer in Duncan's ship in the action off Camperdown, and had distinguished himself there, both by his signal bravery and by his peculiarly lofty stature, which made him a mark for the enemy's shot; the Dutch admiral said as much to him after the battle. This sailor-uncle was the ideal of the boys, and filled their imagination when they went to school with the notion of keeping up the family's reputation for courage. This was manifested in the elder brother by a passive manliness, but in John and Tom by the fiercest pugnacity. John was always fighting; he chose his favourites among his schoolfellows from those that fought the most readily and pertinaciously; nor were the brothers loath to exercise their mettle even on one another. This disposition, however, in all of them, seems to have been combined with much tenderness, and, in John, with a passionate sensibility, which exhibited itself in the strongest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval. He gave vent to his impulses with no regard for consequences; he violently attacked an usher who had boxed his brother's ears; and on the occasion of his mother's death, which occurred suddenly in 1810 (though she had lingered for some years in a consumption), he hid himself in a nook under the master's desk for several days, in a long agony of grief, and would take no consolation from master or from friend. The sense of humour, which almost universally accompanies a deep sensibility, and is perhaps but the reverse of the medal, abounded in him; from the first, he took infinite delight in any grotesque originality or novel prank of his companions, and, after the exhibition of physical courage, appeared to prize these



above all other qualifications. His indifference to be thought well of as 'a good boy,' was as remarkable as his facility in getting through the daily tasks of the school, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was never behind the others. His skill in all manly exercises, and the perfect generosity of his disposition, made him extremely popular: 'He combined,' writes one of his schoolfellows, 'a terrier-like resoluteness of character with the most noble placability;' and another mentions, that his extraordinary energy, animation, and ability, impressed them all with a conviction of his future greatness, 'but rather in a military, or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature.' This impression was no doubt unconsciously aided by a rare vivacity of countenance, and very beautiful features. His eyes then, as ever, were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotions, or suffused with tender sympathies, and more distinctly reflected the varying impulses of his nature than when under the self-control of maturer years: his hair hung in thick brown ringlets round a head diminutive for the breadth of the shoulders below it; while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, any more than the undue prominence of the lower lip, which afterwards gave his face too pugnacious a character to be entirely pleasing, but at that time only completed such an impression as the ancients had of Achilles,—joyous and glorious youth, everlastingly striving."

His education was, on the whole, very defective; and a limited knowledge of English, and translated classical poetry, together with an acquaintance with the Greek and Roman mythology, was almost all that he could be said to have thoroughly acquired. At fifteen, he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, named Hammond; and in due time went to London to walk the hospitals. Notwithstanding his early-developed weakness of health, and the absence of any controlling paternal hand, he seems to have toiled at his little-loved profession, with far more regularity than is usual in young men thus circumstanced; and he passed an examination with some considerable credit. Surgery, however, soon lost all his regards, and he determined to live by his brains; having some little inherited patrimony to help him over his earliest difficulties. Poetry speedily became the first element of his mental existence; and he wrote, read, and criticised verse, from day to day and year to year, with unwearying energy. He made many acquaintances, and some few fast friends; Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Cowden Clarke, Dilke, and Bailey, were among his earliest associates; and their friendship lasted till the end. Mr. Brown, a retired Russia merchant, became an affectionate friend and patron to the young wayward poet, and cherished him as a true protector. With Severn, the painter, Keats became acquainted some little later in his short life; but from his hands he received the last attentions which soothed his dying moments in Italy.

One point is satisfactorily proved by Mr. Milne's life; the *Quarterly* did not kill John Keats. The letters here published, written in the utmost *abandon* of familiarity, shew plainly that though the poet was hurt and angry with the treatment he received, the bitter criticism

never touched his heart, or affected his general comfort and health. He felt the *Quarterly's* onslaught, indeed, still less than the attack upon his friend Hunt in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. This Magazine (*Blackwood's*) flew upon the poetical brotherhood, of whom Keats was one, with all the virulence of the old Tory school of cynicism; and poured out upon their rhymes all the wrath which had been engendered by their ultra-liberal politics. Here is a portion of a letter to his friend Bailey, on the subject of these criticisms:

"There has been a flaming attack upon Hunt in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. I never read any thing so virulent—accusing him of the greatest crimes, depreciating his wife, his poetry, his habits, his company, his conversation. These philippics are to come out in numbers—called the *The Cockney School of Poetry*. There has been but one number published—that on Hunt—to which they have prefixed a motto from one Cornelius Webb, 'Poetaster,' who, unfortunately, was of our party occasionally at Hampstead, and took it into his head to write the following: something about 'We'll talk on Wordsworth, Byron, a theme we never tire on;' and so forth till he comes to Hunt and Keats. In the motto they have put Hunt and Keats in large letters. I have no doubt that the second number was intended for me, but have hopes of its non-appearance, from the following advertisement in last Sunday's *Examiner*:—'To Z.—The writer of the article signed Z. in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, for October 1817, is invited to send his address to the printer of the *Examiner*, in order that justice may be executed on the proper person.' I don't mind the thing much—but if he should go to such lengths with me as he has done with Hunt, I must infallibly call him to account, if he be a human being, and appears in squares and theatres, where we might 'possibly meet.'"

When his hereditary complaint, consumption, began to appear, it quickened all the painful peculiarities of his mind and affections; and accompanied as it was by the formation of an attachment to a young lady, with whom he became acquainted at Hampstead, the record of his state of thought and feeling speedily assumes a more painful and harrowing character than is commonly to be met with, even in the stories of misdirected and unhappy genius. Early in his life his letters betrayed a certain distressing lethargy and languor of mind, betokening what was to come. On one occasion he thus describes himself:

"I have this morning such a lethargy that I cannot write. The reason of my delaying is oftentimes for this feeling,—I wait for a proper temper. Now you ask for an immediate answer, I do not like to wait even till to-morrow. However, I am now so depressed that I have not an idea to put to paper; my hand feels like lead. And yet it is an unpleasant numbness; it does not take away the pain of existence. I don't know what to write.

"[Monday.]—You see how I have delayed; and even now I have but a confused idea of what I should be about. My intellect must be in a degenerating state—it must be—for when I should be writing about—God knows what—I am troubling you with moods of my own mind, or rather body, for mind there is none. I am in that temper, that if I were under water I would scarcely kick to come up to the top. I know very well 'tis all nonsense. In a short time I hope I shall be in a temper to feel sensibly your mention of my book."

Again he writes:

"This morning I am in a sort of temper, indolent and supremely careless; I long after a stanza or two of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*; my passions are all asleep, from my having slumbered till nearly eleven, and weakened the animal fibre all over me, to a delightful sensation, about three degrees on this side of faintness. If I had teeth of pearl, and the breath of lilies, I should call it languor; but, as I am, I must call it laziness. In this state of effeminacy, the fibres of the brain are relaxed, in common with the rest of the body, and to such a happy degree, that pleasure has no show of enticement, and pain no unbearable frown; neither poetry, nor ambition, nor love, have any alertness of countenance; as they pass by me, they seem rather like three figures on a Greek vase, two men and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in this disguise. This is the only happiness, and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overpowering the mind."

Yet all this is as a pleasant history, compared with the melancholy story of his last weeks at Rome. There he sunk and died, nursed and tended by his friend Severn, but with an ever-increasing anguish and sorrow of soul, which calls forth from his biographer these characteristic words:

"What profounder pathos can the world of tragedy exhibit than this expression of all that is good and great in nature writhing impotent in the grasp of an implacable destiny?"

An extract from Mr. Severn's letters to his friends will best tell the mournful tale.

"Jan. 15th, 1821, half-past eleven.—Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him and read to him to his very last wink; he has been saying to me, 'Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention; you don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. Oh, that my last hour was come!' He is sinking daily; perhaps another three weeks may lose him to me for ever! I made sure of his recovery when we set out. I was selfish: I thought of his value to me; I made my own public success to depend on his candour to me.

"Torlonia, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place; and what is more, if he dies, all the beds and furniture will be burnt and the walls scraped, and they will come on me for a hundred pounds or more! But, above all, this noble fellow lying on the bed, and without the common spiritual comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments! If I do break down it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this dark wilderness.

"If I could leave Keats every day for a time I could soon raise money by my painting, but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money; that would kill him at a word. You see my hopes of being kept by the Royal Academy will be cut off, unless I send a picture by the spring. I have written to Sir T. Lawrence. I have got a volume of Jeremy Taylor's works, which Keats has heard me read to-night. This is a treasure indeed, and came when I should have thought it hopeless. Why may not other good things come? I will keep myself up with such hopes. Dr. Clark is still the same, though he knows about the bill; he is afraid the next change will be to diarrhoea. Keats sees all this; his knowledge of anatomy makes every change tenfold worse; every way he is unfortunate, yet every one offers me assistance on his account. He cannot read any letters; he has made me put them by him unopened. They tear him to pieces; he dare not look on the outside of any more: make this known.

"Feb. 18th.—I have just got your letter of Jan. 15th. The contrast of your quiet friendly Hampstead with this lonely place and our poor suffering Keats, brings the tears into my eyes. I wish many many times that he had never left you. His recovery would have been impossible in England; but his excessive grief has made it equally so. In your care he seemed to me like an infant in its mother's arms; you would have smoothed down his pain by variety of interests, and his death would have been eased by the presence of many friends. Here, with one solitary friend, in a place savage for an invalid, he has one more pang added to his many; for I have had the hardest task in keeping from him my painful situation. I have kept him alive week after week. He has refused all food, and I have prepared his meals six times a day, till he had no excuse left. I have only dared to leave him while he slept. It is impossible to conceive what his sufferings have been; he might, in his anguish, have plunged into the grave in secret, and not a syllable been known about him: this reflection alone repays me for all I have done. Now, he is still alive and calm. He would not hear that he was better; the thought of recovery is beyond every thing dreadful to him; we now dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have.

"In the last week a great desire for books came across his mind. I got him all I could, and three days this charm lasted, but now it has gone. Yet he is very tranquil. He is more and more reconciled to his horrible misfortunes.

"Feb. 14th.—Little or no change has taken place, except this beautiful one, that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace. I find this change has to do with the increasing weakness of his body, but to me it seems like a delightful sleep: I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long. To-night he has talked very much, but so easily, that he fell at last into a pleasant sleep. He seems to have happy dreams. This will bring on some change; it cannot be worse, it may be better. Among the many things he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal, that on his gravestone shall be this inscription:

'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.'

You will understand this so well that I need not say a word about it.

"When he first came here he purchased a copy of *Alfieri*, but put it down at the second page, being much affected at the lines—

'Misera me! sollievo a me non resta,  
Altro che il pianto, ed il pianto è delitto!'

Now that I know so much of his grief, I do not wonder at it.

"Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats supposing it to be one of yours, but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then he has told me *not* to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair. I, however, persuaded him to think otherwise on this point. In his most irritable state he sees a friendless world about him, with every thing that his life presents, and especially the kindness of others, tending to his melancholy death."

He died as he had lived, and was buried in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome.

Of the literary character of these volumes, much need not be said. Many of the letters are interesting; but the majority are commonplace, and not worth the publishing. The poems and fragments, now first given to the world, will not add to the reputation of Keats.



The memoir itself is executed with tolerable skill and simplicity of purpose. The same remark applies to the book which is applicable

to nine selections of letters out of ten; it is twice as long as it need have been.

MR. BELL'S NEW NOVEL.

*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By Acton Bell. London, Newby.

THE names of Acton Bell, Currer Bell, and Ellis Bell, are now pretty generally recognised as mere *noms de guerre* in the literary world. The novels lately published by these supposed individuals, or at least those which have the names of the first two of the three, are too palpably the work of one hand to deceive even the unpractised critic; while few people would doubt that that hand belonged to a woman, and, as we suspect, a Yorkshirewoman. *Jane Eyre* is the best known of all the tales bearing the *Bell* designation; and the last that has come forth from the same source is the story whose title is *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. These two are, indeed, so strikingly alike in sentiment, style, and general modes of thought, that the criticisms which apply to one of them are almost equally applicable to the other.

That the author is a clever and vigorous writer, the popularity of *Jane Eyre* is a fair proof. She has also a certain marked tone of mind, which has impressed itself upon her books, and rendered them more individual and characteristic than the ordinary run even of clever novels. And for the sake of the morals of the novel-reading public, we hope that this their peculiar feature has been the real cause of their attractiveness to many readers; and not that truly offensive and sensual spirit which is painfully prominent both in *Jane Eyre* and in the tale now before us. We should be sorry to believe that sympathy with the authoress's personages, or approval of her principles, had any thing to do with the interest which her books are calculated to excite in those who are wearied with the cloying monotonousnesses of the average run of novels, and who are fascinated with every thing and any thing that is new.

*Jane Eyre* is, indeed, one of the coarsest books which we ever perused. It is not that the *professed* sentiments of the writer are absolutely wrong or forbidding, or that the odd sort of religious notions which she puts forward are much worse than is usual in popular tales. It is rather that there is a certain perpetual *tendency* to relapse into that class of ideas, expressions, and circumstances, which is most connected with the grosser and more animal portion of our nature; and that the detestable morality of the most prominent character in the story is accompanied with every sort of palliation short of unblushing justification. The heroine, who tells the story, and who cer-

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tainly is made to paint herself and her companions with very considerable force and skill, is as utterly unattractive and unfeminine a specimen of her sex as the pen of novelist ever drew.

*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* is also a species of autobiography. One third of the story is told by the hero, a kind of gentleman farmer, whose morals, religion, cultivation, and talents, are about on a par with those of Jane Eyre herself; and the other two thirds consist of the diary of the lady with whom he falls in love, not knowing that, though living in solitude, she is really married to a living husband. Throughout the whole book, there does not appear a single character who has the power to interest the sympathies of the reader. All are commonplace, vulgar, rough, brusquemannered personages, whatever their supposed station in life; while the scenes which the heroine relates in her diary are of the most disgusting and revolting species. She is married to a man of family and fortune, to whom she chose to link herself against the wishes of her friends, and who speedily turns out a sensual brute of the most intolerable kind, and treats her with every indignity, insult, and ill-usage which can be conceived, short of actual personal violence. Her diary is the record of what she endured at his hands, and details with offensive minuteness the disgusting scenes of debauchery, blasphemy, and profaneness, in which, with a herd of boon companions, he delighted to spend his days. By and by, of course, he dies, and the authoress gives us one of those pictures of a death-bed which are neither edifying, nor true to life, nor full of warning to the careless and profligate. In the end, the hero and heroine marry, after a courtship conducted with that peculiar bluntness and roughness of conduct and language which is the characteristic of all this writer's creations.

Nevertheless, on the whole, we should say that *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* is not so *bad* a book as *Jane Eyre*. There is not such a palpable blinking of the abominable nature of the morality of its most prominent characters. The hero and heroine are people of decent intentions; and though the same offensive element of interest (so to call it) occurs in both of the tales, and in each our sympathies are unwittingly engaged for an attachment formed by a married person before death had dissolved the first contracted bond; yet the subject of this second passion in the last published story is more conscious of its

real nature than in its predecessor. The religious sentiments which the authoress puts into the mouth of her heroines are either false and bad, or so vague and unmeaning as to add to the unreality of the scenes, without in any way redeeming their blots, as uncalled-for and unhealthy representations of the viler phases of human life. In a word, unless our authoress can contrive to refine and elevate her general notions of all human and divine things, we shall be glad to learn that she is not intending to add another work to those which have already been produced by her pen.

We hardly know where to find an extract suitable for quotation, by way of illustration of our criticisms, and shall content ourselves with the sketch of one of the least disagreeable individuals who figure in the story.

"The Reverend Michael Millward himself was a tall, ponderous, elderly gentleman, who placed a shovel hat above his large, square, massive-featured face, carried a stout walking-stick in his hand, and incased his still powerful limbs in knee-breeches and gaiters,—or black silk stockings on state occasions. He was a man of fixed principles, strong prejudices, and regular habits,—intolerant of dissent in any shape, acting under a firm conviction that *his* opinions were always right, and whoever differed from them must be either most deplorably ignorant or wilfully blind.

"In childhood, I had always been accustomed to regard him with a feeling of reverential awe—but lately, even now, surmounted; for though he had a fatherly

kindness for the well-behaved, he was a strict disciplinarian, and had often sternly reproved our juvenile failings and peccadillos; and, moreover, in those days whenever he called upon our parents, we had to stand up before him, and say our catechism, or repeat 'How doth the little busy bee,' or some other hymn, or—worse than all—be questioned about his last text, and the heads of the discourse, which we never could remember. Sometimes the worthy gentleman would reprove my mother for being over-indulgent to her sons, with a reference to old Eli, or David and Absalom, which was particularly galling to her feelings; and very highly as she respected him and all his sayings, I once heard her exclaim, 'I wish to goodness he had a son himself! He wouldn't be so ready with his advice to other people then; he'd see what it is to have a couple of boys to keep in order.'

"He had a laudable care for his own bodily health—kept very early hours, regularly took a walk before breakfast, was vastly particular about warm and dry clothing, had never been known to preach a sermon without previously swallowing a raw egg—albeit he was gifted with good lungs and a powerful voice,—and was, generally, extremely particular about what he eat and drank, though by no means abstemious, and having a mode of dietary peculiar to himself,—being a great despiser of tea, and such slops, and a patron of malt liquors, bacon and eggs, ham, hung beef, and other strong meats, which agreed well enough with his digestive organs, and therefore were maintained by him to be good and wholesome for every body, and confidently recommended to the most delicate convalescents or dyspeptics, who, if they failed to derive the promised benefit from his prescriptions, were told it was because they had not persevered; and if they complained of inconvenient results therefrom, were assured it was all fancy."

## SHORT NOTICES.

*The Plain Chant the Image and Symbol of the Humanity of our Divine Redeemer and the Blessed Mary. A Discourse.* By the Rev. H. Formby. London, Burns.

THIS is a brief sermon; but in it Mr. Formby has included the following astounding assertions:

1. That plain chant is an image and symbol of the humanity of Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin.

2. That plain chant is always fervently loved by pious monks and nuns; and consequently that those who do not like it are bad monks and nuns.

3. That the devil entertains a "known hatred" to plain chant, but that he has no such special hatred for any other kind of religious music.

4. That persons who have no musical ear, perceive the plain chant "to be a real manifestation of Christ to their own hearts."

5. That there is an "actual correspondence" between plain chant and our Lord's humanity in the following points: 1. His royalty; 2. His priesthood; 3. His prophetic office; 4. His character as giver of life in the Eucharist; 5. His virgin beauty and sweetness; 6. His sympathy; 7. His warriorship.

6. That persons who sing plain chant never grow tired of it.

7. That *because* our blessed Lord and his Mother were adorned with a virgin beauty and sweetness, *therefore* it is improper that those who sing plain chant should sing with a harsh, loud, or screaming voice, or that one voice should predominate among the rest.

8. That those who think the tradition of the old Church-singing is lost, are "people of the world."

After this, Mr. Formby's hearers must have been surprised when he added that "singing, after all, is an art;" and that certain *sufferings* are attached to the plain chant. We cannot ourselves but regret that he should devote so much zeal, perseverance, and ingenuity to the Quixotic attempt to convince mankind that those who like plain chant are all saints, and those who dislike it are all sinners. It is but a waste of qualifications and energies which might be most usefully employed, and tends to throw an air of absurdity over the whole question, which will do more to prevent rational persons from cultivating the art of Gregorian singing, than the fiercest attacks of the partisans of modern music.

*The Prose Works of John Milton.* Vol. I. With a Preface by J. A. St. John. London, Bohn.

HERE we have the celebrated treatises, "A Defence of the People of England," and "Eikonoklastes," at a price which will be a boon to the lovers of old English literature, and heralded by a penny-trumpet blast from Mr. J. A. St. John, who has caught nothing from Milton except the worst features of his opinions, and the ungainly awkwardness of his style. Mr. St. John's principles may be known from his justifying Milton's views on the subject of divorce. His style he truly describes himself, when he says that nature has not gifted him with a tithe of Milton's elo-



quence. We need scarcely add that he echoes Milton's commonplace, though ultra, opinions on "popery and prelacy." It is a pity that so valuable a reprint should be disfigured by such an introduction; for whatever were Milton's faults, *twaddle* was not among them.

*Clarendon; a Tale of recent Times.* By Eliza Smith. Dolman.

THIS is a short tale, pleasingly and amiably written, but as slight as possible in its form, with which are interwoven the popular arguments against Protestantism. But why has the fair authoress prefixed mottos to her chapters extracted from her own poems alone?

*Tales, Essays, and Poems.* By Joseph Gostick. Simpkin and Marshall.

A COLLECTION of tales and essays, as superficial in idea as they are flat in execution. They may be called "progress-and-water."

*Chronicles of the Crusades; including the Chronicles of Richard of Devizes and Geoffrey de Vinsauf, and the Lord de Joinville's Memoirs of Louis IX.* Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

ALL these three old Chronicles are valuable and interesting; while *Joinville's Memoirs of St. Louis* are among the most delightful of the stories of the old Chroniclers. The sale of such books is among the best literary signs of the times.

*The Miseries of our Time, and their Remedies, a Work for the People.* By a Catholic Merchant. London, J. Brown.

THE first paragraph of this pamphlet details its contents:

"There is but *one* cause of our present social convulsion; and this cause, this primary source of *all evil* to society, is, *the physical and moral neglect of the masses of the people.*

"The principal degradation of the masses, of the poor in particular, arises: 1. From the suppression or subjugation of the Catholic Church and her institutions by the State, whether Catholic or Protestant, Greek or Turk. 2. From an unchristian mode of taxation. 3. From the overworking of the poorer classes. 4. From restrictions, or so-called protection, in trade and commerce.

"The moral degradation of the poor arises: 1. From the suppression or subjugation of the Catholic Church and her institutions by the State, whatever its religion or government. 2. From the existence of State Churches, whatever their name or character. 3. From unjust and antichristian taxation. 4. From the overworking of the poorer classes."

In expounding his views, the Catholic Merchant writes with considerable force and vigour, and always with charity. We do not of course pretend to agree with every detail in the comprehensive scheme he unfolds; but have no hesitation in recommending his pages to general notice, and in saying that we cordially wish that the mercantile body of England contained a good many more such writers and thinkers.

*History of the French Revolutions from 1789 til the present Time.* By T. W. Redhead. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Chambers.

THIS appears to be a careful and temperate commencement of a history of one of the most momentous series of events which the world has ever known. Mr. Redhead of course takes a different view from ourselves with respect to the conduct of those who were called "the constitutional clergy" in the first revolution; and his account of the proceedings resulting from the oath imposed by the revolutionary government on the Catholic priesthood, is as pretty a piece of self-contradiction and bad logic as ever was seen. Mr. Redhead's style is unpretending and straightforward, but far from dull or tame.

## Ecclesiastical Register.

### GIFT FROM PIUS IX. TO ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, LONDON.

Hrs Holiness Pius IX. has been pleased to express the warmest interest in the recent opening of St. George's Church. He desired a long account of it to be compiled from the English journals, and inserted in the Roman official *Gazette*. But still further to record the satisfaction which that important event has afforded him, he has graciously presented to that church a gold chalice and paten, of the value of a thousand scudi, and has accompanied the gift with the following letter, interesting to all who through it receive the Holy Father's blessing:

PIUS P.P. IX.

Venerabilis Frater Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. Nullis quidem verbis exprimere possumus, Venerabilis Frater, quam valde exultaverit cor Nostrum in Domino ubi cognovimus novum in illustri atque amplissima ista urbe Templum Catholicæ religionis cultui sacrum, et magnifice exstructum, iv Nonas hujus mensis splendidissimo sane apparatu solemnique pompa, et summa cum hominum frequentia apertum fuisse. Ac dum humillimas maximasque elementissimo misericordiarum Patri agimus habe-

musque gratias ob ejusmodi recens et insigne Ecclesiæ suæ sanctæ decus, ab Ipso in omni oratione et obsecratione suppliciter exposcere numquam intermitteremus, ut uberrima divinæ suæ gratiæ dona propitius effundat, quo sancti sui nominis gloria istie quotidie magis amplificetur, ac fidelis populus merito ac numero augeatur. Tibi autem vehementer in Domino gratulamur, Venerabilis Frater, quod pro egregia tua pietate, religione, ac jamdiu perspecta sacerdotali virtute in hac etiam re zelum Catholico antistite plane dignum explicaveris, nullisque neque curis, neque consiliis, neque laboribus Tibi parcendum esse duxeris, ut tam salutare opus ad optatum exitum adduceretur. Jam vero in Templo ipso perenne aliquod Nostræ voluntatis monumentum existere, et præcipue Nostræ in Te, et in istum Clerum Populumque fidelem benevolentiae significationem exhibere optamus, ut omnes vel facile intelligant quanta Nos lætitia et consolatione ob ejusmodi eventum affecti fuerimus. Itaque cum Nostris hisce Litteris ad Te mittimus calicem in rei divinæ usum ex solido auro cum adjuncta patena confectum, quem hodierno die Sanctissimæ Dei Genitrici Immaculatæ Virgini Mariæ, cui a Carmelo nomen, sacro in Missæ Sacrificio adhibuimus, et quem novo isti Templo donamus

Atque utinam Nobis datum esset, ut majora possemus, quandoquidem Nostris esset in votis longe ampliora ad idem Templum mittere munera, nisi misera rerum ac temporum obstaret conditio. Perge, ut facis divino auxilio fretus, Venerabilis Frater, omni cura, studio, doctrina, prudentia, constantia strenue alacriterque urgere talentorum negotiationem, quæ est de animabus Christo lucrandis, nihilque intentatum relinque, ut sanctissima nostra religio majora istic in dies incrementa suscipiat. Nos quidem licet indigni haud omitemus in humilitate cordis Nostri Deum per Jesu Christi Filii sui merita obsecrare, ut Tibi in abundantia divinæ suæ gratiæ semper propitius adesse velit, tuisque laboribus benedicat, et iis, quæ istic plantaveris et rigaveris, majus in dies incrementum tribuat. Atque superni hujus præsidii auspicem, et potissimæ Nostræ in Te caritatis pignus accipe Apostolicam Benedictionem, quam ex intimo corde profectam Tibi ipsi, Venerabilis Frater, cunctisque Clericis, Laicisque fidelibus tuæ vigilantie commendatis peramanter impertimur.

Datum Romæ apud S. Mariam Majorem die 16 Julii, anno 1848. Pontificatus Nostri Anno Tertio.

PIUS P.P. IX.

VENERABILI FRATRI NICHOLAE WISEMAN,  
Episcopo Melipotamensi Pro-Vicario Apostolico Lond.

The following is a translation of this Christian and affectionate document :

PIUS P.P. IX.

Venerable Brother, health and apostolic benediction. No words can express, Venerable Brother, how greatly our heart rejoiced in the Lord, when we learnt that on the 12th of this month a new church, sacred to the service of the Catholic religion, and magnificently built, had been opened in that illustrious and immense city, with solemn pomp and truly splendid preparation, and with a vast attendance of people. And whilst we offer up our abundant and most humble thanks to the bountiful Father of mercies for this late and signal honour to his holy Church, we shall never cease earnestly to beseech Him in every prayer and supplication, that He would be pleased to pour out the fruitful gifts of his divine grace, so that the glory of his holy name may be there daily magnified, and his faithful people increase in number and desert.

And for you, Venerable Brother, do we rejoice in the Lord exceedingly, that beside your eminent piety, religion, and priestly virtue, which have been so long conspicuous, you have, in this very matter, displayed a zeal manifestly worthy of a Catholic Prelate, and brought yourself to spare no care, nor counsel, nor labour, until so good a work was carried out to the wished-for end. And as we wish that there should exist some lasting monument of our pleasure in that church, the more especially to exhibit a mark of our good-will to you, and to the clergy and faithful people, that all may readily understand with what joy and consolation we were affected at such an event; for this purpose we send you with these our letters, a chalice for the use of the Divine office, made of solid gold, with the accompanying paten, which we have this day made use of in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, on the Feast of St. Mary of Mount Carmel, the Immaculate Virgin and most holy Mother of God, and which we present to this new church.

Would that it were given to us to do more;

forasmuch as it would be our desire to send far costlier gifts to that church, did not the miserable condition of the times and circumstances forbid. Go on as you are doing, Venerable Brother, trusting in the Divine aid, with all care, study, learning, wisdom, and constancy, strenuously and heartily to follow the stewardship of the talents committed to you, which is to gain souls for Christ, and leave nothing untried that our most holy religion may there daily receive greater additions. We ourselves, albeit unworthy, will not omit, in the humility of our heart, to beseech God, through the merits of his Son Jesus Christ, that He would be pleased always to be with you in the abundance of his divine grace; that He would bless your labours, and daily bestow a larger growth on those whom you have there planted and watered. And, as a token of this heavenly help, and a pledge of our special love toward you, receive the Apostolic Benediction, which, Venerable Brother, proceeding to yourself from our inmost heart, we do most lovingly impart to all the clergy and faithful laity commended to thy guardianship.

Given at Rome, at St. Mary Major's, on the 16th July, 1848, in the third year of our Pontificate.

PIUS P.P. IX.

TO THE VENERABLE BROTHER, NICHOLAS WISEMAN,  
Bishop of Melipotamus, Pro-V. A. Lond.

#### THE INDULGENCE OF THE PORTIUNCULA.

IN the midst of agitation, and while all is uncertain round him, Pius IX. remains unmoved, discharging his pontifical duties with the same tranquillity as if all were calm. Remembering what was passing at Rome at the time, it is singularly affecting to find the Sovereign Pontiff paying a visit, on the 2d of August, to a poor religious sisterhood, and gaining the Indulgence of the Portiuncula. On that day, attended by his court, he went to the Abbey of the Capuchins, contiguous to the Quirinal, to receive that holy indulgence. After having heard Mass celebrated by his private chaplain, Monsignor Arpi, the holy father entered into the inner choir, and not only admitted this family of the seraphic order to kiss his foot, but, further, went into the cemetery, and there himself intoned the funeral prayers. Thence his Holiness repaired to the neighbouring monastery of St. Mary Magdalen, prayed in the church for some time, and in the choir admitted to the same honour those religious who consecrate their lives to the adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The *Giornale Romano* (now the Pope's official paper) gives some details on the origin of this famous indulgence, commonly called the Pardon of Assisi.

In 1221, St. Francis was in his thirty-ninth year, and his order had been founded fourteen years. In the middle of a gloomy night, this servant of God, being at prayer in his cell, suddenly beheld before him an angel of wonderful beauty, who, in the name of Christ and his holy Mother, ordered him to repair to the neighbouring chapel. St. Francis obeyed, and on quitting his cell found himself surrounded by a resplendent light, which accompanied him to the chapel. Entering therein, he felt himself seized by an ineffable ecstasy of love; and seeing Jesus Christ and the Most Blessed Virgin environed by a multitude of angels, he fell prostrate before their



sacred majesty. Whilst his heart was expanding in burning affections, he heard God himself command him to ask with confidence, and he should be heard. The saint began by imploring mercy for men, and that a plenary indulgence should be granted to all such as, having confessed and communicated, should enter into that chapel, as often as they should enter. Seeing that this favour was not readily accorded, he implored the mediation of Mary, who, touched by the tears and sighs of Francis, soon obtained it of her Divine Son.

The servant of God, full of joy, hasted to Perugia, the then residence of Pope Honorius III., and after having related every thing to him, supplicated him to promulgate the indulgence. The Pope hesitated at an indulgence so extended, so general and perpetual; but St. Francis spoke with so much force, that, to the great astonishment of the Cardinals, the Pontiff granted fully what was asked, only restraining the indulgence to a single day in the year. St. Bernard assures us that the heart of the saint was greatly troubled, and that he passed whole nights in prayer to obtain from God a knowledge of the day on which so great a mercy should be vouchsafed to man.

Two years had passed away, when, in January 1223, after a transcendent victory over the devil, a triumph gained by casting himself naked on the ice and among brambles, in the midst of thickest night, the Lord took pity on such sorrowing penitence. He called the saint to his chapel by an angel, and announced to him with his own mouth that all the faithful might gain the indulgence from the second vespers of St. Peter-in-Vinculis to the setting of the following sun. He ordered him to go to Rome, and make known to the Pope the Divine will, carrying him as a testimony three white and three red roses, whose freshness and beauty continued as if they had that instant been gathered. St. Francis set out with three of his companions, and, in the consistory of Cardinals, laid before Honorius the command he had received, presenting him with the roses. The Pope, confessing the prodigy, confirmed the indulgence, and ordered that it should be published with the greatest solemnity by seven Bishops, ordaining that it should be obtained in his miraculous chapel not once in the year, but every day.

The question being raised in later times if the indulgence was obtained *toties quoties*, Paul III. being at Perugia in 1544, declared to F. Masseo, Vicar-General of the order of Minors, that they must keep to the tradition of the people, which resolved the question affirmatively. In fact, there may be seen in letters of gold on the door of the chapel this inscription:

"AUGUSTI HIC VENIAM DAT TIBI QUÆQUE DIES."

Popes Benedict XI. and XII., Sixtus IV., and St. Pius V. extended the indulgence to all the Franciscan convents, whether of men or women; and Leo X. declared that it was to be obtained in all their churches on the 2d of August, *toties quoties*, as at Assisi.

It would be a vain display of erudition to call to mind that this church was called Our Lady of the Angels, on account of the multitude of celestial spirits that there surround the image of the Most Holy Virgin; that it is called *Portiuncula*, from a parcel of land that was added to it when St. Benedict received it from certain hermits, originally from the Holy Land; that the monks

having, as it were, abandoned it, the Abbé de Montesubosio made an offering of it to St. Francis, who constituted it mother and chief of the whole order. We shall only say, that the indulgence in question is so privileged, that the Popes have been accustomed to observe it even in the holy year, and that the sanctuary is one of the most celebrated in Italy, not to say in the world. At times more than a hundred thousand pilgrims have been seen there in a single year; even now they number twenty or thirty thousand, of all ages and conditions, often from the most distant parts of the earth, who come to seek the treasure of eternal life in this chapel, on whose front is graven the inscription—

"HIC EST THESAURUS VITÆ ÆTERNÆ."

#### THE BISHOP OF LANGRES ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

THE Bishop of Langres has lately taken occasion to set forth the necessity and importance of Christian education, in an address, which we transfer at length to our pages. The position of the speaker, holding the holy office of a prelate of the Catholic Church, and also taking a part in civil government as a deputy to the National Assembly of France, even more, if possible, than his eminent ability and eloquence, render his opinions on the subject of peculiar interest at the present moment. The address was spoken at the distribution of prizes at the College of Juilly, on the last day of July; the occasion having first called forth a speech of great pith from the Abbé Carl, the director of the institution. After having thanked God for the profound tranquillity vouchsafed to the college during the course of the year, while the studies of so many other establishments had been lamentably disturbed, the Abbé shewed, with great vigour and clearness, that under a Republican *régime*, with a form of government calling on every citizen to take his share in public affairs, men of enlightened virtue were more than ever needed; and that thus an education, at once literary, moral, and religious, was more than ever to be insisted on. He forcibly inveighed against the abuse of special studies, directed exclusively to the preparation of youth for a particular profession, which form neither men, nor citizens, nor Christians.

After the address from the director, the Bishop of Langres spoke as follows:

Gentlemen,—The more violent the social agitations of our times, the more sweet and the more intense are the emotions produced by the gentle aspect of this bright assemblage of youth. How great the contrast! Elsewhere are dark disquietude, tumultuous passions, ungrateful toil; here, artless grace, pure joys, cloudless visions. Yet are not these dear sanguine youths called on soon to take their part in the turbulent life of this adventurous age? Must they not in a little while take their share in solving the formidable problem of modern society? And ourselves, while contemplating with pleasure all that there is for them in the present of joy and security, can we glance without anxiety at that all new and doubly unknown future, which will be their portion? You will permit me then, gentlemen, on an occasion so valuable to us all, to suggest a word to their young and quick intellect, that shall be only the modest corollary of the very able ad-

dress that you have just heard—a word on that future, which is the object of so many fears and of so much hope.

What, my friends, is the influence that will preside over the futurity of nations, and, above all, of the French nation, which has the pretension, and in certain respects the right, perhaps, to march at the head of the others? It will not be the influence of arms: arms protect societies, but do not constitute them. It will not be the influence of political science: under the implacable reign of universal publicity, the science of politics will be only a secondary power. That which will decide our future—that which will decide it certainly, irresistibly, and sovereignly, is the influence of *ideas*. The emancipation of ideas, that is to say, their manifestation independent of all authority purely human, is a fact gained—gained for a long time—gained perhaps for ever. We may reason in various ways on the moral value of this civil emancipation of every conception of the mind, good or bad; but we cannot, undoubtedly, revoke the immense fact of this fearful conquest. I shall shew you that here lies all our fortune.

Human ideas, thus freely spread, incline to one another under various influences, and assimilate themselves into systems. Then, grouped into powerful masses, they grow into popular desires, into public passions; and, sooner or later, end in the formation of currents, as it were, in the social atmosphere, before which every power must give way, on pain of being shrivelled and scattered, as is the slender leaf in the day of tempest. Those ideas which are triumphant of a sudden at certain seasons in the life of a people, may not always be the most true, or the most just, or the most advantageous for humanity: they may even, though for a while victorious, be specially false, iniquitous, and fatal; but, however that may be, this is certain, that in the present day particularly, they can be effectively met only by other ideas, brought into play in like manner through the paramount influence of opinion. Thence it follows, that every question of a nation's future is reduced to the knowledge, not of that which shall be the reigning dynasty, not even of that form which shall be given to its government, but of the opinions which shall rule minds and regulate manners. If we can bring about the prevalence of the only ideas which are truly social—those that flow from the breast of God, who alone is, by his nature, truth, justice, and charity—the nations will take their rest in the joy of peace, even as it is said, *In pace in idipsum requiescam* (Ps. iv. 9). But if, which may God forbid, they be the opposite ideas that come off triumphant—if it be falsehood, iniquity, and selfishness, which sway the sceptres of the nations, we may be thoroughly sure, despite every artifice of human wisdom, that the result must always be war, desolation, and ruin; since it is written, *Regnantibus impiis, ruina hominum* (Prov. xxviii. 12). Now, my friends, what are the ideas that man carries into the world when he makes his entry therein,—what are the ideas that each individual, as his portion, then throws into the balance of social destiny, if they be not those that he has received from education? To sum up, then: the future of France is germinating in the general state of the education that our youth is receiving. Both as Christians and as Frenchmen, we cannot, therefore, be too thankful for institutions like that which it is given to us

to contemplate to-day in all the splendour of the hope to which it gives birth.

Indeed, on what subject are we constantly employed as respects yourselves, my children, if not to plant in your souls, and to infuse into your habits, ideas of the true, the just, and the beautiful? *Quaecumque sunt vera . . . quaecumque justa . . . quaecumque amabilia* (Phil. iv. 8). Those ideas that you every where inhale throughout this learned and lovely retirement, that create in you that new man, that child of light which is spoken of by our holy Scriptures, you go hereafter to carry into the world—you go to exhibit, living, speaking, and acting within you. It has been long the glory of this illustrious house to disperse through every province of France young apostles of true and pure social doctrines, who, in these times of anarchy and dread, console the faith and fortify the heart by the integrity of their lives, and by the courage of their piety. Yes, we have seen many of these sons of Juilly as remarkable for their distinguished talents and the extent of their knowledge, as for the charm of their manner and the irreproachable steadiness of their conduct. It may be permitted us here to call to remembrance consolations which are personal to ourselves, and to say that the diocese intrusted to us has received its share of the many Christian generations lately trained in this ancient nursery. My friends, what your elders have done, you yourselves will do. You will do it so much the better, that they have opened to you the path; and that, thanks to their example, a youthful and steadfast Catholic, well informed and fervent, who in all and before all sets his conduct in accordance with his faith, is no longer any where a phenomenon in the world. You will do it with so much the more zeal, that the combat between the true and the false, between the good and the evil, is about to become more ardent, more universal, and more decisive than ever.

Blessings, then, on the masters, so learned and so modest, who have prepared your intellects and your hearts for that war of ideas whose chances hold the world in suspense at this very moment, and the issue of which, I repeat, must determine the fate of the nations. May you, my friends, to the glory of your masters, to the joy of your families, and to the highest benefit of society, ever apply all the knowledge that you cultivate here with so much success, as so much help to defend the cause of Him who has called Himself the God of knowledge. May these early crowns that are about to adorn your brows be the earnest of still more important victories, which you will gain in the world by the superiority of your education, by the firmness of your principles, and, above all, by the ascendancy of your virtues.

#### THE FACULTY OF THEOLOGY IN FRANCE.

THE revolution of February, among its consequent changes, has, in one way or other, submitted almost the whole social system of France to the crucible of parliamentary inquiry. Without expressing an opinion on the decisions of the various committees of the National Assembly, it is impossible not to admit in them both ability and honesty, and positively, a greater infusion of Christian principle than the long reign of Louis-Philippism would have led us to hope for. The existence of this feeling was manifest in the discussion on the salaries of the episcopal body, as before reported



in the pages of the *Rambler*. Even the French economists of the Joseph Hume school evinced a sense of the pounds, shillings, and pence value of religion and its ceremonies altogether strange to their fellows of St. Stephen's. The following discussion on the faculty of theology will be read with great interest, as shewing how the nation now taking the lead in political and social reform is likely to deal with a matter of so much religious importance.

The *Commission des Hautes Etudes*, named by the Committee of Public Instruction, has already devoted several sittings to the subject of the theological faculties, *apropos* to the budget, which will settle their maintenance or suppression. But this will depend on their utility; and the question seems to have assumed the following shape, Are the theological faculties useful, or can they be made so? or are they afflicted with radical inefficiency? The President demanded of M. Sibour (brother of the newly-appointed Archbishop of Paris) the real cause of the little practical utility of these faculties. The reply was, that they suffered under a constitutional defect, in that spiritual authority had never had part enough in their origin, nor in the details of their working. They were the produce of an imperial decree, which gave the Bishop a part in the nomination of the professors. But this was not enough, for throughout their sequent action the temporal or University authority alone interposed. The result is, that the theological faculties have not the sympathies of the clergy—the institution is estranged from them. Thence, according to M. Sibour, their desertion and slight utility.

M. Glaire, the Dean of the faculty of theology of Paris, was of opinion that the faculties were of little service in their present state; but he did not recognise the cause in their constitution, which he regarded as unassailable. The professor of theology was canonically instituted—in some sort more canonically than the Bishop, since the Bishop is nominated by the State, while the professor is presented to the State by the Bishop. M. Glaire maintained that the Bishop was the sole master over the instruction in the faculties, as they existed at present; that, in fact, the decree is deficient; that it did but lay down certain bases, and that it is easy to interpret the decree by starting from the admission that the faculties are a mixed institution. They would be useful if they were recalled to their original object, from which they had somewhat wandered. That object was higher ecclesiastical instruction, given, not to laymen, but to clerks.

M. Sibour could not entirely agree with M. Glaire. He proved by details that the action of the spiritual authority in the organisation and working of the faculties was too weak. By the decree, the Bishop was to present several candidates: in practice he was allowed to present only one. This presentation once made, the spiritual authority had no more to do with the faculty; at least, the decrees and University regulations recognised no more. The professor was named by the minister and instituted by the rector. He drew up a programme of his course, which received the *visa* of the rector, not of the Bishop; he taught, but his teaching was not submitted to the official control of the Bishop. The theological course was under the supervision of the inspectors-generals of the University. When degrees were to be conferred, there was no place on the jury of

examination for the Bishop or his delegates. The ministerial letter permitted them to be invited, that was all. The rector had the right of taking a part in these trials, and even of presiding at them, according to the pretensions recently put forth in one faculty; but there was no provision for the diocesan authority. Lastly, the Bishop had nothing to do with the dismissal of a professor. He might censure the priest, and declare his teaching heterodox; but the dismissal of the professor belonged entirely to the University.

It had been said that all this was canonical, and it had been compared advantageously with the position of a Bishop. The nomination of Bishops by the State was a prerogative conceded by the Church. The State did not make the Concordat alone, but it had made the constitution of the faculties alone. What was asked was, that there should be a convention for these faculties, precisely as in other matters.

On the other hand, on the hypothesis of an agreement, which would be very easy to obtain, they would have a noble and really useful institution. The seminaries taught elementary theology; and looking at the time employed, they could not, and ought not, to teach more. Would they, then, renounce all the magnificent developments of theological science? Would they affirm that Catholic doctrine, morality, Scripture knowledge, the sacred languages, ecclesiastical history and discipline, and canon law, were all useless? No; they were too well informed for that. It would not do, then, to close the few sanctuaries open to theological knowledge; they ought rather to foster attendance at them. They were obliged to admit that the theological did not resemble the other faculties. They permitted the intervention of the Bishop at the beginning—permit it in every principal action of the faculty. Moreover, that it may receive a Catholic character, let there be a previous convention between the two authorities, or let the rules be sanctioned by the supreme pontifical authority.

M. de Cazalès observed, that the degrees given by the existing theological faculties of France had nothing in common with the degrees given by other theological faculties, canonically instituted, existing in other Catholic countries, or with those that existed in France before the Revolution. The latter were current throughout the Catholic Church; the former, ecclesiastically speaking, had no value beyond the diocese in which they were conferred. This was one reason why the clergy rarely sought them. A convention between the two powers, in pursuance of which the French faculties should receive a canonical institution from the Holy See, would be the true means of restoring their importance and influence.

M. Dupin could not see that so many solemnities were required for conferring theological degrees. There was a great difference between them and the sacerdotal character conferred by ordination. He thought that theological faculties, as useless to a state, should be referred to the seminaries. He would allow, if it were possible, a grand centre of instruction in theological knowledge; but whenever it had been attempted, great difficulties had arisen, and every project had fallen to the ground.

M. Sibour replied that, in demanding a Bull for the institution of a faculty of theology and the canonicalness of the degrees it conferred, they were demanding what had always been the case

both in France and elsewhere. There never had been a theological faculty instituted by the State alone. As to degrees, as they bestowed an eligibility for ecclesiastical benefices, independently of the guarantee for capacity, it was impossible to suppose that they could be canonically conferred otherwise than by the delegation of the supreme ecclesiastical authority.

M. Poujoulat having reproached M. Dupin with maintaining the inutility of theological faculties, the latter warmly protested against such a charge. He wished that the clergy should fall back on ancient traditions, which had been too much abandoned. He was for concord between the Church and the State; but in case of conflict, the supreme decision belonged to the State. He wished for liberty, but limited by the law. All the evil had arisen from certain innovators who had attacked the Gallican Church, and even Bossuet, its greatest glory. He hoped that the Republic, equally with the Governments that had preceded it, would know how to make the sovereignty of its authority respected, without offering any affront to religion, whose independence he recognised in the district of purely religious instruction.

At the next meeting, M. Isambert and the Bishops in the Assembly are to be heard.

#### ORIGIN OF THE CHINESE MISSION.

THE following very interesting paper is abridged and translated from an historical essay in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, and forms the first of a series of accounts which we shall, from time to time, lay before our readers, illustrative of the progress of the Church among the Heathen. At all times the devout mind feels a peculiar interest in the records of the struggles between the true faith and the worship of idols, and of the heroic sufferings and deaths of those who give their lives for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; and just now, when the Catholic Church is assuming more of a missionary character in those very countries of Europe where, for so many centuries, she has been acknowledged and obeyed, our interest is quickened afresh in every illustration of the divine powers she displays, when brought into direct contest with the powers of the world, in those lands where the influence of evil is manifested in forms perhaps little known or understood in professedly Christian nations.

In searching into the origin of Christianity in China, we find two epochs assigned for its birth, six centuries distant from each other. The one very ancient, but much disputed, ascends to the time of the Apostles, and makes St. Thomas the founder of the Chinese, as he was of the Indian Church. Those writers support this opinion, who, to explain certain analogies between our sacred rites and the religious usages of the Celestial Empire, maintain that, in the first century of our era, the Chinese confounded Fo with Jesus Christ, and Syrian priests with Hindoo Brahmins. Without, however, insisting on a controverted point, we will pass to more recent facts, which fix the appearance of the faith in China at a precise and recognised date, whether it was then introduced for the first time, or merely re-animated.

In the year 1625, in a small city of Chen-si, called Sigan-fou, and formerly capital of the em-

pire, some workmen, in preparing the foundations of a building, found a stone slab, ten feet high by five broad, on which was engraven a cross, with an inscription in two characters, native and foreign. This inscription stated, that "in the year 635, in the reign of Tai-sung, founder of the thirteenth dynasty, there arrived at Tchang-nang (now Sigan-fou) a man of great virtue, named O-lo-pen, a priest of Ta-sin (the Roman empire). He brought with him the true Scriptures. The monarch invited him to translate these holy books into Chinese; and, after a mature examination of their doctrine, Tai-sung, convinced that it had truth for its basis, perfection for its aim, and peace for its result, ordered that it should be promulgated among his people, and decreed that a church for the new religion should be erected in his capital. Under the successors of this monarch, the faith spread rapidly in the ten provinces of the empire. But the Bonzes and the litterati, backed by the Empress Wouheou, assailed the new worship with a flood of calumny. The Cross quivered for an instant under their efforts; but it was upheld and fortified by the powerful hand of Lohan, the head of the Christian priests. A new emperor, the wise Hivent-sung, came to his aid, and ordered five of his viceroys to visit the churches in person, and protect divine service. A new Pontiff from Ta-sin appeared at Sigan-fou in 744. The Holy Sacrifice was thenceforth celebrated in the palace; an inscription to the glory of the true God, drawn up by the hand of the prince, and suspended at the door of the church, invited the people to unite in this worship. All the empire respected the religion."

The monument of Sigan-fou is dated 781, and concludes with these words, which give a notion of the extent of the Chinese Church at this epoch: "At this time, Nimxou, Pontiff of the faith, governed the multitude of Christians in the eastern regions." With this inscription commences and ends the first appearance of Christianity in China. This brilliant link is the only one of the chain that history has recovered; and until other ecclesiastical monuments are brought to light, a long night of five centuries will veil from our eyes the Christianity of Eastern Asia. The first news Europe received of its existence was brought by the formidable hordes of Genghis Khan.

The Mongolian lances already glittered on the shores of the Adriatic, and menaced terrified Italy. The Roman Pontiff alone nourished the hope of saving Christianity, by bowing the heads of these new Sicambrians beneath the baptism of civilisation. A sublime conception, based on recent instances, that would renew the prodigy of the conversion of the barbarians, and turn the ferocious devastators of Europe into brothers and allies.

Moreover, this hope was justified by facts, which are as certain as they are difficult to explain. It was known that all notion of the faith was not a stranger to these dreaded hordes; that the imperial tribe, the Keraites, had for their chief a Christian prince, slaughtered by Genghis Khan, who was his son-in-law; that the mother of the latter had also professed the Gospel; that many of their chiefs had Christians, probably captives, for their wives; that very recently an apostle, whose zeal was equalled by his knowledge, Simeon the Syrian, had been a resident at the court of the Great Khan, who honoured him with the title of father; and lastly, it had been remarked with surprise that crosses were depicted



on a large number of their standards. To all this might be added vague rumours which accredited the existence of an unknown clergy in higher Asia, and represented these Mongol multitudes as a harvest already ripe for the apostolic sickle.

At the moment, then, when the princes of Christendom beheld with anxiety these masses of barbarians breaking on their frontiers, like surges battering the last dike that restrains the fatal irruption, the bark of St. Peter dared to brave their fury, in the hope that the providential wave thus penetrating to the heart of Europe would, in its reflux, carry with it the Cross to the extremities of the world.

It was the epoch of the first Council of Lyons. Innocent IV. there decreed the appointment of missionaries to the Tartars, who numbered China as a mere province of their vast empire; and he wrote on the subject to the orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis. When the Pontiff's appeal was read in general chapter, a contest arose as to who first should offer himself for this perilous enterprise. Those who were elected, looked on with envy by their brethren, received their embraces as a last adieu, and departed, hailing their letters of appointment as sure pledges of martyrdom.

The Dominicans first attempted to move those bands who were encamped at the mouths of the Wolga. The Franciscans, after four months of trial and danger, arrived, in 1247, under the "yellow tent" of "the Son of Heaven." There they assisted at the installation of the Emperor Gayouk, with four thousand ambassadors, and an innumerable crowd of emirs, princes of the blood, and generals, whose magnificence contrasted with the simplicity of two poor monks, appearing among these ferocious warriors to announce to them the Gospel of peace.

There was a rumour that Gayouk was a Christian, and the missionaries endeavoured to sound him on the point; but he refused to explain himself, and dismissed them with an answer that savoured more of the barbarian than of the humble neophyte. Certain it is, however, that Gayouk had two Christians for ministers; that, by their patronage, several Christians obtained admission to the palace; and that a chapel was even opened in the imperial residence for the celebration of the holy mysteries.

Although this first mission did not realise all its hopes, the apostolic zeal was unrelaxed. The road to China was at length re-opened. Henceforward, pilgrims of the Gospel and Tartar messengers crossed each other; Rome and Pekin, for more than a century, exchanged embassies and treaties; one emperor knelt in his capital to receive episcopal benediction, and Popes introduced Chinese mandarins with pomp into the consistory.

From the year 1271 we find these communications established between the east and the west. One of the first acts of the pontificate of Gregory X. was to reply to the Emperor of China, who had demanded for his people a hundred doctors of the Christian law, and had solicited for himself a little of the oil from the lamp that burnt before the Holy Sepulchre. This prince was Khublai, placed by the conquests of Genghis Khan and his own victories at the head of the largest empire of which history makes mention. Though he caused himself to be adored as a god, he rendered homage to the sanctity of Christ, whom he invoked as a prophet, punishing as blasphemy every insult to the Cross. Putting little faith in the vanquished, he preferred to choose his ministers among the

Christians. Often, on great days of religious solemnity, he assembled the faithful around him, and in their presence, after having incensed it, would kiss the book of the Gospel.

Three ambassadors from Sovereign Pontiffs succeeded each other in a short space of time at the court of Khublai. The last and best known was headed by the Franciscan, John of Monte Corvo, who has left us, in a letter to the general of his order, a most delightful picture of the Chinese missions of the fourteenth century. His account is dated the 8th January, 1305. He says:

"After having crossed Persia and India, I arrived at Cathay (China), the dominion of the Emperor of the Mongols, who is called the Great Khan. Handing him the letters of my lord the Pope, I invited this prince to embrace the Christian faith; but he was too hardened in idolatry. However, he has done much good to our brethren, and for two years I have been dwelling in his palace. I have passed twelve in this mission, and without news from Europe, till the arrival of brother Arnold, who is now in his second year of residence. Notwithstanding this abandonment, I have built a church in the city of Cambalu (Pekin), the ordinary residence of the Emperor. It is surmounted by a belfry; and I have set therein three bells, which I ring myself at every hour of office.

"To the present time, I have baptised about six thousand persons; and had it not been for the calumnies that paralysed five years of my ministry, I should have baptised thirty thousand. At this very time, I am busier than ever in conferring this grace on the numerous catechumens who solicit it. I have about me a chosen body of a hundred and fifty little Chinese, from seven to eleven years of age, withdrawn from the bosom of their Pagan families before they could know vice or error. I have baptised them, I have taught them the Greek and Latin letters, and I have transcribed for them thirty-two Psalters and two Breviaries. Eleven of them already know our office, act as a choir like the religious, and, whether I am present or not, go through their week with the same regularity as in our convents. The Emperor comes sometimes to visit my little angels, and is delighted to hear them chant.

"The faithful of Cambalu are not my only flock. At twenty days' journey from that city lived a king called George, who attached himself to me from the first year of my preaching. Not only was he converted to the Catholic faith, but he received minor orders, and assisted me at Mass, clothed in his royal robes. By his example, a great part of his subjects embraced the Gospel; and a handsome church was built for them, at the cost of the prince, who deigned to give it the name of the 'Roman Church,' as a sign of union and recognition. King George died as a Christian should die, six years since, leaving a son, now in his ninth year, who will walk, I have every confidence, in the steps of his virtuous father.

"This, then, is my present position:—I am sufficiently master of the Tartar idiom; I have translated all the New Testament into the language; I teach in freedom, and I publicly preach the Gospel; I am now busy in building a second church at Cambalu; but shall I see its completion? I am already an old man, and I am grey rather through toil and affliction than through age; for I am but fifty-eight."

At the intelligence of the apostolic success of

Brother John, Clement V. hastened to send him as suffragans seven Franciscan missionaries, at the same time nominating him Archbishop of Cambalu and Primate of the East. Among these his assistants was the blessed Odoric of Friuli, one of the most wonderful travellers of the middle ages. After sixteen years of eastern travel, and the baptism of more than twenty thousand infidels, Odoric returned to Europe, demanding fifty new missionaries for China. But he was not himself to conduct them there, for he died at Udine in 1331.

About the same period, John of Monte Corvo also yielded to the fatigue of his glorious apostleship. The Holy See appointed as his successor Brother Nicolas, professor in the faculty of theology at Paris. Whilst he was journeying towards the Mongol steppes, a new embassy from the Emperors of China arrived in Europe, and presented to Pope Benedict XII. the following letter:

"In the strength of the all-powerful the Emperor of emperors, we send our ambassador, Andrew Frank, with fifteen other deputies, to the Pontiff Lord of the Christians, beyond the seven seas, where sets the sun, that for the future the road may be open to our messengers to the Pope, and to those from the Pope to us. Our desire is, that the Pope grant us his benediction, that he always remember us in his holy prayers, and that he protect the Alan Christians, our servants and his children."

From these good offices between Europe and China, there must have sprung incalculable benefits for Christianity, the extent of which time alone could have disclosed. Under the mediation of the Sovereign Pontiffs, the monarchs of the west and the Mongol princes, already united in friendship, would have been drawn still closer by treaties of alliance against the Mussulmans, their common enemy. If this project had succeeded, Islamism would have been strangled, and the world saved from its fury. But a new revolution had already broken out in the East, which, smiting the Mongol throne, long postponed these brilliant hopes. Religion was introduced into China in company with the Tartars; it was proscribed with them as a reminiscence of foreign yoke; the growing congregations, lately so spreading, were dispersed and destroyed, and there were no means of flying to their aid. The sword, ever bared between the Mongols and the Chinese, barred the frontier against the entrance of apostles from without, whilst fanaticism slaughtered those who were within. At length China, regaining herself after a deadly struggle, is shut up more than ever by the great wall; and the Church, stifled in the cradle, for two centuries falls into the silence of death. But whilst on the north she closes against the Gospel the high road of the desert, the Cross returns to her by the south, borne in triumph over the ocean by the ships of Portugal.

Pause we, then, at this first phase of the mission in China; and after having recalled what the apostleship did for the salvation of souls, the only object of its ambition, let us say a word on its purely human benefits, that ordinary but too often forgotten fruit of its heroic devotion.

At the two extremities of the old continent, Christian society and Oriental society, strangers one to another, moved in an isolated sphere, and concentrated their whole life in themselves. Sud-

denly, the irruption of the Mongols made a large gap in the wilderness of nations that divided them. A few monks precipitated themselves into it with their courage and their Cross. The snowy peaks of the Himalayas are scaled; the stormy deserts are traversed; and beyond these sandy oceans, a new land appears—a world unknown is revealed to the old. Not content with having discovered it, these religious desire to place it in contact with their own country, which they have brought into esteem. They take her ambassadors and her princes by the hand, and conduct them to the feet of the Christian Pontiff. Europe and China, astonished at each other's presence, fraternise in solemn interviews: the two civilisations mingle, and are enriched by a mutual interchange of ideas, of language, and of benefits. The link that has brought them together is religion; and the instruments of these productive communications are, as now, poor missionaries, to whom so many nations, till then separated by enmities, oceans, or deserts, were indebted for the happiness of knowing and esteeming each other.

This is not all. These monks, who had transplanted to the extremity of the East, with the faith, the arts of their country, brought thence secrets not less precious, that, deposited in the shade of their convents, germinated there in silence, to break forth in a speedy futurity. Thus the magnetic needle, that was soon to open the immensity of ocean to the navigator—paper-money, that has increased a hundredfold the riches of commerce—gunpowder, that was to arm with thunder the genius of war—printing, that organ of thought that popularises its multiplied echoes even to infinity—all those discoveries that rendered illustrious the close of the middle ages, were then known in Eastern Asia, and altogether unknown in the West. But in consequence of communication with China, and less than a century after the researches of these religious, we see them revealed in Europe. In a word, in a purely human point of view, the missions of the fourteenth century made known to us one-half of the old continent; they put science on the path of her most wonder-working inventions; and they furnished Christopher Columbus with the instrument, and perhaps with the first idea, for his discovery of the New World.

#### COREA.

OF this considerable kingdom, numbering more than 7,000,000 of inhabitants half a century ago, the Western world may be said to know nothing, but that it still holds a place in our maps. The whole of the eastern coast of Asia is, however, daily becoming of increasing interest to the English public, whether in a mercantile or more general sense. The Missionaries of the Catholic Church, traffickers in the most precious merchandise ever offered to man, have always been the most authentic, as they were the earliest, travellers into the remoter regions of "far Cathay;" and it is to a private letter written by one of these, so lately as July 1846, that we are indebted for the following details of this unknown region, which we are sure will be interesting to every reader. M. Daveluy dates his letter from Euri-kool, having been a resident in Corea about ten months.



Corea is a small kingdom, the population of which is not exactly known; but every thing induces me to believe it more numerous than is stated in European works. According to a census of 1793, there were 43,911 houses, and 190,027 souls in the capital; in the provinces, 1,693,414 houses, and 7,152,334 souls; in all, 1,737,325 houses, and 7,342,361 inhabitants. An official document of later date gives the population at—men, 3,596,880; women, 3,745,481.

The kingdom is self-governed, though I can hardly decide if it be tributary to China. Twice in each year a solemn deputation repairs to Peking, to obtain the calendar, and, at the new year, to offer presents to his Celestial Majesty. I confess my ignorance of the exact political bearing of these embassies. Though I find people here who maintain the absolute independence of Corea, I incline to believe her in some degree a vassal, and a fact which I shall state hereafter seems to prove it; but, in effect, the government is unshackled as to internal administration, and those marks of subjection are of little consequence.

Corea is divided into eight provinces, named as follows: Hang-kieng, capital H'am-heung; Pieugn-an, capital Pieugn-hang; Avang-hai, capital Hai-tsiu; Kang-hœun, capital Hœun-tsiu; Kiang-ke, capital Han-iang, or Seoul, which is also the metropolis; Tsong-tsiang, capital of Kong-tsiu; Kieug-sang, capital Tai-kou; Tseulla, capital Tsien-tsiu.

At the head of the government is a king, whose authority is absolute. It is said that, not long ago, he commanded one of his Ministers to kill himself. The latter, not daring to disobey, took poison. There are three high and six inferior ministers, each with a special department. Under their orders are placed the governors of the provinces, residing at the chief towns. These provinces are divided into smaller districts, presided by subaltern mandarins. The residences of these mandarins are alone called cities; and there are 361,—one to each town. All the other places have a generic name, answering to burgh or village, though some of them are of more importance than the towns.

Two parties contend for the good things of office; but the policy never changes, though the men may. They seek to supplant each other solely for wealth and office. The Sipai party is looked on as the more moderate; while the Piokpai is dreaded as implacable.

The origin of these two factions is as follows: About eighty or a hundred years since, an aged king had no son to succeed him. This caused a division among the nobility; some wanting immediately to crown the king's brother, while the others insisted on delay, in the hope that the reigning prince might yet have issue. The former, the Piokpai, secretly sent messengers to Peking to obtain the emperor's consent,—and this would argue some dependence on China; but the Sipai, getting timely information, pursued the emissaries, overtook them in the Corean territory, and beheaded them. However, the old king died childless, his brother succeeded to the throne, and the violent party, who wanted to crown him in anticipation, got the upper hand.

This prince had an excellent son, of herculean strength, and a favourite with the people. The Piokpai, then in power, doubtless dreading his influence, persuaded the king to put him to death. After a long resistance, he at length gave the order; but no minion could be found to exe-

cute it. On his part, the young victim, obedient to the will of his father, offered himself for death; but none could be found to inflict the fatal blow. At last, they suggested to the king to construct a large chest of wood, and to order his son to lay himself within; and so, being enclosed, he died of starvation, after days of agony. From this epoch the two parties have been irreconcilable, bearing a mutual and hereditary hatred. Just now, the moderate party has most partisans, and holds the reins of state. At the last persecution their rivals were in power.

I shall now return to statistics. The towns are composed of mud huts, like the villages, with the difference that the former are more lofty and less filthy. The roofing is of rice-straw; tiles being a rare exception. I have not seen a single house having more than the ground-floor. All is gloomy and mean, even in the royal city. The temples of the idols are the best buildings; and the most beautiful of those do not come near the house of a wealthy Chinese.

It is the same with the means of communication, which may be divided into three classes. The first, which may be translated as the royal road, is generally wide enough for four men a-breast. Carriages not travelling in this country, at least not in the provinces, this is all that is wanted for pedestrians and horsemen. But it frequently happens that the road is suddenly narrowed by some immense stone; and the royal roads are not exempt from this inconvenience. You have often to climb these rocks on your animal, at the risk of breaking your neck or rolling into the neighbouring ditch. Sometimes, in the environs of the capital, the roads are kept in better order; and there is said to be an excellent one leading from the palace to the royal sepulchre.

As to those of the second class, their excellence, width, and convenience vary every quarter of an hour. Stones, rocks, mud, and water,—you have every thing but a road. The third class, a foot broad, more or less, are visible or not, according to the sharpness of your guide; in the rice-fields, often covered with water, or, in the mountains, skirting the precipice.

Of bridges there are two kinds, within my own knowledge. The most common is composed of a few large stones thrown into the water-course at a little distance from each other; while the second is formed of stakes driven into the bottom, and planking laid across covered with earth. When there is plenty of water, as is frequently the case in summer, these substitutes for bridges are either covered or carried away, and the traveller is sure of a ducking. There is a stone bridge at the capital, which is considered magnificent, and one of the wonders of the kingdom.

Navigable rivers are rare; but a few floating boats, and for a short distance; so that the transport of goods is on the backs of men, or of horses and oxen.

The house of the Corean is distinguished by its simplicity. Wood, earth, and straw suffice for its construction. The flooring is slightly raised above the ground. This elevation facilitates subterranean funnels for the smoke of the cooking-stoves, which act as heat-conductors, passing under the dwelling, warming and purifying the apartments. This is pleasant enough in winter, and I have suffered nothing from the cold; but the punishment in summer is dreadful. As a set-off to this inconvenience, the Coreans

live and sleep out of doors in the fine season, and seldom enter their dwellings. The ordinary houses of our Christians and of the poorer Pagans have one or two contiguous rooms, rarely three, and a cooking-house, generally open on all sides. The roofing always extends beyond the dwelling, and forms a little external gallery of great comfort. Internally, all is bare. The rich alone hang their walls with white paper. The flooring is of earth, covered with matting, and each sits where he chooses. Large beams cross the roof, on which hang the linen and household utensils. The bed is every where, for the people stretch themselves where they please. To sum up, the dwelling of the Corean is dark, dirty, and miserable-looking,—rich only in insects of all sorts and of immense sizes.

I would spare you the Corean costume, if the shoes and the hat did not deserve mention for their singularity. The shoes are generally of straw, sometimes of cord. Besides that the stones easily penetrate them, a hole is carefully left at the extremity for the great toe, so that if you kick against any thing, the foot receives the full force of the blow; and if it be muddy or wet, your foot-bath is complete. Straw shoes are, of course, the very thing for a day's march; happily you can purchase a new pair for three or four halfpence, or even for a penny. A Corean never brings his shoes into the room; they are always left at the door. Hence a curious scene arises in our Christian communities. In the evening, the neophytes often come to visit their priest, or to take part in religious ceremonies. On departing by torch-light, every one has to look for his shoes, amid contest and ejaculation, but always in a friendly spirit; all the while shuffling their stockings in the dust or mud, or aught else there may be.

The hats of the men are of extraordinary circumference, made of very small cane, nicely interlaced, and covered with a thin black stuff. They rest on the top of the head, to which they are fastened by a curl, that passes through a small opening in the centre. Within this the men twist their hair, turning it up at the top, and confining it by a sort of hair net-work not at all unbecoming. Young people have a hanging tress, and only acquire the right of dressing the hair in the paternal fashion three days before marriage. Till then they go bare-headed, as the hat would not keep on the head without the hair-plug I have described. In rainy weather, the Coreans use an immense, but very light, straw-hat, that shelters them thoroughly. If they have to work in very heavy showers, they cover themselves in a cloak of straw that would keep off a deluge.

To complete the sketch, I must add, that men in mourning, in place of the net that confines the hair, wear a grey veil, surmounted by a cap of the same material. Out of doors, in place of a hat, they don a perfect roof of straw, that conceals the whole face,—in fact, a complete carnival costume. Showy colours are so completely forbidden in mourning, that a man's cane and pipe-stick must be white. If he does not choose to buy new, he covers the old ones with paper—an easy and economical remedy.

All their mourning customs are ridiculously singular: the mourner is looked on as though he were himself dead. He sees no society, and hardly permits himself to look upwards. His dress, even though a rich man, is always mean. If he goes out, his face is shrouded with a veil;

if he is spoken to, he need not reply,—he is dead. For him to kill any animal, even a serpent, is a crime. In the capital, when a nobleman in mourning meets a mandarin, he takes refuge in the nearest house, for fear of being accosted. Travelling, or at an inn, he withdraws to a solitary chamber, and refuses all communication whatsoever. This custom marvellously favours the holy contraband of souls, and we put ourselves into mourning without any scruple. There are also customs regulating the lamentation for the dead; sorrow should be heard three times in the day at a certain time. On solemn occasions relatives and friends are invited to lament, to make sure of more noise.

I need not say that delicacy is not the peculiar virtue of the Corean; and this is particularly noticeable at table. Every thing is to be found there but what you want: of wines there are all colours and all kinds; Spain itself cannot rival Corea in variety. For spirit, the nobles make use of brandy and mead; a distillation from rice is the vulgar drink. After dinner, digestion is assisted by the pipe or by gossip, in which the Corean is an adept, with the addition of certain games, whose names and rules I am ignorant of. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that in the list of favourite meats the dog holds a high rank, his flesh being considered a delicacy. It was placed before me once, and I tasted it without repugnance. It takes the place of legs of mutton, which are not in fashion here.

A word as to agriculture. You are aware that our peninsula has few plains, all is mountain or valley. But in those few, if the ground be in the least favourable, they plant rice; and the immense quantity of water from the streamlets and small rivers affords every facility for the formation of the reservoirs necessary to that cultivation. The soil is never allowed to lie idle, but is always kept in crop. The ox alone is used for the plough, the horse never being in requisition; and a proposition that I made one day to employ my saddle-horse was received by our Christians with a shout of laughter, absolutely just as if I had suggested the employment of dogs to one of our farmers. Truth to say, the horse would never live if worked in the rice-fields, as they are almost always inundated. Here I may mention that the Corean is nearly amphibious, for he is up to his middle in water all day.

The principal productions are rice, corn, millet, vegetables of all kinds, but very insipid, tobacco, cotton, and different vegetable growths necessary for the manufacture of cloth. The cotton-plant comes from China. It is said to have been unknown in Corea five hundred years ago, and the Chinese took every possible precaution to prevent the exportation of the seed, in order to retain the monopoly of the manufacture. But a member of the annual embassy found the means of procuring a few seeds. Concealing them in a quill, he conferred the gift on his country, of which it is now an abundant product. I have called it the *cotton-plant*, but it is rather a shrub. It perishes every year after crop, and is sown again in the spring like corn, and on the same soil. It is afterwards thinned, so that the plants left are ten inches apart; earth is then raked up round each stalk, as they do in France with potatoes, and a fine crop is obtained in September.

Fruit is plentiful, of almost the same kinds as in France, but very different in taste. Affected by the continual rain of summer, apples, pears,



plums, strawberries, mulberries, apricots, grapes, all are insipid and watery. We have melons without flavour, held by the Coreans equally delicious with or without the outer skin.

It is affirmed that there are numerous mines of gold, silver, and copper, but they are not worked. In many localities, our Christians say that the gold glitters by merely scratching the earth; but it would be difficult to sell it, and the penalties are so severe against those who take it that the offence is rare. My catechist reports that he has seen several rivers that bring down grains of gold in their sand and mud. As to copper, it is as good as it is unused. The Coreans, for fear of enriching themselves perhaps, import from Japan all that they want. This they mix with zinc, and make cooking utensils of it without any fear. Thus combined, it does not easily oxidise; and they say that there is no instance of poisoning by verdigris. Iron mines are also very abundant in certain provinces. Monsignor Ferréol, travelling lately after heavy rains, met with this mineral on the surface all along his road; it was as plentiful as dirt, and every one supplied himself as he chose.

Corean industry is backward. Every object of luxury, all that serves to distinguish the nobleman or to pander to vanity, comes from China. For common use, the indigenous manufacture embraces three branches of industry. Those of hemp and cotton are generally finished in a strong but rough fashion; silks are far more plentiful than fine; woollen cloth is altogether unknown, sheep being extremely rare; it is even said to be forbidden to rear them. The second branch of commerce consists in pottery and porcelain. I give no opinion as to the finish, but this I know, that they attain to a monstrous size in this kind of work. Lastly, Corea is eminent for its arms; her swords and daggers are in request among the Chinese. The muskets would be excellent, if they were not on the antiquated matchlock principle. To finish on this head, I must add that the utensils of daily use are generally passable, and no more. In a country where every man manufactures with his own hands whatever he wants, it is difficult for the workman to acquire remarkable talent.

In Corean life, paper assumes a great importance; the diversity of its employment is infinite; it is used for hats, umbrellas, bags, and even for cloaks, that resist sometimes as much as their cloth. The window-frames have no other than paper panes; a wooden frame pasted with paper, and you have the door, often the only aperture through which day can penetrate, for windows are little in use. I said there were no other panes, but I erred. For a Corean to find a bit of glass half an inch square is a piece of good luck. He immediately inserts it in his window-frame, and then, with the power of glancing at what is passing without, he is as proud as an emperor viewing himself in the mirrors of his palace. In default of a bit of glass, a small hole in his paper door enables him to peep into the street.

[To be continued.]

#### APPOINTMENTS.

THE nomination of Monsignor John Brunelli, Archbishop of Thessalonica, as Apostolic Nuncio to the court of Spain, causing a vacancy in the

office of Secretary to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, his Holiness has appointed to that post Monsignor Alexander Bernabo, who was discharging its duties provisionally in so able a manner.

Through the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, his Holiness has delegated Monsignor Justus Recanati, Bishop of Tripoli *in partibus*, as Bishop Administrator Apostolic, *in spiritualibus et temporalibus*, *ad nutum S. Sedis*, of the diocese of Senegaglia.

His Eminence the Pope's Nuncio presented his credentials to General Cavaignac, the chief of the French Executive, on Tuesday the 23d ult.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—Among the prizes adjudicated in August at the public annual sitting of the Institute, we notice one of 5000 francs to M. Walton, the author of a *History of Slavery in Ancient Times*; one of 2000 to M. Th. Barrau, for his *Moral Directions for Instructors*; and medals of 1500 francs each to M. Dufau, for *Letters to a Lady on Charity*; to M. Violeau, for the *Book of Christian Mothers*; and to M. Vincent, for a romance entitled *Madeleine, a Christian History*.

GERMANY.—The Frankfort Parliament commenced the discussion of one of the most important articles of the Bill of Fundamental Rights, on the 21st ult. The proposition of the Committee was worded as follows:—

"Every German has entire liberty of conscience and religion.

"No bar can be permitted to the public or private exercise of any form of worship whatever. Every crime or misdemeanour committed in the use of this liberty will be punished conformably to the law.

"The enjoyment of civil and political rights is neither to be narrowed nor modified by any religious profession whatever. Such profession cannot be pleaded in any case against duties imposed by the laws of the state.

"Germans have the right of forming themselves into new sects. Such sects do not require to be recognised by the state.

"No person is to be compelled to celebrate any religious act or ceremony whatever.

"The validity of marriage depends on the civil act; the nuptial benediction cannot take place till after the performance of that act."

About fifty various amendments have been proposed.

THE CHURCH IN AUSTRIA.—An agitation, having for its object the independence of the Church, and the emancipation of the schools from all Government supremacy, is increasing rapidly in the Austrian empire. The Benedictine abbey of Admont, in Styria, has taken the initiative in this respect; and the principal persons of note in the province have eagerly affixed their signatures to the remonstrances which the Abbot and his Chapter addressed to the Ministry and the Constituent Assembly. These signatures would have been still more numerous if time had permitted; but in all the towns, and even in the rural communes, acts of adhesion have been drawn up and signed, embracing the signatures of almost the entire Catholic population. It is generally admitted that the evil that so unexpectedly exploded in Austria is mainly to be traced to the servile degradation to which the Emperor Joseph II. so inconsiderately reduced the Church in his dominions.

**THE COLOGNE COMMEMORATION.**—The citizens of Cologne have sent an address to his Holiness, in which, after expressing sentiments of filial devotion to the Holy Father, they state how great would have been their happiness if the Sovereign Pontiff had honoured the festival with his presence; but that this being beyond their hopes, they entreat his Holiness to bestow on the solemnity, and on the city of Cologne, his apostolic benediction. The address is really a *chef-d'œuvre* of calligraphy and skill. The volume enclosing it is composed of a great number of leaves, ornamented with exquisite arabesques. All the parochial churches of Cologne are depicted in miniature, and at the bottom are the signatures of the ecclesiastics having the care of souls, and of the laymen who have charge of the edifices. Two artists of great talent were employed six months on the work.

**VIENNA.**—The following is an extract from a private letter:—You know that after his conversion to Catholicism, and the persecutions he underwent from the Protestants of Schaffhausen, the celebrated Hurter, the author of the *History of Innocent III.*, was sent for to Vienna, where, at the suggestion of Prince Metternich, the Emperor appointed him Historiographer of the empire. The Viennese radicals, determined not to shew themselves less intolerant than those of Switzerland, Italy, and Piedmont, have deprived Hurter of his title and functions. The same individuals have not shrunk from the absurdity of excluding one of the most eminent historians of our epoch from the historical class in the new Academy. Hurter has three sons at Rome—two in the Propaganda, and one in the German College.

We are here under the despotism of an anarchical and radical press, which respects truth and justice as little as good taste. It is difficult to convey an idea of the cynical language and loose notions of our newspapers, almost all directed by Jews, or by writers without convictions or morality. Before the revolution of the 13th March, there were only two political journals in Vienna; now there at least a hundred and fifty.

**RUSSIA.**—The system of policy pursued by this Government in religious matters is positively said to have lately undergone some modification, if we may judge by what is passing in the Protestant provinces of the Baltic, where the new governor-general, Prince Souwaroff, takes a line of conduct diametrically opposed to that of his predecessor Golowine. But this does not suit the views of a narrow official clique, who are actively endeavouring to compromise the new governor. This clique, who aim at the substitution in Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland, of an exclusively Russian in place of the German nationality of those provinces, and of the official religion of the empire for Protestantism, is the same that persecutes the Catholics. The general choice of the new Bishops, referred to by the Pope at the last Consistory, is excellent. Two of them especially are of great promise for the Russian Church, Monsignor Holowski and Borowski. The former, now coadjutor of the Archbishop of Mohilew, with future succession, has been till this time Rector of the Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg. The other, an excellent priest, who is expected to add firmness to piety and learning, was formerly a professor in the same Academy:

he is named Bishop of Luck and Zytomir. The new Archbishop of Mohilew, Monsignor Dmochowski, is an aged man, broken with years. Several other sees remain vacant, which gives reason for thinking that the nominations were not approved of by the Holy See. The Church in Russia, however, will never be free, nor the Catholics satisfied, till the Government has yielded the seven points claimed by the Pontiff in his last Allocution.

**THE ASSOCIATION OF CONTINUAL PRAYER.**—In the latter end of 1847 an association was founded in Spain, under this name, "for the greatest honour and glory of God and the most Holy Mary in her Immaculate Conception." The general association is composed of smaller ones, individually called an *Oratory*. Each of these is bound to pray during the four-and-twenty hours of a natural day, dividing that time into hours or half-hours, according to the number of members composing the Oratory. Each may choose the day of the year that suits them best for their day of prayer, or it is fixed by lot. The associates bind themselves to the following obligations: 1. to carry a miraculous medal of the Conception; 2. to repeat the appointed prayer before this medal once a year; 3. whenever they hear a blasphemy, to utter this ejaculatory prayer: "Blessed be the holy name of God and the instant when Mary most holy conceived without sin." The poor as well as the rich take a part in this good work, as there is no pecuniary subscription. On the 24th of last December, Oratories enough existed to assign one day in the year to each, and since then the number is considerably augmented. Thus the associates are assured that at every hour of the day and night there are pious souls praying to God in their behalf. The association is approved of by the Archbishop of Toledo, and by the other Archbishops and Bishops of Spain in their respective dioceses; and has been enriched by them and by the Nuncio of his Holiness with eighteen days' indulgence, to be gained whenever they discharge the third obligation.

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—The Abbé Bousquet frequently visits those of the insurgents of June who are confined in the fort of Vanves. His ministry is the herald of hope; and the day on which he visits the prisoners is always a day of rejoicing. The presence of the abbé was lately specially requested. On his arrival, he was conducted to the bedside of a young man struggling with a malady soon to be victorious. The priest turned all the sick man's thoughts to God, and asked him if he were willing to receive the sacrament of extreme unction. The dying man eagerly assented, and the abbé repaired to the presbytery to furnish himself with what was necessary for the ceremony. At his return, great was his surprise at the transformation that had taken place. The boards had been swept with the greatest care, and the captives had improvised an altar with such materials as their scanty furniture would allow. A profound silence reigned during the service, interrupted only by sobs wrung by the touching ceremony from men who had faced all the terrors of a sanguinary conflict. The impression produced was such that several of those present requested the abbé to receive their confession.



## Historic Chronicle.

### PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

THE month of August has given indications of the future destinies of Europe, perhaps more striking and satisfactory than any one single month for many a year past. In England and Ireland, in France, Germany, and Italy, we begin at length to see in what direction the stream is really flowing. The *will* and the *ideas* which are at bottom the moving principles of our age, have manifested their nature and tendency with a clearness and decision which give us some little insight into our coming fate. Unless some new and unexpected elements are brought into the contest, there is now but little doubt to what end all affairs are rapidly tending.

Let us begin our survey with our own Imperial Parliament. The most important debates which for a long time have taken place in the House of Commons, though their immediate effect is trifling enough, were called forth by Mr. Sharman Crawford and Mr. Horsman. No man, whose eyes are open, can fail to see that the "Church question" is the question which first clamours for a settlement, in Ireland and in England alike. If there is to be any one feature characteristic of the policy of the nineteenth century, it will be found in its ideas of the relation between the Church and the State. It is reserved for our age to complete the work commenced 600 years ago, in the full development of the principles of representative government, together with its inevitable consequences, a perfect religious liberty, and the abolition of all ecclesiastical establishments. And it is impossible to read the reports of these two momentous debates, without perceiving with what speed the age is now quickening its pace, and how irrevocably the doom is settled for England and for Ireland. The admissions of Lord J. Russell, on Mr. S. Crawford's motion on the state of Ireland, shew to a demonstration that the fate of the Irish Establishment is already sealed. The principle of the maintenance of one State religion will speedily be cast to the winds; every division of religious creed will claim, and will obtain, a perfect equality; and whatever property be disposable for ecclesiastical purposes will be considered as the property of *all*, in proportion to the numerical importance of each religious division. An identical spirit ruled triumphant when Mr. Horsman called the attention of the House to the distribution of the revenues of the English Establishment. Never before did the Anglican Church experience such treatment from the British Legislature. Never before did the British Parliament so courageously recognise the principle, that the Church must be the Church of the people, and that so far, and so far only, as any ecclesiastical body is a genuine portion of the inhabitants of these realms, is it entitled to its share in the revenues of which Parliament claims the control. Well, indeed, might Sir Robert Inglis, in his sorrow, congratulate Mr. Horsman on having won a bloodless victory.

Akin to the spirit of these debates was the discussion on the second reading of the bill for diplomatic relations with Rome. Amidst all the exuberant nonsense which was poured largely forth in those most amusing speeches, who can fail to see that the notions that the State is competent to recognise religious distinctions in its members, is all but an exploded dream? The preposterous

absurdities of anti-Catholic zeal are yielding before the working outwards of that great principle of the English Constitution, which was implanted in its heart before Protestantism was thought of, that the government of this kingdom is in the hands of the people, and that they who pay taxes shall alone impose them, and impose them for their own benefit, and not for the gain of any one favoured sect or class.

Crossing the Irish Channel, we have seen the great falsehood of the anti-Catholic press dispersed before the light of truth. The old cruel accusation against the priesthood of Ireland, that they were men of disloyalty, men of turbulence, men of blood, has disappeared in a few days, in a season of bitter trial. The hierarchy and clergy of Ireland, though for the most part abhorring the general principles of the party now in office, have given their most strenuous support to the measures that this very Government have taken to preserve the rights of law and order in their unhappy land. The English people, though taught by an unprincipled press to believe that the Irish clergy were the willing servants of the demon of discord, have had wrung from them the strange and unwilling admittance, that the Catholic clergy have been the right arm of England in her movements to put down a threatened rebellion. Little loving this country's deeds, and still less loving the Ministry who now direct her government, without a word of complaint they have silently and vigorously put forth their power to stay the march of insurrection and blood, *in patience possessing their souls*.

The true spirit of a people has been again most signally demonstrated in the dominions of the Pope himself. The accounts of the state of affairs in Rome, which from time to time have appeared in our pages, have presented a picture, only too different from those glowing scenes which aroused the ardent hopes of Europe during the first months of the reign of Pius the Ninth. There we see the results of despotism upon the capacities and religion of a people; there we see what the Roman people have become under a worn-out system of absolutism, and the helplessness of every government which in this age seeks its support any where but in the general cultivation and strengthening of the individual independence of a population. Rome, with a Pontiff at its head, who is, personally, the first prince of Europe, has for weeks trembled upon the verge of revolt and anarchy; that one sovereign, who alone, throughout the whole agitated continent, himself commenced the work of reform before it was torn from him by an infuriated and triumphant multitude,—this sovereign may be, for all we know, at the time we are now writing, no longer possessed even of the semblance of his monarchy, and be driven from his power by an ungrateful and godless people.

And if the past few weeks have thus tended to shew most markedly in what direction affairs are going in the Pontifical States, how pregnant is the omen it gives of the coming ecclesiastical destinies of all Christendom. The fate of Pius IX. must determine the fate of every establishment upon earth. The development of the nature of representative government in the Eternal City, whether the Pope continue to be her constitutional sovereign, or whether he cast off his temporal

power for ever, must issue in the most momentous results throughout the entire Christian world. If there be no connexion between the Church and the State in Rome, how shall such a thing exist in any other kingdom? All foretells a return to the condition of the early ages of the Christian Church; all indicates a disruption of the bond which has united the spiritual and the secular power, now for 1500 years; all assures us that the world and the Church are for a time to be friends, but not partners, before that great and terrible day arrives, when the flames of the old persecutions are once more kindled, and the kingdoms of the world set themselves in array against the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

The fate of northern Italy is also now appearing. Whatever be the result of the mediation of England and France, one thing is clear—the schemes of Charles Albert of Sardinia are come to nought. Italy also must be practically free. The power of Austria can no longer be that of a tyrant-master, but must be that of a constitutional sovereign. While democracy either rules, or is consulted and respected at Vienna, Milan and Venice cannot be the slaves of absolutism, and the principles of Metternich can no more animate the councils of Lombardy than that wily and hoary statesman can become once more an energetic youth. The notions which, more than thirty years ago, were dominant in the conferences at Vienna, when Europe was parcelled out by a few diplomatists, and the human race accounted the lawful heritage of a few reigning families,—these notions are no more, and the plenipotentiaries who are to determine the fate of millions can no more dare to disregard the happiness and the wishes of those millions than they could call them into existence by the breath of their mouth.

The mode of the intervention of France in this Italian conflict has also been a more convincing indication of the *animus* of the French people than any one step which they have taken since they drove Louis Philippe from their shores. That the French republican government should reject the idea of propagandism in Italy, and lay aside the sword for the treaties of the diplomatist, is a result of General Cavaignac's administration to be hailed with joy by every man who cares for the well-being of his fellow-creatures. So long as France is content to be at peace, so long is there hope that Europe will escape the horrors of a continental war; but the moment that warlike passion is the guiding power of the councils of the mighty French people, that moment does it become a moral impossibility that Europe should remain unvisited by the greatest curse of human kind. Hitherto we have watched with anxious eyes every little symptom of popular feeling in France, in hope to learn, not so much how she would weather her own internal storms as how she would bear herself to the other kingdoms of Europe. The madness and the fury of a new vic-

torious republic we know only too well from the mournful tales of other days; and there was probably not a reflecting mind in this country which did not instantly leap to the contemplation of a continental war, so soon as it had learnt the tidings of the destruction of the late French monarchy. Gladly and most thankfully, therefore, we hail the sight of the olive-branch borne across the Alps, from Paris to Vienna and Milan. If ever its leaves were a welcome sight to the anxious eye, when the storms of mortal conflict were only impending, and not actually surrounding and overwhelming us, it is so at this perilous crisis in European affairs, when governments are shaken to their foundations, and kings are overthrown, and all the old relations of men are revolutionised, and, more than all, when we have the woes, past, present, and *coming*, of our own Ireland to grapple with, and if it may be, to overcome.

From one important quarter of Europe nothing yet has come forth which may be taken as a token of its future destinies. The newly-created, or rather newly-attempted, empire of Germany is still nothing more than a name, and the proceedings of its Frankfort Parliament, both in the way of meddling and of neglect, have done little to convince the world that its efforts will end in any substantial reality, or that the German "Fatherland" will ever exist any where but in songs, speeches, and sentiments. We have little faith in the possibility of the scheme, and shall only be too happy if it ends in nothing but smoke. One thing, perhaps, may be expected from the attempt to put the scheme in execution, even if it utterly fails of its professed end; it will force a practical reform upon those innumerable petty principalities which are the weakness of Germany, where corruption, oppression, and narrow-mindedness have hitherto ruled with despotic sway. These little bits of sovereignties, which have served no purpose in the European political system, except to furnish husbands and wives for unmarried kings and queens, must yield to the general overwhelming torrent, and cast forth their venerable abuses, or they will be absorbed into their vaster neighbours on the very first war which breaks out in Europe. This good the visionary "empire of Germany" may do indeed; but as yet the interminable talkers of Frankfort have furnished no pledge of any better or greater result of their words and their toils.

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\* \* \* Want of space compels us to postpone communications from "T. W. M." and "Y." in reply to "H." on Road-screens.

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